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POETRY

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

or

Useful & Entertaining

2749

PASSAGES

in

Verse.

Book Third & Fourth.

Suit the Action to the Word & the Word to the Action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the Modesty of Nature.

Shakespeare.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE THIRD:

DRAMATIC, CHIEFLY FROM SHAKSPEARE.

§ 1. ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SHAKSPEARE.

Advice.

BE thou bleſt, Bertram, and ſucceed thy father,
In manners as in ſhape; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right. Love all; truſt a few;
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heaven more will
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!

Too ambitious Love.

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me!
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere,
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relics.

A paraſitical, vain Coward

I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

The Remedy of Evils generally in ourſelves.

Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to Heav'n. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe, and do ſuppoſe
What hath been cannot be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?

Character of a Noble Courtier, by an old Cotemporary.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip
Firſt tried our ſoldierſhip! He did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braveſt. He laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well obſerve
To day in our young Lords; but they may jeſt
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them: and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below
He us'd as creatures of another place, [him
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility.
In their poor praiſe he humbled: ſuch a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times,
Which, follow'd well, would demonſtrate them now
But goers backward. [now
Would I were with him!—He would always ſay—
(Methinks I hear him now) his plauſive words

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He ſcatter'd not in ears; but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear; 'Let me not live'—
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out—'Let me not live, quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil; to be the ſnuff
'Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
'All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments
'are [ſtancies
'Mere fathers of their garments; whoſe con-
'Expire before their faſhions.'—This he wiſhed.
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
—Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,—
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourer room.

Idolatrous Worſhip.

————Thus, Indian like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun, that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more!

Mean Inſtruments often ſucceſsful.

What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy,
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter;
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhewn,
When judges have been babes; great floods have
flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dry'd,
When miracles have by the greateſt been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt fits.

Honour due to perſonal Virtue, not to Birth.

Strange is it, that our bloods, [together,
Whoſe colour, weight, and heat, pour'd out
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In diff'rences ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,—
A poor phyſician's daughter, thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name.—But do not ſo——
From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone
Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo:
The property, by what it is, ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour: that is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire. Honours thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers; the mere word's a ſlave
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed.

Self-accuſation of too great Love.

Poor lord! is 't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? And is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; move the ſtill-piercing air,
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there:
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere
I met the raving lion, when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger, better 'twere
That all the miſeries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
Rouſſillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do it? No, no, although
The air of Paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear.

Cuſtom of Seducers.

As, ſo you ſerve us,
Till we ſerve you; but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.

Chaſtity.

Mine honour's ſuch a ring:
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeath'd down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th' world
In me to loſe.

Cowardly Braggart.

Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more:
But I will eat, and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As captain ſhall: ſimply the thing I am [gart,
Shall make me live. Who knows himſelf a brag-
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and Paroiles,
live [thrive:
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by fool'ry
There's place and means for every man alive.

The Raſhneſs of Youth excuſed.

I beſeech your majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done in the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbear it, and burn on.

What's loſt moſt valued.

Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear.

Againſt Delay.

Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

Excuſe

Excuse for unreasonable Dislike.

At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came, [self,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in my eye
The dust that did offend it.

Impediments stimulate.

As "all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of mere fancy."

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§ 2. AS YOU LIKE IT. SHAKSPEARE.

Playfellows.

WE have still slept together; [together;
Rose at an instant; learn'd, play'd, eat
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Fond youthful Friendship.

Celia. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Rosalind. I have more cause.

Celia. Thou hast not, cousin.
Pr'ythee be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
Has banish'd me, his daughter?

Rosalind. That he hath not. [love

Celia. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one:
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No, let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Beauty.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Woman in a Man's Dress.

Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand, and (in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fears there will)
I'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the Advantages of Adversity.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery;" these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, except from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it!

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style!

Reflections on a wounded Stag, and on the melancholy Jaques.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gored.

1st Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother who hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique roots peep out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chace; and thus the hairy fool;
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1st Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company. Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

D. f. And did you leave him in this contemplation? [menting

Amiens. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
Upon the sobbing deer.

D. f. Shew me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.

Conspicuous Virtue exposed to Envy.

Adam. What! my young master? O my gentle master, O my sweet master! O you memory [master,
Of old Sir Rowland! why what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh! what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Resolved Honesty.

Orlando. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do—
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Gratitude in an old Servant.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: let me be your servant:
Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. Let me go with you,
I 'll do the service of a younger man,
In all your business and necessities. [appears

Orlando. Oh! good old man, how well in thee
The constant service of the antique world,
When servants sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And, having that, do choak their service up,
Even with the having. It is not so with thee—
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we 'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty——
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortune seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

Lover described.

Oh thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into
Thou hast not lov'd——
Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd——
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd——

Description of a Fool, and his Morals on the Time.

Jaques. As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms—
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
'Good-morrow, fool,' quoth I: 'No, Sir,' quoth he, [fortune.'
'Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock: [wags:
'Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world
''Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
'And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
'And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
'And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
'And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.

Duke. What fool is this? [a courtier,

Jaques. O worthy fool! one that hath been
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. Oh that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat!

A Fool's Liberty of Speech.

Duke. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit:
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal; as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,

They

They moſt muſt laugh. And why, Sir, muſt they
The why is plain as way to pariſh-church: [ſo?
He, whom a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandering glances of the fool.
Inveſt me in my motley; give me leave [through
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and
Cleanſe the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee—I can tell what thou wouldſt do. [but good?

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do

Duke. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin in chiding
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine, [ſin:
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting itſelf:
And all th' imboſſed ſores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Wouldſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

An Apology for Satire.

Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, the city woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery is not on my coſt;
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein ſuits
His folly to the metal of my ſpeech? [wherein
There then, how then? What then? let me ſee
My tongue hath wrong'd him. If it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf. If he be free,
Why, then, my taxing, like a wild gooſe, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

Diſtreſs prevents Ceremony.

The thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhow
Of ſmooth civility.

A tender Petition and Reply.

Orlando. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied—
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be;
In the which hope I bluſh, and hide my ſword.

Duke. True it is that we have ſeen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And ſat at good men's feaſts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs.
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be miniſter'd. [while,

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit!

The World compared to a Stage.

Thou ſeeſt we are not all alone unhappy—
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woeful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play.

Jaques. All the world 's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs's eye-brow. Then, the ſoldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation [juſtice,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on 's noſe and pouch on 's ſide;
His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Ingratitude. A Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remember'd not.

Scornful Love.

Sylvius. The common executioner,
Whoſe heart th' accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humble neck,

But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?
Phœbe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers. [thee.
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure [eyes,
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt to any.
Sylvius. O dear Phœbe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the pow'r of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That Love's keen arrows make.

Scorn retorted.

Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle mine eyes too.
No, 'faith, proud mistress! hope not after it.
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can shew her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

Tender Love.

So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

Real Love dissembled.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy;—yet he talks well:—
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth;—not very pretty;—
But sure he 's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He 'll make a proper man; the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he 's tall;
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Sylvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again;
But that 's all one; omittance is no quittance.

A fine Description of a sleeping Man about to be destroyed by a Snake and a Lioness.

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had writh'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, [watch
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like
When that the sleeping man should stir: for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

Conversion.

I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Love.

Phœbe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Sylvius. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes:
All adoration, duty, and observance:
All humbleness, all patience and impatience:
All purity, all trial, all observance.

The Uncertainty of Opinion in Anxiety.

Duke. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?
Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear, they hope, and know they fear.

Song. On Matrimony.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town,
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

§ 3. THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Child-bearing prettily expreſſed.

Herſelf almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear.

Cheats well deſcribed.

They ſay this town is full of cozenage;
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body,
Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch-like liberties of ſin!

Man's Pre-eminence.

Why headſtrong liberty is laſh'd with woe.
There's nothing ſituate under Heaven's eye,
But hath its bound, in earth, in ſea, in ſky;
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubjects, and at their controuls.
Men, more divine, the maſter of all theſe,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry ſeas,
Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſouls,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh or fowls,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Patience eaſier taught than practiſed.

Patience unmov'd, no marvel though ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But, were we burthen'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we ſhould ourſelves complain.

Defamation.

I ſee, the jewel beſt enamelled
Will loſe its beauty: and tho' gold bides ſtill,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold. And ſo no man that hath a name,
But falſehood and corruption doth it ſhame.

Wife's Exhortation on a Huſband's Infidelity.

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look ſtrange and frown;
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. [vow
The time was once when thou, unurg'd, would'ſt
That never words were muſic to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thine hand,
That never meat ſweet ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd, to thee. [it,
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes
That thou art then eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me;
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me:
For know, my love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should thou but hear I were licentious;
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate!
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin off my harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou can'ſt; and therefore ſee thou do it.
I am poſſeſt with an adulterate blot,
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt;
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.

A Reſpect to Decency and the Opinion of the World, an excellent Bulwark to our Virtues.

Have patience, Sir; O, let it not be ſo;
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
Th' inviolated honour of your wife.
Once this—Your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the doors are made againſt you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And, about evening, come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout
Againſt your yet ungalled reputation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd where it once gets poſſeſſion.

Document for Wives, and the ill Effects of Jealouſy.

Abbeſs. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Buried ſome dear friend? Hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to? [laſt;
Adriana. To none of theſe, except it be the
Namely, ſome love that drew him off from home.
Abbeſs. You ſhould for that have reprehended him,
Adriana. Why ſo I did. [him,
Abbeſs. But not rough enough.
Adriana. As roughly as my modeſty would let me.
Abbeſs. Haply in private. [let me.
Adriana. And in aſſemblies too.
Abbeſs. But not enough.
Adriana. It was the copy of our conference:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanc'd at it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad. [was mad.

Abbess. And therefore came it that the man
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life.

Ill Deeds and ill Words, double Wrong.

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in your looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Passionate Lover's Address to his Mistress.

Sing, Syren, for thyself, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs;
And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie;
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die!

Description of a beggarly Conjurer, or a Fortune-teller.

A hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead-man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face as 't were outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possest.

Old Age.

Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory;
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left;
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses,—I cannot err,—
Tell me, thou art my son, Antipholus.

§ 4. LOVE's LABOUR LOST.

SHAKSPEARE.

A laudable Ambition for Fame and true Conquest described.

King. LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors! for so you are
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires;—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world:
Our court shall be a little academe.
Still and contemplative in living art.

Longaville. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years fast;
The mind shall banquet, tho' the body pine—
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but banker out the wits.

Dumain. My loving Lord, Dumain is mortified;
The grosser manner of the world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves—
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die:
With all these living in philosophy.

Vanity of Pleasures.

Why, all delights are vain: but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

On Study.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun, [looks;
That will not be deep search'd with saucy
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others books:
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

Again.

So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the things it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

Frost.

An envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

The Folly and Danger of making Vows.

Necessity will make us all forsworn [space:
Three thousand times within these three years
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.

A conceited Courtier, or Man of Compliments.

Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.

This

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight,
From tawny Spain, loſt in the word's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lie,
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſy.
Biron. Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, faſhion's own knight.

Beauty.

My beauty, tho' but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Nor utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues.

A Wit.

In Normandy ſaw I this Longaville:
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well:
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil)
Is a ſharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath pow'r to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.
Pri. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't ſo?
Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.
Pri. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

A Merry Man.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

A comical Deſcription of Cupid or Love.

O! and I, forſooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous ſigh:
A critic; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent!
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This Signior Julio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed ſovereign of ſighs and groans;
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents;
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting 'paritors: (O my little heart)
And I to be a corporal of his file,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I! I love! I ſue! I ſeek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going right, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right?

Ill Deeds often done for the Sake of Fame.

A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my ſkill,
That more for praiſe than purpoſe meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes; [part,
When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praiſe alone, now ſeek to ſpill [ill.
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no

Sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argu-
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury; [ment)
Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove
(Thou being a goddeſs) I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love:
Thy gracebeing gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou, fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is: [then,
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe,
To loſe an oath to win a paradiſe?

Another.

On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whoſe month is ever-May,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;—
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But, alack! my hand is ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou for whom ev'n Jove would ſwear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

Commanding Beauty.

——Who ſees the heavenly Roſalind,
That, like a rude and ſavage man of Inde,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt,
Bows not his vaſſal head, and, ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majeſty?

The Power of Love.

Why, univerſal plodding priſons up
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries,

As

As motion and long during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
- - - - - - - - -
When would you, my liege—or you—or you—
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other flow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every pow'r;
And gives to ev'ry pow'r a double pow'r;
Above their functions and their offices,
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:
A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Loves's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour, is not love a Hercules.
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs:
O then his eyes would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire:
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

Wise Men greatest Fools in Love.

Ri. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strange a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by wit, worth in simplicity.

Keenness of Women's tongues.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible.
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense, so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceit hath wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ladies masked and unmasked.

Fair ladies mask'd are roses in the bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

A Lord Chamberlain or Gentleman Usher.

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons pease;
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs.
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam he had tempted Eve.
He can carve too, and lisp: Why this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering
Mend him who can: the ladies call him Sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone:
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.
- - - - - - - - -
See where it comes!—Behaviour what wert thou
Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

Elegant Compliment to a Lady.

Fair, gentle, sweet, [greet
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we
With eyes best seeing Heaven's fiery eye.
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge store [poor.
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but

Humble Zeal to please. [how;

That sport most pleases that doth least know
When zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of that which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth, [birth.
When great things labouring perish in their

The Effects of Love.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies, [mours
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our hu-
Even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous—
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain;
Form'd by the eye; and therefore like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every vary'd object in his glance:
Which party-colour'd presence of loose love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
'T hath misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours.

Trial of Love.

If this austere, insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds;
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,

But

But that it bear this trial, and laſt love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me.

Jeſt and Jeſter.

Roſ. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I ſaw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of compariſons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you pleaſe,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You ſhall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Viſit the ſpeechleſs ſick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches: and your taſk ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T' enforce the pained impotent to ſmile [death?

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of
It cannot be, it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony. [ſpirit,

Roſ. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. Then, if ſickly ears,
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle ſcorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Spring. A Song.

When daiſies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
And cuckow buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight:
The cuckow, then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! Cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

Winter. A Song.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the ſhepherd blows his nail;
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
To-whoo!
Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greaſy Joan doth keel the pot,
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marian's noſe looks red and raw:
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
To-whoo!
Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greaſy Joan doth keel the pot.

§ 5. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Virtue given to be exerted.

THERE is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the obſerver, doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thyſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heav'n doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike [touch'd,
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
But to fine iſſues: nor nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe.

Diſlike of Popularity.

I love the people,
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe and ave's vehement:
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion
That does affect it.

Authority.

Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.
The words of Heav'n: On whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

The Conſequence of Liberty indulged.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this reſtraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope, by the immoderate uſe,
Turns to reſtraint. Our natures do purſue,
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,
A thirſty evil; and when we drink we die.

Neglected Laws.

This new governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly on me: 'tis ſurely for a name.

Eloquence and Beauty.

In her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men; beſide, ſhe hath a proſp'rous art,

When

When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Retired Life.

My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.

Licentiousness the Consequence of unexecuted Laws.

We have strict statutes, and most biting laws.
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds)
Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not for use; in time the rod [crees,
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our de-
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose:
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Pardon the Sanction of Wickedness.

For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment.

A severe saint-like Governor.

Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy: scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be.

A Virgin addrest.

Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less!

A Religious profest.

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Embracing.

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyson; so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

School-fellows.

Luc. Is she your cousin? [names,
Isab. Adoptedly, as schoolmaids change their
By vain though apt affection.

Resolution.

Our doubts are traitors;
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

The Prayers of Maidens effectual.

Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and
All their petitions are as freely theirs. [kneel,
As they themselves would owe them.

All Men frail.

Angelo. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to scare the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Esca. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wish-
Or that the resolute acting of your blood [ing;
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose;
Whether you had not some time in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Angelo. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another think to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the pris'ner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made
To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop, and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults: but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.

Mercy frequently mistaken.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

Not to be too hasty in Actions irremediable.

Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Bad Actions already condemned, the Actors to be punished.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Mercy in Governors recommended.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The martial's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

The Duty of mutual Forgiveness.

——— Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once.
And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found

Found out the remedy, How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that:
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Unprepared Death.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! spare him, spare him:
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?
—There's many have committed it.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept;
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did th' edict infringe
Had answered for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shews what future evils
(Or new, or by remissness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Justice.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another.

The Abuse of Authority.

Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength! but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Great Men's Abuse of Power.

Could great men thunder,
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For ev'ry pelting, petty officer [thunder!
Would use his heav'n for thunder! Nothing but
Merciful Heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle. O, but man! proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heav'n,
As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

The Privilege of Authority.

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.
That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Conscious ness of our own Faults should make us merciful.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, [others,
That skims the voice o' the top: go to your bosom:
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Honest Bribery.

Isab. Hark how I 'll bribe you! Good my Lord,

Ang. How! bribe me? [turn back.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rate is either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere the sun rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

The Power of virtuous Beauty.

Isab. Save your honour! [Exit *Isab.*

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What 's this? What 's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
Shall we desire to raise the sanctuary, [enough,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie,
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things,
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love
That I desire to hear her speak again, [her,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
Oh cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait they hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that does goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: n'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper: but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.———

True Repentance.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I 'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I 'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Jul. Mutually. [his.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but—lest you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always to ourselves, not Heaven;
Showing we would not spare Heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear—— *Jul.*

Jul. I do repent me as it is an evil;
And take the ſhame with joy.
Duke. There reſt.

Love in a grave, ſevere Governor.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſev'ral ſubjects: Heaven hath my empty words:
Whilſt my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Iſabel. Heav'n 's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming! Blood, thou ſtill are blood!
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn;—
'Tis not the devil's creſt.

A Simile on the Preſence of the beloved Object.

——————O Heavens!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making both it unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and thus ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The gen'ral, ſubject to a well-wiſh'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence.

Fornication and Murder equalled.

Fie, theſe filthy vices!—It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature ſtol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſaucy ſweetneſs, that do coin Heaven's image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſy
Falſely to take away a life true made,
As ot put mettle inreſtrained means,
To make a falſe one.

Compelled Sins.

Our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than for account.

Lowlineſs of Mind.

Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better. [bright,
Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt
When it does tax itſelf: as theſe black maſks
Proclaim an enſhiel'd beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could diſplay'd.

Heroic Female Virtue.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life
(As I ſubſcribe not that, or any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion), that you his ſiſter,
Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe to let him ſuffer;
What would you do?
Iſab. As much for my poor brother as myſelf;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death as to a bed
That longing I have been ſick for, ere I 'd yield
My body up to ſhame.
Ang. Then muſt your brother die.
Iſab. And 't were the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſen-
That you have ſlander'd ſo? [tence
Iſab. An ignominious ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes; lawful mercy, ſure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Self-intereſt palliates Faults.

Iſab. It oft falls out, [we mean:
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Woman's Frailty.

Aug. —— Nay, women are frail too.
Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke as they make forms.
Women! help Heaven! men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.

Weight of eſtabliſhed Reputation.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Iſabel?
My unſoil'd name, th' auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i' the ſtate,
Will ſo your accuſation overweigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny.

Hope.

The miſerable have no other medicine
But only hope.

Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life.

Be abſolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing [life:
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou
Servile to all the ſkiey influences, [art,
That doſt this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly affict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet run'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not
noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'ſt
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou art by no means
valiant:
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt, yet groſsly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not
thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;

And

And what thou haſt, forgett'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee ſire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

The Terrors of Death moſt in Apprehenſion.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Iſab. None but ſuch remedy as, to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

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Iſab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Leſt thou a feverous life ſhouldſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal ſufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Reſolution from a Senſe of Honour.

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you I can a reſolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderneſs? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in my arms! [ther's grave
Iſab. There ſpake my brother; there my fa-
Did utter forth a voice.

A ſainted Hypocrite.

Iſab. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life [puty
In baſe appliances. This outward ſainted de-
Whoſe ſettled viſage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Iſab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards!

The Terrors of Death.

Iſab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin!

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Claud. Ah, Iſabel!

Iſab. What ſays my brother?

Claud. —— Death 's a fearful thing.

Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ah, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, impriſonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.

Cowardly Apprehenſion of Death reproached.

Iſab. O, faithleſs coward! O, diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of inceſt, to take life [think?
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? What ſhould I
Heaven grant my mother play'd my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs [ance—
Ne'er iſſued from his blood—Take my defi-
Die, periſh! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed—
Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin 's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd;
'Twere beſt thou dieſt quickly?

Virtue and Goodneſs.

Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful

A Bawd.

Fie, ſirrah! a bawd—a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice? Say to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live.——
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life
So ſtinkingly depending? Go, mend; go mend!

Calumny unavoidable.

No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape: back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?

Good Example neceſſary in Rulers.

He, who the ſword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere;
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf offences weighing:
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble ſhame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward ſide!
How may likeneſs made in crimes,
Mocking practice on the times,

To

To draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings,
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!

A beautiful Song.

Take, O take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn:
But my kiſſes bring again;
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.
Hide, oh hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow
Are of thoſe that April wears;
But my poor heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee.

Guilty Diligence.

With whiſpering and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did ſhew me
The way twice o'er.

Greatneſs ſubject to Cenſure.

O place and greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee; volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies.

Execution finely expreſſed.

By eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal!

Sound Sleep.

As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lies ſtarkly in the traveller's bones.

Upright Governor ſuppoſed.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Even with the ſtroke and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his power
To qualify in others: where he meal'd
With that which he corrects, than where he ty-
But this being ſo, he 's juſt. [rannous;

Good Jailor.

This is a gentle provoſt; ſeldom, when
The ſteeled jailor is the friend of men.

Comfort from Deſpair

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

Complaining uſeleſs.

Iſab. Injurious world! Moſt damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your cauſe to heaven!

Character of an Arch Hypocrite.

O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs: make not
impoſſible (ſible
That which but ſeems unlike: 'tis not impoſ-
But one, the wickedeſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,
As Angelo; even ſo may Angelo,
In all his dreſſings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: truſt me, royal prince,
If he be leſs, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more names for badneſs.

Reſpect due to Place.

Reſpect to your great place!—and let the devil
Be ſometimes honour'd for his burning throne;

Impoſſibility of Interceſſion.

Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her.
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror!

Reformed Men ſometimes beſt.

They ſay beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad; ſo may my huſband.

Intents more excuſable than Acts.

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And muſt be buried but as an intent,
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſub-
Intents, but merely thoughts. [jects;

§ 6. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Natural Preſentiment of evil finely pointed out; with the Contraſt of a cheerful and melancholy Man.

Ant. In ſooth, I know not why I am ſo bad;
It wearies me: you ſay, it wearies you:
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn.
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.
Salar. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean,
There where your argoſies with portly ſail,
Like ſigniors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,——
Do over-peer the petty-traffickers,
That curtſey to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Salan. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch ventures
The better part of my affections would [forth,
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.
Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy Andrew dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtream:
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks:

And

And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think of this? and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Anthonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sal. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Sal. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

The Imprudence of setting too great a Value upon the World.

You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it that do buy it with much care.

The true Value of the World.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play his part;
And mine a sad one!

Cheerfulness and affected Gravity contrasted.

Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Anthonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."
O, my Anthonio, I do know of those,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should hear, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Jocose Satire on Silence.

Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

Generous and disinterested Friendship.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it:
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other; and, by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,—
As I will watch the aim,—or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

- - - - - - - - - - - -

—Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

A Jew's Malice.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio.

Shyl. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian: [*Aside.*
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails
Ev'n there, where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he call interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

A Jew's Sanctity and Hypocrisy.

Shyl. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shyl. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest; mark what Jacob did:
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings, which were streak'd and py'd,
Should fall as Jacob's hire,—the ewes being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between those woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob serv'd
A thing not in his power to bring to pass, [for;
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shyl. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.—

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

The Jew's Expostulation.

Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:—
Go to then;—you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies;—you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger-cur
Over your threshold:—Monies is your suit.—
What should I say to you?—Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money?—It is possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?"—or
Shall I bend low, and, in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this: "Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?"

A Villain's fair Offers suspicious.

I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

An Apology for a black Complexion.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northern born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Merit no Match for the Caprice of Fortune.

——Lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scymitar,
That slew the sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of sultan Solyman,—
I would o'erstare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lychas play at dice
Which is the better man? the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Gravity assumed.

Bass.——But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain [show
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra.——Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hold mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam—never trust me more.

The Jew's Commands to his Daughter.

Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears;—I mean my casements:——
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.

Shylock's Description of his Servant.

Shyl. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day [me:
More than the wild cat. Drones hive not with
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.

Fruition more languid than Expectation.

O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are
To keep obliged faith unforfeited. [wont
——Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbaited fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The ſcarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet-wind!
How like a prodigal doth ſhe return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet-wind!

Portia's Suitors.

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
Th' Hyrcanian deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thoroughfares
Now, for princes to come view fair Portia.
The wat'ry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair Portia.

The Parting of Friends.

I ſaw Baſſanio and Anthonio part:
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: he anſwer'd, "Do not ſo;
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry; and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung Baſſanio's hand, and ſo they parted.

False Judgment of the Many.

———Fortune now,
To my heart's hope!—Gold, ſilver, and baſe lead. [hath."
"Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha! let me ſee:—
"Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire." [meant
What many men deſire!—That many may be
Of the fool multitude, that chooſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach:
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the mart-
Builds in the weather on the outward wall, [let,
Even in the force and road of caſualty.
I will not chooſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Honour ought to be conferred on Merit only.

Why then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe;
Tell me once more what title thou doſt bear:
"Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves."
And well ſaid too; for who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices [honour
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peaſantry would then be glean'd
From the true ſeed of honor! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varniſh'd!

Love's Meſſenger compared to an April Day.

I have not ſeen
So likely an ambaſſador of love;
A day in April never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhew how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.

Muſic.

Let muſic ſound, while he doth make his choice!
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſic.—That the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win;
And what is muſic then? Then muſic is,
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage.——
——Now he goes
With no leſs preſence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared viſages, come forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit.

A Song. On Fancy.

I.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?

Reply.

II.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.

The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.

So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves.
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But, being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk!
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee, 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it.
So are thoſe criſped, ſnaky, golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known

To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wisest—Therefore, thou gaudy gold
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; joy be the consequence!

Joy on Success.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstacy,
In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Portia's Picture.

What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished.

Successful Lover compared to a Conqueror.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I even so.

An amiable Bride.

Portia.——Tho' for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself; rich;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this; she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this, in that
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Lovers' Thoughts compared to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Expressed and not expressed.

Valuable Friend.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Should lose a hair thro' my Bassanio's fault.

Implacable Revenge.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak,
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.

Generous Friendship.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity: which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: if it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it.

A pert, bragging Youth.

I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do with all; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd 'em!—

And

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear I've discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth: I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks
Which I will practise.

Affectation in Words.

O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.

Portia's Merit.

It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one—there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

The Jew's Reason for his Revenge.

Shyl. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
But, say, it is my humour. Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection:
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Unfeeling Revenge.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use questions with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.

Retaliation.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shyl. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands; you will answer,
The slaves are yours. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Jew's wolfish Spirit, an Argument for Transmigration.

Gra. Oh, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life, let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shyl. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.——I stand here for law.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as a gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptred sway.
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly pow'r doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Justice must be impartial.

I beseech you,
Wrest once the laws to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Ve-
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed; [nice
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: it cannot be.

Cheerful Reſignation, with friendly Tenderneſs.

Ant. I am arm'd and well prepar'd ——
Give me your hand, Baſſanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom.—It is ſtill her uſe
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring pe-
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off. [nance
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the proceſs of Anthonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, ſpeak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.

Ample Payment.

He is well paid that is well ſatisfied.

Deſcription of a Moon-light Night, with fine Muſic.

Lor. The moon ſhines bright: in ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan's wall,
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Creſſid' lay that night.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Did Thiſbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild-ſea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æſon.

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did Jeſſica ſteal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jeſ. And in ſuch a night,
Did young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

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How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſic
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs and the night
Become the touches of ſweet harmony,
Sit, Jeſſica; look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the ſmalleſt orb which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls;
But, whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſsly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſic.

Jeſ. I am never merry when I hear ſweet muſic.

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, [loud,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſic touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand,
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze
By the ſweet pow'r of muſic. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſic for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not muſic in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted.

A good Deed compared to a Candle, and the Effects of Time, Circumſtance, &c.

Por. How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs;
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main waters. Muſic! hark!

Ner. It is your muſic, madam, of the houſe.

Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect;
Methinks it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam,

Por. The crow does ſing as ſweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When ev'ry gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection!
Peace, hoa! the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

Moon-light Night.

This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

Profeſſions needleſs, where Intentions are ſincere.

Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy.

Elegant Compliment.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

§ 7. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SHAKSPEARE.

Deſcription of Spendthrifts, who ſeek to better their Fortunes by rich Wives.

He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth:
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me——
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee but as a property.

A valuable Woman loved for her own ſake.

——Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyſelf
That now I aim at.

Fairies, their Rewards and Puniſhments.

Cricket, to Windſor's chimnies ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates ſluts and ſluttery.
Go you, and where's Pede? you find a maid
That ere ſhe ſleep hath thrice her prayers ſaid,
Rein up the organs of her fantaſy;
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy;
But thoſe that ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them arms, legs, back, ſhoulders, ſides and ſhins,

§ 8. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT's DREAM.

SHAKSPEARE.

Tedioufneſs of Expectation.

Thef. How ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires,
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

The Witchcraft of Love.

My gracious duke,
This man hath 'witch'd the boſom of my child:
—Thou, thou, Lyſander, thou haſt given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigning love;
And ſtol'n th' impreſſion of her fantaſy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweetmeats, meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart:
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs.

A Father's Authority.

To you your father ſhould be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or diſfigure it.

Nun.

Thef. Therefore, fair Hermia, queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yield not to your father's choice)
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs moon,
Thrice bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.

Herm. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin-patent up
Unto his lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoke
My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.

True Love ever croſſed.

Lyſ. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear, by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth:
But either it was different in blood,
Or elſe miſgrafted in reſpect of years;
Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends:
Or, if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs, did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a ſpleen, unfolds both heav'n and earth:
And, ere a man hath pow'r to ſay—Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confuſion!

Herm. Then let us teach our trial patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs, [ſighs,
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and
Wiſhes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Aſſignation.

I ſwear to thee, by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burnt the Carthage queen,
When the falſe Trojan under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke;
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Modeſt and generous Eulogium of a Rival.

Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unſay:
Demetrius loves you, fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-ſtars, and your tongue's ſweet air
More tunable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching: O, were favour ſo!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go:
My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The reſt I'll give to be to you tranſlated.

O teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Moon.

When Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

Love.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd:
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear;
So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere.

Cowslip's, and Fairy Employment.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours;
In those freckles live their favours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Puck, or Robin Good-fellow.

I am that merry wand'rer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale:
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And tails or cries, and falls into a cough; [loffe;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

Fairy Jealousy, and the Effects of it.

These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport:
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have ev'ry pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox has therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field.
And crows are fatted with the murrain stock:
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And, thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world
By their increase now knows not which is which.

Love in Idleness.

Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.
That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flow'r, [wound,
Before milk-white; now purpled with love's
And maidens call it, "Love in Idleness."

Virtuous Love's Protection and Reliance.

Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

A Fairy Bank.

I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight.

Fairy Courtesies.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Swiftness

Swiftneſs of Fairy's Motion.

I go, I go, look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Senſe of Hearing quickened by Loſs of Sight.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes;
Wherein it doth impair the the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompenſe.

Female Friendſhip.

Is all the council that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſter vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood inno-
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods [cence?
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices and minds
Had been incorporate, ſo we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition:
Two lovely berries moulded on one ſtem:
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rend our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our ſex as well as I may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Lover's Hate the greateſt Harm.

What can you do me greater harm than hate?

Female Timidity.

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt;
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.

Day-break.

Night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines Aurora's harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts wand'ring here and
Troop home to church-yards. [there,

Embracing.

So doth the wood-bine the ſweet honey-
Gently entwiſt—the female ivy ſo [ſuckle
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

Dew in Flowers.

That ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets eyes
Like tears, that did their own diſgrace bewail.

Hunting and Hounds.

Theſ. We will, fair queen, up to the moun-
And mark the muſical confuſion [tain's top,
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For, beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry; I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd, like Theſſalian bulls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Fairy Motion.

Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad
Trip we after the night's ſhade:
We the globe can compaſs ſoon
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Confuſed Remembrance.

Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far off mountains turned into clouds.

The Power of Imagination.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine phrenſy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to
And, as imagination bodies forth [heav'n;
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Simpleneſs and modeſt Duty always acceptable.

Philoſt. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,
Extremely ſtretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.

Theſ. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.

Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.

Theſ. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
And in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me ſweet,
Out of this ſilence, yet, I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd ſimplicity,
In leaſt ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Clock.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Night.

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Night.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fore-done.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the church-yard paths to glide,
And we Fairies, that do run,
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

§ 9. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. SHAKSPEARE.

Peace inspires Love.

But now I am return'd, and that war thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is.

Friendship in Love.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own
Let every eye negotiate for itself, [tongues;
And trust no agent: beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Merit always modest.

It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.

A Song.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Favourites compared to Honey-suckles, &c.

——Bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.

Scheme to captivate Beatrice.

Let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Angling, &c.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice.

A scornful and satirical Beauty.

Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on: and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

\- - - - - - - -

I never yet saw man, [tur'd,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely fea-
But she would spell him backward: if fair fac'd,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why Nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block, moved with none.
So turns she ev'ry man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Slandering the Object, a Way to destroy Affection.

No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders,
To stain my cousin with; one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Beatrice's Recantation.

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewel! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

Dissimulation.

O, what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Female Seeming.

I never tempted her with word too large;
But as a brother to a sister, shew'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
Her. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Clau. Out on thy seeming! I will write
You seem to me as Dian in her orb; [against it:
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

An injured Lover's Abjuration of Love.

O Hero! what a hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewel,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

A Father lamenting his Daughter's Infamy.

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life.—Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins."
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why she——O she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Innocence discovered by Countenance.

——I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Resolution.

I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her: If they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

The Desire of loved Objects heightened by their Loss.

This, well carried, shall, on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd
Of every hearer. For it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us
While it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn
(If ever love had interest in his liver)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But, if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy;
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Leon. Being that, alas!
I slow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me.

Counsel of no Weight in Misery.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into my ears as profitless
As water in a sieve; give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience:
Measure his love the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
In sorrow wag; cry hem! when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience

To

To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ. [blood:

Leo. I pray thee, peace—I will be flesh and
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at change and sufferance.

An aged Father's Resentment of Scandal.

Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag [do,
What I have done, being young, or what would
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head.
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and
That I am forc'd to lay my rev'rence by; [me,
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
To challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
And she lies buried with her ancestors: [heart,
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Talking Braggarts.

Cla. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me, and wear me,—let him answer me:
Come, follow me, boy: come, Sir boy, follow me:
Sir boy, I 'll whip you from your foyning fence:
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leo. Brother—— [my niece:

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I lov'd
And she is dead; slandered to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-sops!—

Leo. Brother Anthony— [them; yea,

Ant. Hold you content; what, man! I know
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and shew outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they
And this is all. [durst:

No Valour in a bad Cause.

In a false quarrel there is no true valour.

Villain to be noted.

Which is the villain? let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

Dirge on Hero's Death by Slander.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies!
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame!

Day-break.

The wolves have prey'd; and look the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Time of Slander a temporary Death.

She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd,

§ 10. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. SHAKSPEARE.

Hounds.

THY hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Painting.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
Adonis, painted by a running brook; [straight
And Citherea all in sedges hid, [breath,
Which seem to move and wanton with her
Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.

Mirth and Merriment, its Advantage.

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of phrensy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

The Uses of Travel and Study.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic thro' the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:

Talk

Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you:
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach servesyou:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en!—
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Love at first Sight.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me—is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?
Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Travel.

Such wind as scatters young men thro' the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows.

Woman's Tongue.

Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not, in a pitched battle, heard [clang?
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Extremes cure each other.

Where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury;
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

Beauty.

Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

Music.

Preposterous ass! that never read so far,
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Wife married to all her Husband's Fortunes.

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

Description of a mad Wedding.

——When the priest
Did ask if Catherine should be his wife; [loud,
"Ay, by gogs-woons," quoth he, and swore so
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff, [priest;
That down fell priest and book, and book and
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."
Tran. What said the wench when he rose up again? [stamp'd and swore,
Grem. Trembled and shook; for why, he
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But, after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:
"A health," quoth he, as if he had been aboard,
Carousing to his mates after a storm:
Quaff'd off the muscadel, and threw the sops
All in the sexton's face; having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask his sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

Petruchio's Trial of his Wife in the Article of Dress.

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it: come, let me have a bigger.
Cath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one
And not till then. [too,
Hor. That will not be in haste. [speak;
Cath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else, my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
Pet. Why thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffin, a bauble, a silken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none. [see't.
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come taylor, let us
O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, o'devil's name, taylor, call'st thou
this? [gown.
Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
Tayl. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remem-
I did not bid you mar it to the time. [ber'd,
Go hop me over every kennel home,

For

For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppit of me.

The Mind alone valuable.

Pet. Well, come my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks thro' the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

A lovely Woman.

Fair, lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glistering hyacinth:
—Sweet Catharine, this lovely woman—

Cath. Fair, lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Happiness attained.

Happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

Others measured by ourselves.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Greyhound.

O Sir, Lucentio slipp'd me for his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Wife's Submission.

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy; [happy?
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and

The Wife's Duty to her Husband.

Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair
And in no sense is meet, or amiable. [buds,
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes a prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown
But now I see our lances are but straws; [pare;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past com-
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least
Then veil your stomachs, for it is no boot; [are,
And place your hands beneath your husband's
In token of which duty, if he please, [foot:
My hand is ready—may it do him ease!

§ 11. THE TEMPEST. Shakspeare.

Miranda and Prospero.

Mir. O I have suffer'd [vessel,
With those that I saw suffer! A brave
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd,
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pros. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Caliban's Curses.

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

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I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest
first, [wouldst give me
Thou strokd'st me, and mad'st much of me:

Water

Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle, [thee,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile;
Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have, [me
Who first was mine own king; and here you sty
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' island.

Caliban's Exultation after Prospero tells him he sought to violate the Honour of his Child.

Oh, ho, ho, ho!—I would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave!
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee, [hour
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage, [like
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble
A thing must brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race, [good-nature
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison. [on't

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Music.

Where should this music be? in air or earth?
It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god of th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
Hark, now I hear them, ding, dong, bell.

Amiable Simplicity of Miranda on first View of Ferdinand.

Pros. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck: and, but he's something stain'd [call him
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
A goodly person——

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine: for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!

\- - - - - - - - -

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

A Lover's Speech.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but thro' my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Resignation and Gratitude.

Beseech you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean our preservation) few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Description of Ferdinand's swimming ashore.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore; thato'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Too severe Reproof animadverted upon.

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore
When you should find the plaster.

Satire on Utopian Forms of Government.

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contracts, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive,
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil: [none;
No occupation; all men idle, all:
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:
All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Sleep.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it,
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

A fine Apostopesis.

They fell together all, as by consent; [might,
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What

Worthy

Worthy Sebaſtian?—O, what might?—no more.
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face, [and
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th' occaſion ſpeaks thee;
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Caliban's Curſes.

All the infections that the ſun ſucks up [him
From bogs, fens, flats, on Proſper fall, and make
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! His ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin-ſhews, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid them: but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me:
Sometimes, like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into madneſs——Lo; now, low!
Here comes a ſpirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me,

Caliban's Promiſes.

I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings: I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.———
I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſea-mels from the rock.

True and unbiaſſed Affection. Ferdinand bearing a Log.

There be ſome ſports are painful; but then labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone; and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but [dead,
The miſtreſs whom I ſerve, quickens what's
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile 'em up,
Upon a ſore injunction. My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work; and ſays, ſuch
Had ne'er like executor. I forget; [baſeneſs
But theſe ſweet thoughts do even refreſh my
Moſt buſy-leſs when I do it. [labours,
- - - - - - - -
Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's deareſt to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with beſt regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my two diligent ears; for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women; never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe own'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.

Miranda's offering to carry the Logs for him is peculiarly elegant.

If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while; pray give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

And afterwards, how innocent!

———I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.
I am your wife, if you will marry me:
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me: but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.

Puniſhment of Crimes delayed, not forgotten.

For which foul deed
The pow'rs, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures
Againſt your peace.

Guilty Conſcience.

O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Proſper. It did baſs my treſpaſs.

Gon. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt,
Like poiſon given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits.

Proſpero's Boaſt of Miranda.

O Ferdinand,
Do not ſmile at me that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Continence before Marriage.

Proſ. If thou doſt break her virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may [fore
With full and holy rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heav'ns let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed diſdain, and diſcord, ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both; therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps ſhall light you.

A Lover's Proteſtation.

Ferd. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer genius can, ſhall never melt [tion
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration, [der'd,
When I ſhall think, or Phœbus' ſteeds are foun-
Or night kept chain'd below.

Paſſion too ſtrong for Vows.

Proſ. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe, good-night your vow!

Ferdinand's Anſwer.

I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Vanity

Vanity of Human Nature.

Prof. Our revels now are ended: theſe our
(As I foretold you) were all ſpirits, and [actors
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baſeleſs fabric of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep.

Drunkards enchanted by Ariel.

Ariel. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſic: ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſkins: at laſt I left 'em
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

Caliban.

Prof. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt; quite loſt;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.

Light of Foot.

Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall. [

Fine Sentiment, of Humanity on Repentance.

Ariel.——The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow and diſmay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charms ſo ſtrongly works 'em,
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Prof. Doſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Prof. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply, [art?
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou
Tho' with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is [tent,
In virtue than in vengeance: they being peni-
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown farther.

Fairies and Magic.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms; that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
(Weak maſters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake; and by the ſpurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their ſleepers; oped and let them forth
By my ſo potent art. [

Senſes returning.

The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reaſon——
Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell; and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhores,
That now lie foul and muddy.

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I;
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After ſunſet, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Patience.

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs; and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

Prof. I rather think,
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſovereign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.

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§ 12. TWELFTH NIGHT, or WHAT YOU WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

Muſic and Love.

If muſic be the food of love, play on,
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.——Enough; no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity

Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Love, in reference to Hunting.

O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart:
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Natural Affection akin to Love.

O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) with one self-king!

Description of Sebastian's Escape.

——I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself [tice)
(Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Actions of the Great always talked of.

You know
What great ones do, the less will prattle of.

Outward Appearance a Token of inward Worth.

There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And, though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

A beautiful Boy.

Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man; Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.

Beauty.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Extreme Love.

My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were
The nonpareil of beauty. [crown'd

Character of a noble Gentleman.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Resolved Love.

Oliv. ——Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write royal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Disguise.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.

Serious Music most agreeable to Lovers.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

True Love.

Duke. Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt
In the sweet pangs of it remember me: [love,
For such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

In Love, the Women should be youngest.

Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent: [thyself,
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Character of an old Song.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

Song.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid:
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
A thousand, thousand sighs to save, [thrown:
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Concealed Love.

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt:
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may
In faith, they are as true of heart as we. [owe;
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history? [love,

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

A Jester.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

Flattery, its ill Effects.

My servant, Sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly-feigning was call'd compliment.

Unsought Love.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better.

Ingratitude.

Ant. Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Deformity in the Mind.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

Ignorance of ourselves.—One Drunkard's Reflection on another.

Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin.
I hate a drunken rogue. [pavin.

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§ 13. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SHAKSPEARE.

The Advantages of Travel, &c.

Val. CEASE to persuade, my loving Protheus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness,
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein;
Even as I would, when I to love begin. [adieu!

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
Think on thy Protheus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good-hap; and, in thy
If ever danger do environ thee, [danger,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

The Evils of being in Love.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans,
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain:
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Love commended and dispraised.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more:
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart-sick with thought.

Love froward and dissembling.

Maids, in modesty, say No, to that [Ay.
Which they would have the profi'er construe,
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

The Advantages of Travel.

Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away:
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Protheus, your son, was meet:
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Love compared to an April Day.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

An accomplished young Gentleman.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow),
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Contempt of Love punished.

I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, [me
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of my own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Love fed by Praise.

——Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Lover's Wealth.

Not for the world: why, man, she is mine
And I as rich in having such a jewel, (own:
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

True Love jealous.

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Love compared to a waxen Image.

Now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Unheedful Vows to be broken.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.

Opposition to Love increases it.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return. [foul's food?

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot
But qualify the fire's extreme rage, (fire;
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
But when his fair course is not hindered, [rage;
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love:
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

A faithful and constant Lover.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Gifts prevalent with Woman.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels, often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's —mind.

Flattery prevalent with Woman.

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

A Lover's

A Lover's Banishment.

And why not death, rather than living tor-
To die is to be banish'd from myself: [ment?
And Sylvia is myself. Banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly punishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale:
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

A beautiful Person petitioning (in vain).

Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
As if but now they waxed pale for woe: [them,
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.

Hope.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that;
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Love compared to a Figure on Ice.

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

Three things hated by Women.

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she 'll think, that it is spoke
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it: [in hate.
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

The Power of Poetry with Women.

Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:—
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

A Lover's Rest.

Jul. And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

True Love.

Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Beauty neglected and lost.

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face.

The Power of Action.

And, at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Woman sacred, even to Banditti.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

A Lover in Solitude.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O, thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

Love unreturned.

What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Infidelity in a Friend, and Reconciliation on Repentance.

Val. Treacherous man! [eye
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus, [hand
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest.
Pro. My shame, and guilt, confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honest.—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

Inconstancy in Man.

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults.

A worthy Gentleman.

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Reformed Exiles.

These banished men
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

§ 14. THE WINTER'S TALE.

SHAKESPEARE.

Youthful Friendship and Innocence.

We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more
But such a day to-morrow as to-day, [behind.
And to be boy eternal. [sun,
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th'
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; nor dream'd,
That any did: had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd,
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly—"Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Praise, its Influence on Women.

Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things; one good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that,
Our praises are our wages: you may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.

Nature.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!

A Father's Fondness for his Child.

Leon. Are you so fond of your young prince,
Do seem to be of ours? [as we
Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that should thick my blood.

Faithful Service.

Cam. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I played the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of.

Jealousy.

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek! is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only
That would, unseen, be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in 't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing: nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

King-killing detestable.

——To do this deed
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear it.

The Effects of Jealousy.

This jealousy
Is for a precious creature! as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Professed to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter.

Knowledge sometimes hurtful.

There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts.

Calumny.

Praise her but for this her without-door form
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech), and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—O! I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue

Virtue itself—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest.

Fortitude and Innocence.

Her. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.

Honesty and Honour.

Here's a do,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors.

The Silence of Innocence eloquent.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Affectionate Child.

To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.

Child resembling its Father.

Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip, [ley,
The trick of his frown, his forehead: nay the val-
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast made
So like to him that got it, if thou hast [it
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

An Infant to be exposed.

Come on, poor babe: [vens
Some pow'rful spirit instruct the kites and ra-
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.

Hermione pleading her Innocence.

If pow'rs divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators; for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for ho-
'Tis a derivative from me to mine, [nour,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour: or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave!

A Wife's Loss of all Things dear, and Contempt of Death.

Leo. Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek,
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: my third com-
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, [fort,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murther. Myself on ev'ry post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? therefore proceed,
But yet hear this, mistake me not;—no! life,
I prize it not a straw: but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemned
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.

Despair of Pardon.

But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore, betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

An Account of a Ghost's appearing in a Dream.

I have heard (but not believ'd), the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,

There weep, and leave it crying: and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call it: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more." And so with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this.

An Infant exposed.

—— Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.--Farewel!
The day frowns more and more: thou art like
A lullaby too rough: I never saw the heavens so dim by day.

Deities transform'd for Love.

The Gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Mistress of the Sheep-shearing.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame, and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench
She would to each one sip: you are retir'd, as if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

A Garland for old Men.

Per. Reverend Sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance, be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Nature and Art.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flow'rs o' th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flow'rs,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be:
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art,
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentle cyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

A Garland for middle-aged Men.

Per. ——I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.
Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marygold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age.

A Garland for young Men.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing:--O, Proserpina,
For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.

A Lover's

A Lover's Commendation.

What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak,
I'd have you do it ever: when you ſing, [ſweet,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o' the ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Honeſt Wooing.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praiſes are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps ſo fairly thro' it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the falſe way.
Flo. I think, you have
As little ſkill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to 't. But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

True Love.

They call him Doricles; and he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like ſooth: He ſays, he loves my daugh-
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon [ter;
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand, and read,
As 't were, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiſs to chooſe,
Who loves another beſt.

Preſents little regarded by real Lovers.

Pol.——How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething that does take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was
young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have
ranſack'd
The pedlar's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe; and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are:
The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are pack'd and
lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love,
Before this ancient Sir, who, it ſhould ſeem,
Hath ſometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand
As ſoft as dove's-down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd ſnow,
That's bolted by the northern blaſt twice o'er.

Tender Affection.

Were I crowned the moſt imperial monarch,
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve; had force, and
knowledge [them
More than was ever man's—I would not prize
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them to her ſer-
Or to to their own perdition. [vice,

A Father the beſt Gueſt at his Son's Nuptials.

Methinks, a Father
Is, at the nuptials of his ſon a gueſt,
That beſt becomes the table. Pray you, once
Is not your father grown incapable [more;
Of reaſonable affairs? Is he not ſtupid [hear?
With age, and altering rheums? Can he ſpeak?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?
Flo. No, good Sir!
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: reaſon, my ſon,
Should chooſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Rural Simplicity.

I was not much afeard: for once or twice,
I was about to ſpeak; and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.——

Selfiſh old Man.

O, Sir,
You have undone a man of fourſcore-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay
Where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt. [me

Proſperity the Bond, Affliction the Looſer, of Love.

Proſperity's the very bond of love, [ther
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart toge-
Affliction alters.

Self-Conceit.

Ant. How bleſt are we, that are not ſimple men!
Yet nature might have made me as theſe are;
Therefore I will not diſdain.

Self-Reproach, and too ſevere Reproof.

Cle. At the laſt,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evils;
With them, forgive yourſelf.
Leo. Whilſt I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them; and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf; which was ſo much,
That heirleſs it hath made my kingdom; and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Pau

Pau. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.
Leo. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: now, good
Say so but seldom. [now,
Cle. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Love more rich for what it gives.

Leo. I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips—
Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

A captivating Woman.

——This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Anguish of Recollection for a lost Friend.

Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.

Effects of Beauty.

The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here!

A Statue.

What was he, that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
The fixture of her eye has motion in 't,
As we were mock'd with art.
——Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath?—Let no man mock
For I will kiss her. [me,

Affliction to a penitent Mind, pleasing.

Pau. I am sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you;
But I could afflict you further. [you;
Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.

Widow compar'd to a Turtle.

I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

§ 15. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SHAKSPEARE.

Antony's Softness.

His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles in his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Love, the Nobleness of Life.

Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Lover's Praise.

Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!

Great Minds respect Truth.

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—
On:
Things that are past are done, with me—'tis thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have pow'r to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick winds lie still, and our ills told
Is as our earing. [us,

Things lost valued.

Forbear me.—
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire
What our contempts do often hurl from us, [it;
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.

The Mutability of the People.

Our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier.

Cleopatra's contemptuous Raillery.

Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,

Or

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Cleopatra's anxious Tenderness.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd—but there's not it;—
That you know well: something it is I would—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all-forgotten.

Cleopatra's Wishes for Antony on parting.

Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpity'd folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Antony's Vices and Virtues.

Lep. I must not think [ness:
There are evils enough to darken all his good-
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.
Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours—'tis to be chid
As we rateboys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.
- - - - - - - -
Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
Wert beaten from Mutina, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsedst; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Cleopatra on the Absence of Antony.

O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? stands he? or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? [he?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring. "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me; now I feed myself
With most delicious poison: think on me
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black;
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Messengers from Lovers, grateful.

How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.

Antony's Love and Disposition.

Ale. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him. [spoke
Cle. What, was he sad, or merry
Ale. Like to the time o' th' year, between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad or merry.
Cle. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him,
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.

The Vanity of human Wishes.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for. [
Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise pow'rs
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pompey's Wish for Antony's Captivity in Pleasure.

Pom. I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: but all the charms of love,

Salt

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming: Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his ho-
Even till a Lethe'd dulness. [nour,

Antony's Soldiership.

Pom. ——Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his
For such a petty war: his soldiership [helm,
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Antony's ingenious Acknowledgment.

Ant. The article of my oath—
Caes. To lend me arms and aid, when I re-
quired them;
The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected, rather; [up
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my pow'r
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Description of Cleopatra's sailing down the Cydnus.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: th' oars
were silver: [made
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own per-
It beggar'd all description: she did lie [son
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.
Agr. O rare for Antony!
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did fit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Cleopatra's infinite Power in pleasing.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

The unsettled humour of Lovers.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Omnes. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone: let's to billiards: come,
Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman; come—you'll play with me, sir.
Mar. As well as I can, madam. [too short,
Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, tho' it come
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now;—
Give me mine angle—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray [pierce
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah ha! you are caught.
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!—O times!
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Ambition, jealous of a too successful Friend.

O Silius! Silius!
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed [away.
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's

Octavia's Entrance, what it should have been.

Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony [not
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear: the trees by th' way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying ev'ry stage
With an augmented greeting.

Women.

Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will per-
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. [jure

Fortune

Fortune forms our Judgment.

I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

Loyalty.

Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty, well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet, he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Wisdom superior to Fortune.

Wisdom and fortune, combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.

Vicious Persons infatuated by Heaven.

When we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut [us
To our confusion.

Fury expels Fear.

Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear: and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with.

A Master taking Leave of his Servants.

Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,—
A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master,
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't.

Early rising the Way to Eminence.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

Antony to Cleopatra, at his Return with Victory.

O, thou day o' th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Thro' proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Loathed Life.

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me.

Antony's Despondency.

Oh sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all.

Departing Greatness.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Antony on his faded Glory.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that 's dragonish;
A vapour sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air:—Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the Queen,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost; she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Description of Cleopatra's (supposed) Death.

Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Cleopatra on the Death of Antony.

It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All 's but nought;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah women, women! Look,
Our lamp is spent, it 's out:—Good sirs, take heart:
We 'll bury him: and then, what 's brave, what 's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Death.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he 's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;

Which

Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Cleopatra's Dream, and Description of Antony.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you— [in stuck

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and there-
A sun and moon; which kept their course, and
The little O, the earth. [lighted

Dol. Most sovereign creature—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands
As plates dropt from his pocket. [were

Firm Resolution.

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Cleopatra's Speech on applying the Asp.

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick—methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act: I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
T' excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my courage, prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips:
Fairwell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I
The gods themselves do weep. [may say,

Cleo. This proves me base:——
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal
wretch, [*To the Asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass,
Unpolicy'd!

Char. O, eastern star.

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break! [gentle—

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another Asp.*
What should I stay——— [*Dies.*

Char. In this wide world? so, fare thee well.
Now, boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.

§ 16. CORIOLANUS. Shakespeare.

Mob.

What would you have, you curs!
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hail-stone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!—trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland.

Aufidius's Hatred to Coriolanus.

——Not sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, ev'n there,
Against the hospitable canuon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart.

An imaginary Description of Coriolanus swarring.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsci shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus,—and call thus,—
"Come on, ye cowards! ye were got in fear,
Though ye were born in Rome:" his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest man, that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Virgo. His bloody brow! Oh, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contending.

Doing our Duty merits not Praise.

Pray, now no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,

When

When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that 's what I can; induced
As you have been: that 's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Popularity.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared [sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchin malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Cominius' Speech in the Senate.

I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords 'o the garland. For this last,
Before, and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the flyers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stamp)
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Now all 's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

The Mischief of Anarchy.

My soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Character of Coriolanus.

His nature is too noble for this world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

Honour and Policy.

I 've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends, [me
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell
In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there!

The Method to gain popular Favour.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears), waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Coriolanus his Abhorrence of Flattery.

Well, I must do 't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe,
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boy's tears take
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue [up
Make motion thro' my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't—
Lest I surcease to honour my own truth,
And, by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

His Mother's Resolution on his stubborn Pride.

At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dang'rous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from [me;
But own thy pride thyself.

His

His Deteſtation of the Vulgar.

You common cry of curs! whoſe breath I hate,
As reek o' th' rotten fens; whoſe loves I prize,
As the dead carcaſes of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I baniſh you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair! have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders: till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels
Making not reſervation of yourſelves
Still your own foes), deliver you, as moſt
Abated captives, to ſome nation
That won you without blows!

Precepts againſt Ill-fortune.

——You were us'd
To ſay, extremities were the triers of ſpirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating. Fortune's blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gentle wounded, crave
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

On common Friendſhips.

Oh, world, thy ſlippery turns! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal, and exerciſe,
Are ſtill together, who twin, 'twere, in love,
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſenſion of a doit, break out
To bittereſt enmity. So fellеſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick, not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their iſſues.

Martial Friendſhip.

——— Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcarr'd the moon with ſplinters! here I clip
The anvil of my ſword; and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever, in ambitious ſtrength, I did
Contend againſt thy valour. Know thou, firſt,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threſhold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee
We have a power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe my arm for 't: thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyſelf and me;
We have been down together in my ſleep,
Unbuckling helms, fiſting each other's throat,
And wak'd half-dead with nothing.

The Seaſon of Solicitation.

He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes and theſe conveyances of blood,
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſts: therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt.

Obſtinate Reſolution.

My wife comes foremoſt; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood—But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obſtinate.—
What is that curt'ſie worth? or thoſe dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forſworn? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others;—my mother bows,
As if Olympus to a mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
Great nature cries, Deny not.—Let the Volſces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I 'll never
Be ſuch a goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand,
As if a man were author of himſelf,
And knew no other kin.

Relenting Tenderneſs.

——Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to full diſgrace. Beſt of my fleſh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not ſay,
For that, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiſs,
Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiſs
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince.—You gods! I prate,
And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted: ſink, my knee i' th' earth;
Of thy deep duty more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common ſons.

Chaſtity.

——— The noble ſiſter of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaſte as the icicle,
That 's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus's Prayer for his Son.

——— The god of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of the ſupreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleneſs, that thou may'ſt prove
To ſhame invulnerable, and ſtick i' the wars
Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee!

Coriolanus's Mother's pathetic Speech to him.

——— Think with thyſelf,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to ſee
The ſon, the huſband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we Thine

Thine enmity 's moſt capital: thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. - - -
- - - - - We muſt find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wiſh which ſide ſhould win: for either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our ſtreets; or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, till
Theſe wars determine: if I cannot perſuade thee,
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one, thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Peace after a Siege.

Ne'er through an arch ſo hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted thro' th' gates. Why, hark you;
The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries, and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the ſhouting Romans,
Make the ſun dance.

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§ 17. CYMBELINE. Shakespeare.

Parting Lovers.

Imo. Thou ſhouldſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.

Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.

Imo. I would have broken mine eye-ſtrings; crack'd 'em, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of ſpace had pointed him as ſharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then [nio,
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Piſa-
When ſhall we hear from him?

Piſ. Be aſſur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
How I would think of him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or I could make him
The ſhes of Italy ſhould not betray [ſwear,
Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with oriſons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

The Baſeneſs of Falſehood to a Wife.

Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be ſure they do: for certainties
Either are paſt remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born, diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon: this hand, whoſe touch,
Whoſe every touch would force the feeler's ſoul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes priſoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: ſhould I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the ſtairs
That mount the capitol, join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſehood (as
With labour), then lie peeping in an eye,
Baſe and unluſtrous as the ſmoky light
That 's fed with ſtinking tallow: it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.

Imogen's Bed-chamber; in one Part of it a large Trunk.

Imogen is diſcovered reading.

Imo. ——Mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canſt awake by four o' th' clock,
I pr'ythee, call me—Sleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me beſeech ye! [*Sleeps.*

[*Iachimo riſes from the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
Repairs itſelf by reſt: our Tarquin thus
Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The chaſtity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lily!
And whiter than the ſheets! That I might touch!
But kiſs; one kiſs!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows towards her; and would under-peep her
To ſee th' incloſed lights, now canopied [lids,
Under theſe windows: white and azure, lac'd;
With blue of heaven's own tinct—but my deſign?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and ſuch, pictures; there the window: ſuch
Th' adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, ſuch, and ſuch:—and the contents o' the ſtory.
Ah, but ſome natural notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables,
Would teſtify t' enrich mine inventory:
O ſleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off;
[*Taking off her Bracelet.*
As ſlippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I' bottom of a cowſlip: Here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en [end?
The treaſure of her honour. No more.—To what
Why ſhould I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawn-
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear; [ing
Tho' this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*He goes into the Trunk; the Scene closes.*

Gold.

'Tis gold [makes
Which buys admittance: oft it doth; yea, and
Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their deer to the stand o'er the stealer: and its gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay sometimes hangs both thief and true man:
Can it not do, and undo? [what

A Satire on Women.

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian o' that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance! vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;—that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.
- - - Could I find out
The woman's part in me!—for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice-longings, slanders, mutability: [hers;
All faults that name, nay, that hell knows, why,
In part, or all; but, rather, all: for even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.

A Wife's Impatience to meet her Husband.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord, who long'st—
O, let me bate—but not like me:—yet long'st
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me; [thick,
For mine's beyond, beyond)—say, and speak
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To the smothering of the sense)—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T' inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How may we steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, t' excuse: but first, how get hence?
Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery.
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say, [sently
She 'll home t' her father: and provide me pre-
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. Away I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: there 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

A Forest, with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours. Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet thro'
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven! [hill:

Bel. Now for our mountain sport up to yon
Your legs are young; I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens, and sets off. [you,
And you may then revolve what tales I've told
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor, unfledg'd [know not
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor
What air 's from home. Haply, this life is best
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;

A prison

A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are as old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey:
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling: The toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'
And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph, [the search;
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve, by doing well; what's worse,
Must curt'sie at the censure: O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree [night,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
And left me bare to weather. [leaves,

Guid. Uncertain favour! [you oft)

Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all [tains;
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' moun-
This is not hunters language: he that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state.

The Force of Nature.

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to th' king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they're mine: and, though train'd
up thus meanly [hit
I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius, Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say—thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck;—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother,
Cadwal,
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving.

Slander.

——No, 'tis slander, (tongue
Whose edge is sharper than the sword: whose
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: Kings, queens, and
states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

A Wife's Innocency.

False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock?—If sleep
charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? That's false to's bed?

Woman in Man's Dress.

You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman its pretty self), into a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O, Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars
told me,
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in ful-
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood [ness
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was [thee,
At point to seek for food.—But what is this?

[*Seeing the Cave.*

Here is a path to it:—'tis some savage hold;
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.

Labour.

——Wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Harmleſs Innocence.

Imo. Good maſters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:
good troth, [found
I have ſtolen nought; nor would not, tho' I had
Gold ſtrew'd o' th' floor. Here's money for my
I would have left it on the board, ſo ſoon [meat:
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip dirty gods.

Braggart.

To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big? [not I
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.

Fool-hardineſs.

——Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear.

Inborn Royalty.

——O, thou goddeſs,
Thou divine nature, how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys! they are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'ſt wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd!

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made ſo much on. I had rather
Have ſkipp'd from ſixteen years of age, to ſixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.

Guid. O, ſweeteſt, faireſt lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.

Bel O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might eas'lieſt harbour in? Thou bleſſed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'ſt have made;
but I,
Thou dieds't, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
Repoſing on a cuſhion. [cheek

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' the floor: [put
His arms thus leagued: I thought he ſlept; and
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud. [rudeneſs

Guid. Why, he but ſleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With faireſt flowers,
While ſummer laſts, and I live here, Fidèle,
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave: thou ſhalt not lack
The flow'r, that's like thy face, pale primroſe; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath; the ruddock would
With charitable bill (O bill ſore ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moſs beſides, when flow'rs are
To winter-ground thy corſe.—— [none,

- - - - - - - - - -

Bel. Great griefs, I ſee, med'cine the leſs: for
Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's ſon, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty
Together have one duſt; yet reverence (rotting
(That angel of the world) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray you fetch him hither.
Therſites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Funeral Dirge.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' the ſun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all muſt,
As chimney-ſweepers, come to duſt.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
Care no more, to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The ſceptre, learning, phyſic, muſt
All follow this, and come to duſt.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning flaſh,

Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-ſtone;

Guid. Fear no ſlander, cenſure raſh;

Arv. Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.

Imogen awaking.

Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the
way?—
I thank you—by yond buſh?—pray how far
thither?—
'Ods, pitikins!—can it be ſix miles yet? [ſleep.
I have gone all night—'faith, I'll lie down and
But

But soft! no bedfellow:—O gods and goddesses!
[Seeing the body.
These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

Routed Army.

No blame be to you, Sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Thro' a straight lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the straight pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Death.

I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: being an ugly monster.
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
That draw his knives i' the war.

§. 18. HAMLET. SHAKESPEARE.

Prodigies.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;
Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

Ghosts vanish at the crowing of the Cock; and the Reverence paid to Christmas-Time.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded at the crowing of the cock,
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath pow'r to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Morning.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Real Grief.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Immoderate Grief discommended.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shews a will most incorrect to Heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day;
This must be so.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two.
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember?—why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month;—or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she—

O Heaven! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer---married with mine uncle, [ther,
My father's brother; but no more like my fa
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married: O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.

A complete Man.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.

Cautions to young Ladies.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, ſweet, not laſting.
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute;
No more.——

Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The chaſteſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes:
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring
Too oft before their buttons he diſclos'd:
And in the morn and liquid due of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.

A Satire on ungracious Paſtors.

I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep
As watchmen to my heart: but, good my bro-
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do, [ther,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilſt, like a puft and reckleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe paths of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Be-
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, [ware
Bear it, that the oppoſer may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's cenſure, but reſerve thy judg-
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy, [ment.
But not expreſs'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This above all, to thine ownſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.

Hamlet, on the Appearance of his Father's Ghoſt.

Angels and miniſters of grace, defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable. [hell,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, anſwer me:
Let me not burſt in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cerements? why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corſe, again, in complete ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?

The Miſchiefs it might tempt him to.

What if it tempt you towards the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea?
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs! Think of it:
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? ſpeak, I'll go no further.
Ghoſt. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.
Ham. Alas, poor ghoſt!
Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hear-
To what I ſhall unfold. [ing
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy father's ſpirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to faſt in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am for-
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe, [bid
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word [blood;
Would harrow up thy ſoul; freeze thy young
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood: liſt, liſt, O liſt!
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love—
Ham. O Heaven! murder.
Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural
Ham. Murder?
Ghoſt. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.

Ham

Ham. Haſte me to know it; that I, with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhouldſt thou be than the fat weed
That roots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me; ſo the whole ear of Den-
Is by a forged proceſs of my death [mark
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic ſoul! my uncle?
Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wits and gifts, that have the pow'r
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Tho' lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of Heaven;
So luſt, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air;—
Brief let me be: ſleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole,
With juice of curſed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That, ſwift as quickſilver, it courſes through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholeſome blood: ſo did it mine;
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen at once diſpatch'd:
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
Unhouſel'd, diſappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O horrible! O horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſoever thou purſueſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. O, all you hoſt of heaven! O earth!
what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? O fie! hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old,
But bear me ſtiffly up! Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baſer matter: yes, by Heaven.
O moſt pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, ſmiling, damned villain!
My tables—meet it is I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt I am ſure it may be ſo in Denmark.
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, Adieu, adieu! Remember me.

Ophelia's Deſcription of Hamlet's mad Addreſs to her.

My lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his ſtockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his ſhirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtaid he ſo;—
At laſt—a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh ſo piteous and profound,
As it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done he lets me go;
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.

Old Age.

Beſhrew my jealouſy!
It ſeems, it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion.

Happineſs conſiſts in Opinion.

Why, then, 'tis none to you;
For there is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it ſo:
To me it is a priſon.

Hamlet's Reflections on the Player and himself.

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!—
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, [do,
That he should weep for her? what would he
Had he the motive and the cue for passion, [tears,
That I have? he would drown the stage with
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculities of eyes and ears.
Yet I—
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i'the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! why, I should take it:—for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with
And fall a cursing like a very drab— [words,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About my brains! Humph!
I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been so struck to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath pow'r
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this, uhe play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Hypocrisy.

We are oft to blame in this—
'Tis too much prov'd—that, with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech does give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing thar helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.

Life and Death weighed.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die--to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh his heir to;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;
To sleep! perchance, to dream;—ay, there's therub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause:—there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contume-
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay, [ly,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Calumny.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

A noble Mind disordered.

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue,
sword;
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown
Blasted with extasy. [youth,

On Flattery, and an even-minded Man.

Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor
be flatter'd?

No,

No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election,
She hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf: for thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks: and bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well comingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe: Give me the man
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Midnight.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itſelf breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch buſineſs as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.
O heart, loſe not thy nature: let not ever
The ſoul of Nero enter this firm boſom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.

The King's deſpairing Soliloquy, and Hamlet's Reflections on him.

O, my offence is rank, it ſmells to heaven;
It hath the primal, eldeſt curſe upon 't,
A brother's murder! Pray I cannot,
Tho' inclination be as ſharp as will;
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heavens
To waſh it white as ſnow? Whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence? And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force
To be foreſtalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt. But, O, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be; ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice:
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law: but 'tis not ſo above:
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature; and we ourſelves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate! O boſom, black as death!
O limed ſoul! that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! help, angels, make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees! and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [*The King kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do 't; and ſo he goes to heaven:
And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
To heaven!
Why this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
He took my father groſsly, full of bread; [May;
With all his crimes broad blown, as fluſh as
And, how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave Heaven?
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
No.
Up, ſword; and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage;
Or in the inceſtuous pleaſures of his bed;
At gaming, ſwearing; or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in 't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell whereto it goes.

Hamlet and his Mother.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me? [*Ham.* Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths: O, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very ſoul! and ſweet religion makes
A rhapſody of words.
Queen. Ah me, what act?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was ſeated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himſelf;
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
A ſtation like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man: [lows;
This *was* your huſband, look you now, what fol-
Here *is* your huſband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?
Queen. O, Hamlet, ſpeak no more;
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul;
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen.

Queen. Alas! he 's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, say——

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas! how is it with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then, what I have to do (blood.
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?
[*Pointing to the Ghost.*

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals
My father, in his habit as he liv'd! (away!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal
[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy.
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word: which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.—Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed; [do;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fin-
Make you to ravel all this matter out, [gers,
That I essentially am not in madness, [know.
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot;
'Tis so concluded on. [fellows,

Ham. There's letters seal'd; and my two school-
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way
And marshal me to knavery: let it work; [way,
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon.

Hamlet's Reflection on his own Irresolution.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd: now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event, [wisdom,
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
And ever three parts coward—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, this thing's to do;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me;
Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a phantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent

To hide the ſlain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Sorrows rarely ſingle.

O, Gertrude! Gertrude!
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions.

The Divinity of Kings.

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a king,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Act little of his will.

Deſcription of Ophelia's Drowning.

There is a willow grows aſcaunt the brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream;
Therewith fantaſtic garlands did ſhe make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long pur-
That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name, [ples,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herſelf,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes ſpread wide
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time ſhe chanted ſnatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

A ſpotleſs Virgin buried.

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring! I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſt'ring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.

Melancholy.

This is mere madneſs:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When firſt her golden couplets are diſcloſ'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Providence directs our Actions.

And that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how he will.

A Health.

Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth;
"Now the King drinks to Hamlet."

§ 19. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

SHAKESPEARE.

Peace after Civil War.

So ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath ſhort-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds afar remote.
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields;
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces: Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred—
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beſeeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter.

King Henry's Character of Percy, and of his Son Prince Henry.

Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon:
A ſon, who is the theme of honour's tongue:
Amongſt a grove, the very ſtraiteſt plant;
Who is ſweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilſt I, by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young Harry.

Prince Henry's Soliloquy.

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs:
Yet herein will I imitate the ſun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world;
That, when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may more be wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they ſeldom come, they wiſh'd-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So, when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſ'd;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will.

Hotſpur's Deſcription of a finical Courtier.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dreſs'd;
Freſh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe, and took 't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff:—And ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd,
And, as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,

To

To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome corſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtion'd me; amongſt the reſt, demanded
My priſoners, in your majeſty's behalf.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds, being cold,
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Anſwer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He ſhould or he ſhould not; for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God ſave the mark!),
And telling me the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
That villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.

Danger.

I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.

Honour.

By heaven, methinks it were an eaſy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd
Or dive into the bottom of the deep, [moon;
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without co-rival all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!

Lady Percy's pathetic Speech to her Huſband.

O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A baniſh'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, ſweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitt'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks?
And giv'n my treaſures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyed muſing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint ſlumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed;
Cry, "Courage! to the field!" and thou haſt talk'd
Of ſallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of paliſadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of baſiliſks, of cannon, culverin;
Of priſoners' ranſom, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtirr'd thee in thy ſleep,
That beads of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed ſtream:
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O, what portents are theſe?
Some heavy buſineſs hath my lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loves me not.

Prodigies ridiculed.

I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning creſſets, and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why ſo it would have done
At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd—tho' yourſelf had ne'er been born.

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Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd,
By the impriſoning of unruly wind [ing,
Within her womb; which, for enlargement ſtriv-
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moſs-grown towers.

On miſerable Rhymers.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of theſe ſame metre-ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canſtick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.

Punctuality in Bargain.

I 'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well-deſerving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

A Huſband ſung to ſleep by a fair Wife.

She bids you
Upon the wanton ruſhes lay you down,
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of ſleep,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
Making ſuch difference 'twixt wake and ſleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harneſs'd team
Begins his golden progreſs in the eaſt.

King Henry the IVth to his Son.

Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion;
And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, "This is he."
Others would ſay, "Where? which is Bolingbroke?"
And then I ſtole all courteſy from heaven,
And dreſs'd myſelf in ſuch humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my perſon freſh and new;

My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: 'carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of ev'ry beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity.
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drows'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

Prince Henry's modest Defence of himself.

——God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought of Harry chance to meet:
For ev'ry honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes: and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your Majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

A gallant Warrior.

I saw young Harry—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur's Impatience for the Battle.

——Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, not horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.
O, that Glendower were come!

Prince Henry's modest Challenge.

——Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes—
This present enterprise set off his head—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

Prince Henry's pathetic Speech on the Death of Hotspur.

— Brave Percy:—fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

Life demands Action.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

§ 20. THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV. SHAKESPEARE.

Prologue.—Rumour.

I, FROM the orient to the drooping weſt,
Making the wind my poſthorſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride;
The which in ev'ry language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters, and prepar'd defence,
Whilſt the big year, ſwoln with ſome other grief,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war.
And no ſuch matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

Contention.

——Contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.

Poſt-Meſſenger.

After him, came, ſpurring hard,
A gentleman almoſt foreſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He aſk'd the way to Cheſter; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewſbury.
He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horſe the head,
And, bending forward, ſtruck his armed heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head; and, ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

Meſſenger with ill News.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the ſtrond whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head; and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departed friend.

Greater Griefs deſtroy the leſs.

As the wretch, whoſe fever-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves: Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch;
A ſcaly gauntlet now, with joints of ſteel,
Muſt glove hiſh and ſand hence, thou ſickly quoif
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'ſt hour that time and ſpite dare bring
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiſs earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die!
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that, each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

The Fickleneſs of the Vulgar.

An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applauſe
Didſt thou beat heaven with bleſſing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldſt have him be!
And, being now trimm'd in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.

On Sleep.

——O gentle ſleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs!
Why rather, ſleep, lieſt thou in ſmoky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee, [ſlumber;
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god, why lieſt thou with the vile,
In loathſome beds; and leav'ſt the kingly couch,
A watch-caſe, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlipp'ry clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itſelf awakes?
Canſt thou, O partial ſleep! give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude;
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances, and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?

The Character of King Henry V. by his Father.

He is gracious, if he be obſerv'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope:
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working,

On Fortune.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach;—such the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Dialogue between Prince Henry and his Father.

——Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Exit Lords.*

P. H. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little: for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it,
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Henry the Fifth is crown'd:—up, vanity:
Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors,
And to the English court assemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in ev'ry innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
[*Kneeling.*
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth), this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;
And never live to shew the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were),
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. "The care on thee depending,
"Hath fed upon the body of my father;
"Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
"Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
"Preserving life in med'cine potable:
"But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
"Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it—as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen O my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd, in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: All these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene

Acting

Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was pur-
Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort: [chas'd,
So thou the garland wear'st successively. [do,
Yet, tho' thou standst more sure than I could
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy
friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne
May waste the memory of the former days. [out,
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Reflections on a Crown.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O Majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

Gold.

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this, the foolish, over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains
Their bones with industry; [with care,
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from ev'ry flow'r
The virtuous sweets, [honey,
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.

The Chief Justice to King Henry V. whom he had im, risoned.

——If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose a son:
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son.

§ 21. THE LIFE OF HENRY V.

SHAKESPEARE.

Prologue.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leasht in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment.

Consideration.

Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him:
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.

King Henry V. his Perfections.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

The Common-wealth of Bees.

So work the honey-bees:
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring
To the tent-royal of their emperor: [home
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

Warlike Spirit.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of ev'ry man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits expectation in the air;

And

And hides a ſword, from hilt unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.

England.

O England!—model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart—
What mightſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural! [do,
But ſee thy fault! France hath in thee found
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills [out
With treach'rous crowns.

Falſe Appearances.

O! how thou haſt with jealouſy infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! ſhew men dutiful?
Why, ſo didſt thou: ſeem they grave and learned?
Why, ſo didſt thou: come they of noble family?
Why, ſo didſt thou: ſeem they religious?
Why, ſo didſt thou: or are they ſpare in diet;
Free from groſs paſſion, or of mirth, or anger;
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood;
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt compliment;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely boulted, didſt thou ſeem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and beſt endued,
With ſome ſuſpicion.

King Henry's Character, by the Conſtable of France.

You are too much miſtaken in this king:
Queſtion your grace the late ambaſſadors—
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſy:
How well ſupplied with noble counſellors—
How modeſt in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in conſtant reſolution—
And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the outſide of the Roman Brutus,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Deſcription of a Fleet ſetting ſail.

Suppoſe, that you have ſeen
The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies: and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing:
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd: behold the threaden ſails,
Borne with the inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge.

Deſcription of Night in a Camp.

From camp to camp, thro' the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds,
That the fix'd ſentinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch:
Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents,
The armourers, accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll:
And the third hour of drowſy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over-luſty French
Do the low-rated Engliſh play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned Engliſh,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their geſture ſad,
Inveſting lank lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Preſenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band, [tent,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to
Let him cry—praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and viſits all his hoſt;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modeſt ſmile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and country-men.
Upon his royal face there is no note. [him;
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freſhly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful ſemblance, and ſweet majeſty;
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
His liberal eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear.

The Miſeries of Royalty.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatneſs,
Subject to the breath of every fool, [ing!
Whoſe ſenſe no more can feel but his own wring-
What infinite heart's-eaſe muſt kings neglect,
That private men enjoy;
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, ſave general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth!
What is the ſoul of adoration?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing?
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flattery? O, be ſick, great great-neſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure. [neſs,
Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low-bending?
Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a king's repoſe:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſceptre, and the ball,

The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed title running 'fore the king,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp,
That beats upon the high ſhore of this world—
No, not all theſe, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread;
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elyſium; next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe, and help Hyperion to his horſe:
And follows ſo the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, ſuch a wretch, [ſleep,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with
Hath the fore hand and vantage of a king.

A Deſcription of the miſerable State of the Engliſh Army.

Yon iſland carrions, deſp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let looſe,
And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
Big Mars ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd hoſt,
And faintly thro' a ruſty beaver peeps.
Their horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,
With torch-ſtaves in their hand: and the poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs;
And their executors, the knaviſh crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

King Henry's Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.

He that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouſe him at the name of Criſpian.
He that ſhall live this day, and ſee old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbour,
And ſay, 'To-morrow is St. Criſpian!
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars:
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day: then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouths, as houſehold words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Saliſbury and Glo'ſter,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.

Deſcription of the Earl of York's Death.

He ſmil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, ſays, "Dear my lord,
"Commend my ſervice to my ſovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſs'd his lips;
And ſo, eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me which I would have ſtopp'd;
But I had not ſo much of man in me;
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

The Miſeries of War.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even pleach'd,
Like priſoners, wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlec, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavagery:
The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, withal uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
Loſing both beauty and utility.

§ 22. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY VI. SHAKSPEARE.

Glory.

Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
Till by broad ſpreading it diſperſe to nought.

Marriage.

For marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyſhip.
- - - - - - - -
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial peace.

§ 23. THE SECOND PART OF HENRY VI. SHAKSPEARE.

A reſolved ambitious Woman.

Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
While Glo'ſter bears this baſe and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove theſe tedious ſtumbling-blocks,
And ſmooth my way upon their headleſs necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be ſlack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.

The Lord ever to be remembered.

Let never day or night unhallow'd paſs,
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.

Eleanor to the Duke of Glo'ſter, when doing Penance.

For, whilſt I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in ſhame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To ſee my tears, and hear my deep-felt groans.
The ruthleſs flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I ſtart, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be adviſed how I tread.

Silent

Silent Resentment deepest.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.

A guilty Countenance.

Upon the eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Description of a murdered Person.

See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets: his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

A good Conscience.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Remorseless Hatred.

A plague upon 'em! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curs'd, as harsh, as horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract;
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban;
And even now, my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings;
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding scrich-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell——
- - - - - - - - - -
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standng naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow.

Parting Lovers.

And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me, even now be gone——
O, go not yet! even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves.
Loather a hundred times to part than die.——
Yet, now farewel; and farewel life with thee!

Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banish'd,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world!
And where thou art not, desolation.

Dying, with the Person beloved, preferable to parting.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.

The Death-bed Horrors of a guilty Conscience.

Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O! torture me no more, I will confess——
Alive again? Then shew me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him——
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

Night.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Kent.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

Lord Say's Apology for himself.

Justice, with favour, have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

§ 24. THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI. SHAKSPEARE.

The Transports of a Crown.

—Do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

A hungry Lion.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

The Duke of York on the gallant Behaviour of his Sons.

My sons—God knows what hath befall'n them:
But this I know—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
And cried, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
"A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this we charg'd again: but out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

A Father's Passion on the Murder of a favourite Child.

O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide?
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
- - - - - - - - - - - -
That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—
O, ten times more than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"

The Duke of York in Battle.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

The Morning.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker prancing to his love!

The Morning's Dawn.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day or night.

The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live:
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days, my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months, ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Mob.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of your common men.

A Simile on ambitious Thoughts.

Why, then I do but dream on sov'reignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye!
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry, to have his way.

Gloucester's Deformity.

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;

To

To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part:
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?

Glouceſter's Diſſimulation.

Why, I can ſmile, and murder while I ſmile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occaſions:
I'll drown more ſailors than the mermaid ſhall;
I'll ſlay more gazers than the baſiliſk;
I'll play the orator as well as Neſtor,
Deceive more ſlily than Ulyſſes could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
Change ſhapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And ſet the murd'rous Machiavel to ſchool.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Henry VI. on his own Lenity.

I have not ſtopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor poſted off their ſuits with ſlow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.
I have not been deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſs'd them with great ſubſidies,
Nor forward of revenge, tho' they much err'd.

The Earl of Warwick's dying Speech.

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why aſk I that? My mangled body ſhews;
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſick heart
That I muſt yield my body to the earth. [ſhews
And, by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whoſe arms gave ſhelter to the princely eagle,
Under whoſe ſhade the ramping lion ſlept; [tree,
Whoſe top-branch overpeer'd Jove's ſpreading
And kept low ſhrubs from winter's powerful wind.
Theſe eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day ſun,
To ſearch the ſecret treaſons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with
Were liken'd oft to kingly ſepulchres; [blood,
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durſt ſmile, when Warwick bent his
brow?
Lo, now my glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now forſake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.

Queen Margaret's Speech before the Battle of Tewkeſbury.

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould
My tears gainſay; for every word I ſpeak, [ſay,
Ye ſee, I drink the water of my eyes. [reign,
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your ſove-
Is priſoner to the foe, his ſtate uſurp'd,
His realm a ſlaughter-houſe, his ſubjects ſlain,
His ſtatutes cancell'd, and his treaſure ſpent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this ſpoil:
You fight in juſtice: then, in God's name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give ſignal to the fight.

Omens on the Birth of Richard III.

The owl ſhriek'd at thy birth, an evil ſign;
The night-crow cried, a boding luckleſs tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempeſts ſhook down
trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in diſmal diſcords ſung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth leſs than a mother's
To wit—an indigeſt, deformed lump, [hope,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly tree. [born,
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head when thou waſt
To ſignify—thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'ſt "into the world with thy legs for-
"ward."

§ 25. THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

SHAKSPEARE.

Anger.

——To climb ſteep hills,
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full-hot horſe; who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Action to be carried on with Reſolution.

————If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither
My faculties, nor perſon, yet will be [know
The chronicles of my doing—let me ſay,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue muſt go through. We muſt not ſtint
Our neceſſary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious cenſurers; which ever,
As rav'nous fiſhes, do a veſſel follow
That is new-trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do beſt,
By ſick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worſt, as oft
Hitting a groſſer quality, is cried up
For our beſt act. If we ſhall ſtand ſtill,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We ſhould take root here, where we ſit, or ſit
State-ſtatues only.

New Cuſtoms.

————New cuſtoms,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

The Duke of Buckingham's Prayer for the King.

————May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs and he fill up one monument!

Dependents not to be too much truſted by great Men.

This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counſels,
Be ſure you be not looſe: for thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to ſink ye.

A good Wife.

——A loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king.

The Blessings of a low Station.

——'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Queen Catharine's Speech to her Husband.

——Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice,
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been bless'd
With many children by you. If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice.

Queen Catharine's Speech to Cardinal Wolsey.

——You are meek, and humble mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where pow'rs are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual.

King Henry's Character of Queen Catharine.

That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could but speak thee
The queen of earthly queens. [out)

On her own Merit.

Have I lived thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affection [obey'd him?
Still met the king? lov'd him next Heaven?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords,
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour—a great patience.

Queen Catharine compared to a Lily.

Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flou-
I'll hang my head, and perish. [rish'd,

Obedience to Princes.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

Horror, its outward Effects.

——Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange pos-
We 've seen him set himself. [tures

Firm Allegiance.

——Though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em,
Appear in forms as horrid; yet my duty, [and
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

Anger, its external Effects.

What sudden anger 's this? How have I reap'd
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin - [it?
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing.

Falling Greatness.

——Nay, then farewel! [ness;
I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

The Vicissitudes of Life.

So farewel to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewel, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,

This

This many ſummers in a ſea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy [me,
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire to,
That ſweet aſpect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cardinal Wolſey's Speech to Cromwell.

Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-
And, when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be, [well;
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more muſt be heard of, ſay, I taught thee;
Say, Wolſey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in;
A ſure and ſafe one, tho' thy maſter miſs'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt: cheriſh thoſe hearts that hate
Corruption wins not more than honeſty. [thee;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, [not:
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, O
Cromwell,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the king;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in:——
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny; 'tis the king's: My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all [well,
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Applauſe.

——Such a noiſe aroſe
As the ſhrouds make at ſea in a ſtiff tempeſt,
As loud, and to as many tunes: Hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and, had their faces
Been looſe, this day they had been loſt. Such joy
I never ſaw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would ſhake the preſs,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could ſay, "this is my wife," there; all were
So ſtrangely in once piece. [woven

Cardinal Wolſey's Death.

At laſt, with eaſy roads, he came to Leiceſter,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the rev'rend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave theſe words: "O father abbot,
"An old man, broken with the ſtorms of ſtate,
"Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
"Give him a little earth for charity?"
So went to bed: where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſued him ſtill; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himſelf
Foretold ſhould be his laſt), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and ſorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His bleſſed part to heaven, and ſlept in peace.

His Vices and Virtues.

So may he reſt; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to ſpeak him,
And yet with charity—He was a man
Of an unbounded ſtomach, ever ranking
Himſelf with princes; one, that by ſuggeſtion
Tied all the kingdom: ſimony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the preſence
He would ſay untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he went to ruin, pitiful:
His promiſes were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Griff. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in braſs; their virtues
We write in water. - - - - - - -
- - - - - - This cardinal,
Tho' from an humble ſtock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a ſcholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſuading;
Lofty, and ſour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as ſum-
mer.
And though he were unſatisfied in getting
(Which was a ſin), yet in beſtowing, madam,
He was moſt princely: ever witneſs for him,
Thoſe twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and Oxford! one of which fell with
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it: [him,
The other, though unfiniſh'd, yet ſo famous,
So excellent in art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happineſs upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the bleſſedneſs of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Malicious Men.

——Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nouriſhment,
Dare bite the beſt.——

A Church-Man.

——Love and meekneſs, Lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win ſtraying ſouls with modeſty again,
Caſt none away.

Inhumanity.

——'Tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.——

Archbiſhop Cranmer's Prophecy.

——Let me ſpeak, Sir,
For Heav'n now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.

This royal infant (Heaven ſtill move about
Tho' in a cradle, yet now promiſes [her!),
Upon this land a thouſand, thouſand bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs. She ſhall be
(But few now living can behold that goodneſs)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wiſdom, and fair virtue,
Than this bleſt ſoul ſhall be. All princely graces,
That mould up ſuch a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good, [her:
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall nurſe
Holy and heavenly thoughts ſtill counſel her.
She ſhall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own ſhall bleſs
Her foes ſhake like a field of beaten corn, [her;
And hang their heads with ſorrow. Good grows
with her.
In her days, ev'ry man ſhall eat in ſafety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and ſing
The merry ſongs of peace to all his neighbours.
God ſhall be truly known; and thoſe about her
From her ſhall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by thoſe claim their greatneſs, not by blood.
Nor ſhall this peace ſleep with her; but, as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her aſhes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herſelf;
So ſhall ſhe leave her bleſſedneſs to one
(When Heaven ſhall call her from this cloud of
darkneſs)
Who, from the ſacred aſhes of her honour,
Shall ſtar-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd, Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,
That were the ſervants to this choſen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright ſun of heaven ſhall ſhine,
His honour and the greatneſs of his name [riſh,
Shall be, and make new nations. He ſhall flou-
And, like a mountain cedar reach his branches
To all the plains about him: our children's
Shall ſee this, and bleſs Heaven. [children

§ 26. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN. Shakspeare.

New Titles.

"Good-den, Sir Richard—God a' mercy,
"fellow,"
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too reſpective and too ſociable.
For your converſion. Now your traveller—
He and his tooth-pick at my worſhip's meſs:
And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
My pick'd man of countries:—My dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
"I ſhall beſeech you"—that is queſtion now;
And then comes anſwer like an A B C book;
"O Sir," ſays anſwer, "at your beſt command,
"At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir:"—
"No, Sir," ſays queſtion, "I, ſweet Sir, at yours."
And ſo, ere anſwer knows what queſtion would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po),
It draws towards ſupper in concluſion, ſo.
But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit, like myſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation.

A Deſcription of England.

That pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring
And coops from other lands her iſlanders; [tides,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Even till that utmoſt corner of the weſt,
Salute thee for her king.

Deſcription of an Engliſh Army.

His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces ſtrong, his ſoldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother queen,
An Até ſtirring him to blood and ſtrife;
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a baſtard of the king deceas'd;
And all the unſettled humours of the land—
Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleens—
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
Than now the Engliſh bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence and ſcath in Chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums
Cuts off more circumſtance; they are at hand.

Courage.

By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion.

A Boaſter.

What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?

Deſcription of Victory, by the French.

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an Engliſh mother,
Whoſe ſons lie ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's huſband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loſs, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly diſplay'd,
To enter conquerors.

By the Engliſh.

Rejoice you men of Algiers, ring your bells,
King John, your king, and England's, doth ap-
proach,
Commander of this hot malicious day! [bright,
Their armours, that march'd hence ſo ſilver
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There ſtuck no plume in any Engliſh creſt,

That

That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.

A complete Lady.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If love, ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?

On Commodity, or Self-Interest.

——Rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
Who having no external thing to lose [maids—
But the word *maid*—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, which of itself is poised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent;
And this same bias, &c.

A Woman's Fears.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears; [fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And tho' thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

Tokens of Grief.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

A Mother's Fondness for a beautiful Child.

If thou, that bid'st me be content, were grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.

Grief.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.

Constance to Austria.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight,
But when her humorous ladyship is by,
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool! to brag, to stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it, for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

The Horrors of a Conspiracy.

I had a thing to say—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight-bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy! [thick
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy,
(Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot laughter keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes);
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despight of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not.

A Mother's Ravings.

I am not mad; this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance, I was Geffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad—I would to heaven I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

Apostrophe to Death.

O amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!

Arise

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! misery's love,
O, come to me!

A Mother's Grief.

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in hea-
If that be true, I shall see my boy again; [ven:
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Despondency.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Departing Diseases.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil.

Danger lays hold of any Support.

He that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Arthur's pathetic Speeches to Hubert.

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.
- - - - - - - - -
Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lack you? and, where lies your grief?
Or, what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, and if you will;
If Heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall, [eyes?
So much as frown on you?——
- - - - - - - - - -
Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly: [you,
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive
Whatever torment you do put me to.——
Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes. [in yours,

Arth. O Heaven! that there were but a moth
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense! [there,
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

To add to Perfection, superfluous, and suspicious.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beateous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
- - - - - - - - - -
In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinions sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Murderer's Look.

This is the man should do the bloody deed;
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast,

Struggling Conscience.

The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

News-tellers on the Death of Arthur.

Old men and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously: [mouths;
Young Arthur's death is common in their
And, when they talk of him, they shake their,
And whisper one another in the ear; [heads,
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whiles he that hears makes fearful action. [eyes.
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, swallowing a tayler's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste

Had

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Kings' evil Purposes too servilely and hastily executed.

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break into the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know a meaning
Of dang'rous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

A Villain's Look, and wicked Zeal.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow, by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off, [in me.
And those thy fears might have wrought fears

Hypocrisy.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

Despair.

If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon, [self,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

A Man's Tears.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Drums.

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'rest. - - - - -
- - - - - Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

The Approach of Death.

It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Madness occasioned by Poison.

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room,
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.
- - - - - - -
Poison'd—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Thro' my burnt bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.

England invincible, if unanimous.

England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them:—Nought shall make
If England to itself do rest but true. [us rue,

§ 27. JULIUS CÆSAR. SHAKSPEARE.

Patriotism.

WHAT is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius, in contempt of Cæsar.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink,"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The

The old Anchiſes bear, ſo from the waves of
Did I the tired Cæſar: and this man [Tyber
Is now become a god; and Caſſius is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If Cæſar careleſsly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this god did ſhake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that ſame eye, whoſe bend do thaw the world,
Did loſe his luſtre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cried—"Give me ſome drink, Titinius"—
As a ſick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of this majeſtic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout flouriſh.*
Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on Cæſar.
Caſ. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow
Like a Coloſſus; and we petty men [world
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſome time are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæſar: what ſhould be in that Cæſar?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as a fair a name?
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as Cæſar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæſar feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd:
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompaſs'd but one man?

Cæſar's Diſlike of Caſſius.

Would he were fatter!—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
So ſoon as that ſpare Caſſius. He reads much;
He is a great obſerver, and he looks
Quite thro' the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou doſt, Antony; he hears no muſic:
Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whiles they behold a greater than themſelves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
That what I fear; for always I am Cæſar.

Spirit of Liberty.

I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Caſſius from bond'age will deliver Caſſius:
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit;
But life, being weary of theſe worldly bars,
Never lacks power to diſmiſs itſelf.
If I know this, know all the world beſides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

Ambition, covered with ſpecious Humility.

But 'tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend.

Conſpiracy dreadful till executed.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the interim is
Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Conſpiracy.

O, conſpiracy! [night,
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dangerous brow by
When evils are moſt free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To maſk thy monſtrous viſage? Seek none, conſpiracy;
Hide it in ſmiles and affability;
For if thou path, thy native ſemblance on,
Not Erebus itſelf were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Againſt Cruelty.

Gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's carve him as a diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcaſe fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them.

Sleep.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of ſlumber:
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which buſy care draws in the brains of men
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Portia's Speech to Brutus.

You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yeſternight, at ſupper,
You ſuddenly aroſe and walk'd about,
Muſing, and ſighing, with your arms acroſs:
And, when I aſk'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not;
But, with an angry waſture of your hand,
Gave ſign for me to leave you: ſo I did;
Fearing to ſtrengthen that in patience,
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which ſometimes hath his hour with ev'ry man!

It

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Calphurnia to Cæsar, on the Prodigies seen the Night before his Death.

Cal. I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets; [dead:
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Against the Fears of Death.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange, that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Danger.

Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.

Envy.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

Antony to the Corpse of Cæsar.

O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? fare thee well.

His Address to the Conspirators.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, [smoke,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Revenge.

Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

Antony's Funeral Oration.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I am come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him!
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambitious?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
- - - - - - - - - - - - -
But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather chuse
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him, for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony. [will.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's

Ant.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should—O, what would come of it!

4 *Pleb.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony:
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar—I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors:—honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:—
See what a rent the envious Casca made;—
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you Gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us,
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge;
About—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full
That give me public leave to speak of him. [well
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, or utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In ev'ry wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Ceremony insincere.

———Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted of. [case.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman!

Cas. Brutus, bait not me,
I 'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Caſſius.
Caſ. I am.
Bru. I ſay, you are not.
Caſ. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget myſelf;
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no far-
Bru. Away, ſlight man! [ther.
Caſ. Is 't poſſible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?
Caſ. O ye Gods! ye Gods! muſt I endure all
this? [heart break;
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret, till your proud
Go, ſhew your ſlaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? By the Gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you: for, from this day forth,
I 'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.
Caſ. Is it come to this?
Bru. You ſay you are a better ſoldier:
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well: for mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.
Caſ. You wrong me ev'ry way—you wrong
me, Brutus;
I ſaid an elder ſoldier, not a better.
Did I ſay better?—
Bru. If you did, I care not. [mov'd me.
Caſ. When Cæſar liv'd he durſt not thus have
Bru. Peace, peace; you durſt not ſo have
Caſ. I durſt not? [tempted him.
Bru. No.
Caſ. What! durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durſt not.
Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for. [for.
Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry
There is no terror, Caſſius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me as the idle wind
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raiſe no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions, [Caſſius?
Which you denied me: was that done like
Should I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
When Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts
Daſh him to pieces!
Caſ. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Caſ. I did not;—he was but a fool
That brought my anſwer back.—Brutus hath
riv'd my heart:
A friend ſhould bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practiſe them on me.
Caſ. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
Revenge yourſelves alone on Caſſius, [come,
For Caſſius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote;
To caſt into my teeth. O, I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt;—within a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'ſt a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didſt at Cæſar: for, I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt
Than ever thou lov'dſt Caſſius [him better
Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O Caſſius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.
Caſ. Hath Caſſius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your
hand.
Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*
Caſ. O Brutus!
Bru. What is the matter? [me,
Caſ. Have you not love enough to bear with
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave
me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Caſſius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earneſt with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.
- - - - - - - - -
Bru. O, Caſſius, I am ſick of many griefs.
Caſ. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears ſorrow better:—Portia is
Caſ. Ha! Portia? [dead.
Bru. She is dead.
Caſ. How 'ſcap'd I killing, when I croſs'd you
O, inſupportable and touching loſs!— [ſo?
Upon what ſickneſs?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence; [tony
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark An-
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong—for with her
death
That tidings came—with this ſhe fell diſtract,
And, her attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And died ſo?
Bru. Even ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her—Give me a bowl
of wine:
In this I bury all unkindneſs, Caſſius. [*Drinks.*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Oppor-

Opportunity to be seized on all Affairs.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

The Parting of Brutus and Cassius.

Bru. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began:
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewel take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewel, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewel, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.

Melancholy the Parent of Error.

O, hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Antony's Character of Brutus.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did, that they did, in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

§ 28. KING LEAR. Shakspeare.

An alienated Child.

Let it be so—thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Bastardy.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound; wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?

A Father cursing his Child.

Hear, Nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

Ingratitude in a Child.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Flattering Sycophants.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty! such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrince t' unloose: soothe ev'ry passion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels:
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods:
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

Plain, blunt Men.

——— This is some fellow, [affect
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain—he must speak truth,
And they will take it so; if not, he 's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Description of Bedlam Beggars.

While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,

That

That ever penury, in contempt of man, [filth;
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with
Inforce their charity. [pray'rs,

The Faults of Infirmity pardonable.

Fiery? the fiery duke? tell the hot duke, that--
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office, [selves
Whereto our health is bound; we are not our-
When nature, being oppress't, commands the
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear; [mind
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.

Unkindness.

Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness like a vulture, here.
[*Points to his heart.*

Offences mistaken.

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Rising Passion.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daugh-
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh, [ter,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-sore, an imbossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.

The Necessaries of Life few.

O, reason not the deed: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's.

Lear on the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall——I will do such
things—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

Wilful Men.

O, Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.

Description of Lear's Distress amidst the Storm.

Kent. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his
white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf [couch,
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Lear's passionate Exclamations amidst the Tempest.

Blow, wind! and crack your cheeks! rage!
You cataracts, and hurricanos, spout [blow!
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!
Rumble thy belly-full! spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription. Why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!
- - - - - - - - - -
Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? Things that
love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, [man,
And make them keep their caves: since I was a
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot
carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes, [hand;
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue,
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life! Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry

These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.
Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.
- - - - - - - - - -
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand!
For lifting food to't?—But I'll punish home.
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night,
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this!—O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all——
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that——
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in:
In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep—
Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?—O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel!
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.
Enter Edgar, disguised like a Madman.
Edgar. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?
- - - Didst thou give them all?
Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!
Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.
Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.
The Justice of Providence.
That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your pow'r quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.
Patience and Sorrow.
Patience and sorrow strove [seen
Which should express her goodliest. You have
Sun-shine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better May: those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes! which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.
Description of Lear distracted.
Alack, 'tis he! why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocs, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.
Description of Dover Cliff.
Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still:—how fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low! [air,
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway
Shew scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Gloster's Farewel to the World.
O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!
On the Abuse of Power.
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

Cordelia

Cordelia on the Ingratitude of her Sisters.

O, my dear father! Reſtoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made!
Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd againſt the warring winds?
To ſtand againſt the deep, dread-bolted thunder?
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke [perdu!)
Of quick croſs lightning? to watch (poor
Within this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Tho' he had bit me, ſhould have ſtood that night
Againſt my fire; and waſt thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with ſwine, and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? Alack! alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.

Scene between Lear and Cordelia.

Cord. How does my royal lord? how fares your majeſty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.

Cord. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a ſpirit, I know; where did you die?

Cord. Still, ſtill far wide!

Phyſ. He's ſcarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? where am I?—Fair day-light! [pity
I am mightily abus'd.—I ſhould even die with
To ſee another thus.—I will not ſwear
Theſe are my hands.

Cord. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:
No, Sir, you muſt not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward: and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the ſkill I have
Remembers not theſe garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cord. And ſo I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray weep not:
If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have ſome cauſe, they have not.

Cord. No cauſe, no cauſe.

Lear. Am I in France?

Gent. In your own kingdom, Sir,

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Gent. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You ſee, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has loſt.
Deſire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further ſettling.

Cord. Will't pleaſe your Highneſs walk?

Lear. You muſt bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and fooliſh.

Lear to Cordelia, when taken Priſoners.

No, no, no, no! come, let's away to priſon:
We two alone will ſing like birds i' the cage!
When thou doſt aſk me bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs: ſo we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too—
Who loſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out—
And take upon us the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themſelves throw incenſe.

The Juſtice of the Gods.

The gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to ſcourge us.

Edgar's Account of his diſcovering himſelf to his Father, &c.

Liſt a brief tale:—
And, when 'tis told, O that my heart would burſt!
The bloody proclamation to eſcape,
That follow'd me ſo near (O our lives ſweetneſs!
That with the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once!), taught me to ſhift
Into a madman's rags; to aſſume a ſemblance
That very dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father, with his bleeding rings,
Their precious ſtones new loſt; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myſelf unto him,
Until ſome half-hour paſt, when I was arm'd.
Not ſure, tho' hoping, of his good ſucceſs,
I aſk'd his bleſſing, and, from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to ſupport!)
'Twixt two extremes of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall, perchance, do good: but ſpeak you on;
You look as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have ſeem'd a period
To ſuch as love not ſorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but, then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father:
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear receiv'd; which, in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack:—twice then the trumpet sound-
And there I left him tranc'd. [ed,

Lear on the Death of Cordelia.

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—O, she is gone for ever:
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She 's dead as earth: lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
This feather stirs; she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows,
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O, my good master!
Lear. Pr'ythee away.——
A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; but she 's gone for ever!—
Cordelia! Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low.

Lear dying.

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life.
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? O thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!

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§ 29. MACBETH. Shakspeare.

Witches described.

——What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't?—Live you? or are you ought
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth's Temper.

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That would thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.

Lady Macbeth, on the News of Duncan's Approach.

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances [night,
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor Heaven peep thro' the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold! hold!"——

Macbeth's Irresolution.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

True Fortitude.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

The murdering Scene. Macbeth alone.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? Come, let me clutch thee—
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw ——

Thou

Thou marſhall'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt:—I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before—There 's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf, [pace.
Whoſe howl 's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy
With Tarquin's raviſhing ſides, tow'rds his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt—Thou ſure and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives— [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire:—Hark! peace!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good night.—He is about it:—
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores: I have drugg'd their poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who 's there?—what, ho!
Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs 'em.—Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had done 't.——My huſband?
Macb. I have done the deed:—didſt thou not hear a noiſe?
Lady. I heard the owls ſcream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak? [cry.
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I deſcended?
Lady. Ay.
Macb. Hark! who lies i' the ſecond chamber?
Lady. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a ſorry ſight! [*Looks on his hands.*
Lady. A fooliſh thought! to ſay a ſorry ſight.
Macb. There 's one did laugh in his ſleep, and one cried "murder!"
That they did wake each other! I ſtood and heard them:
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſs'd them
Again to ſleep.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried, "God bleſs us!" and "Amen!" the other;
As they had ſeen me, with theſe hangman's hands,
Liſtening their fear. I could not ſay, Amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.
Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply. [Amen?
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep "no more!
"Macbeth doth murder ſleep, the innocent ſleep;
"Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd ſleeve of care,
"The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
"Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond
"Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt." [" courſe,
Lady. What do you mean? [houſe:
Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the
"Glamis hath murder'd ſleep; and therefore "Cawdor [more!"
"Shall ſleep no more, Macbeth ſhall ſleep no
Lady. Who was it, that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things: go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand,
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?
They muſt lie there: go, carry them; and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again, I dare not.
Lady. Infirm of purpoſe!
Give me the daggers: the ſleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [*Starting.*
How is 't with me, when ev'ry noiſe appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
Thy multitudinous ſeas incarnardine [ther
Making the green one red.——

Re-enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame [*Knock.*
To wear a heart ſo white. I hear a knocking
At the ſouth entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
How eaſy is it then! Your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended—hark! more knocking: [*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be watchers: be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts. [myſelf.
Macb. To know my deed—'twere beſt not know
Wake, Duncan, with this knocking! I would thou couldſt!

Macbeth's guilty Conscience, and Fears of Banquo.

Enter Macbeth to his Lady.

Lady. How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Mach. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth. [lice
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.---Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy; nothing [son,
Can touch him farther!

\- - - - - - - -

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Mach. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note. [done

Lady. What's to be done?

Mach. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, [night,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rocky wood: [
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Scene a Room of State. Banquet prepared. Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.*]

Mach. Sweet remembrancer!---
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit?

Mach. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise, Please it you highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Mach. The table's full! [*Starting.*

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir,

Mach. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord.
What is't that moves your highness?

Mach. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Mach. Thou canst not say, I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me. [

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friend:---my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. --Are you a man?
[*To Mach. aside.*

Mach. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear: [*Aside.*
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? when all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Mach. Pr'ythee see there!
Behold! look! lo! how say you?
[*Pointing to the Ghost.*
Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those, that we bury, back---our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghost vanishes.*

Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Mach. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame! [oiden time,

Mach. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
Ere human statute purg'd the gen'ral weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear; the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die;
And there an end: but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Mach. I do forget:---
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full.

I drink

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

[*The Ghost rises again.*

Mach. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'Tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Mach. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why, so—being gone,

[*The Ghost vanishes.*

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

[*The Lords rise.*

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admir'd disorder.

Mach. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
Even to the disposition that I owe, [strange
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady. A kind good night to all! [*Exeunt Lords.*

Mach. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood: [speak;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magpies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
The secret'st man of blood. [forth

Witches, their Power.

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up; [down;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
Though castles topple on their warders heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the
Of nature's germins tumble altogether, [treasure
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

Malcolm's Character of himself.

Mal. But I have none; the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I pow'r, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak;
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurst,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet, [thee,
Died ev'ry day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life; my first false-speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command.

An oppressed Country.

Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air, [seems
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
Expire before the flowers in their caps, [lives
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macduff, on the Murder of his Wife and Children.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! but I have words,

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe; tho' the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it. [babes
Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heaven!——
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too? [break.
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children!—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? what, all? O hell-kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle Heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our pow'r is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.
[*Exeunt.*

Despised Old Age.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Diseases of the Mind incurable.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff 'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Reflections on Life.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale,
Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

§ 30. OTHELLO. Shakspeare.

Preferment.

'Tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.

In dispraise of Honesty.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doating on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he is old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them; and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul,
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, Sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For doves to peck at: I am not what I seem.

Love

Love the ſole Motive of Othello's marrying.

For I know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Deſdemona,
I would not my unhouſed free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine,
For the ſea 's worth.

Othello's Relation of his Courtſhip to the Senate.

Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſignors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſt with the ſet phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years pith,
Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their dearеſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf: Yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with. - - - - -
Her father
Lov'd me; oft invited me; ſtill queſtion'd me
The ſtory of my life, from year to year;
The battles, ſieges, fortunes, that I have paſs'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyiſh days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it,
Wherein I ſpake of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence;
And portance in my travel's hiſtory.
- - - - - - - - - - - -
Theſe things to hear
Would Deſdemona ſeriouſly incline:
But ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentively: I did conſent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke,
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs:
She ſwore—in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it; yet ſhe wiſh'd
That Heaven had made her ſuch a man:—ſhe thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I ſpake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſs'd;
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them.

Perfect Content.

O my ſoul's joy!
If after ev'ry tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death,
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy; for, I fear,
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

A Lover's Exclamation.

Excellent wretch! perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Othello's firſt Suſpicion.

Think, my lord! by Heaven he echoes me,
As if there were ſome monſter in his thought
Too hideous to be ſhewn.—Thou doſt mean ſomething;
I heard thee ſay but now—thou lik'ſt not that—
When Caſſio left my wife; what didſt not like?
And when I told thee—he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing: thou criedſt "Indeed!"
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iag. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou doſt;
And for I know thou 'rt full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath—
Therefore, theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things in a falſe, diſloyal knave
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that 's juſt,
They are cloſe denotements working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.

Reputation.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls:
Who ſteals my purſe ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello's Soliloquy after having been worked up to Jealouſy by Iago.

This fellow 's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned ſpirit,
Of human dealings: if I prove her haggard,
Though that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I 'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;

And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years; yet that 's not much—
She 's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others uses.

Jealousy.

Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

The Tortures of Jealousy.

Enter Othello.

Iago. Look where he comes! not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me? [that.

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of

Oth. Avaunt! begone! thou hast set me on the rack:
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord? [lust?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he 's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O farewel!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation 's gone!

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this? [prove it,

Oth. Make me to see it; or, at the least, so
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O Heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
God be wi' you: take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I 'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and I think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I 'll have some proof. My name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams:
I 'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

Othello's Story of the Handkerchief.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it, [ther
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed of 't,
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

——There 's magic in the web of it:
A Sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

A Lover's Computation of Time.

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight-score eight hours? and lovers absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight-score times?
O weary reckoning!

Othello's Speech, after having received the Mandate when confirmed in his Suspicions.

Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she 's obedient, as you say—obedient—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, Sir—O well painted passion!
I am commanded home:—get you away;
I 'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice—hence, avaunt!

[*Ex. Desd.*
Cassio

Caſſio ſhall have my place. And—Sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus—
Goats and monkies! [*Exit Othello.*

His pathetic Upbraiding of his Wife.

Def. Upon my knees, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not your words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Def. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, ſwear it; damn thyſelf;
Leſt, being like one of heaven, the devils themſelves
Should fear to ſeize thee: therefore be double-damn'd;
Swear thou art honeſt.
Def. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows
That thou art falſe as hell.
Def. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? How am I falſe?
Oth. O, Deſdemona, away! away! away!
Def. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the occaſion of theſe tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of ſores, and ſhames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmoſt hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome part of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of ſcorn
To point his ſlow, unmoving finger at—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life:
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence!
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and roſe-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Def. I hope my my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.
Oth. O, ay; as ſummer-flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe akes at thee; would thou hadſt ne'er been born! [ted?
Def. Alas! what ignorant ſin have I commit-
Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? what committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks
That would to cinders burn up modeſty,
Did I but ſpeak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: what committed!
Impudent ſtrumpet!
Def. By Heaven, you do me wrong!
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Def. No, as I am a Chriſtian.
If to preſerve this veſſel for my lord,
From any other foul, unlawful touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Def. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.
Oth. Is it poſſible?
Def. O Heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.

Deſdemona's Faithfulneſs.

O good Iago,
What ſhall I do to win my lord again? [ven,
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of hea-
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel—
[*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Either in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

A Bed-chamber: Deſdemona is diſcovered aſleep in her Bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and Sword.

Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtars!
It is the cauſe.—Yet I 'll not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter.
[*Lays down the Sword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.
[*Sets down the taper.*
When I have pluck'd thy roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs muſt wither: I 'll ſmell it on the tree.
[*Kiſſing her.*
O balmy breath, thou doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice herſelf to break her ſword! One more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: one more, and this the laſt;
So ſweet was ne'er ſo fatal. I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: this ſorrow 's heavenly;
It ſtrikes where it doth love.

Othello's Confuſion after having murdered his Wife.

Yes, 'tis Æmilia:—by and by—ſhe 's dead.
'Tis like, ſhe comes to ſpeak of Caſſio 's death;
The

The noise was high. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were 't good?
I think she stirs again:—no.—What 's the best?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

His Love for her.

Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'd not have sold her for it.

His bitter Remorse.

Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I 've seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd.
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires: where should Othello go?
Now—how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
E'en like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

His last Speech.

Soft you; a word or two before you go. [it;
I have done the state some service, and they know
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this:
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*

§ 31. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II. Shakspeare.

Reputation.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

Cowardice.

That which in mean men we intitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

Banishment, Consolation under it.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee:—Or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing-birds musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Thoughts ineffectual to moderate Affliction.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Popularity.

Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee:
With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;"
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

England.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;

This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier lands.
- - - - - - - - - -
England, bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of itſelf.

Grief.

Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief itſelf, but are not ſo:
For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perſpectives, which rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confuſion; eyed awry,
Diſtinguiſh form.——

Hope deceitful.

I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hope lingers in extremity.

The Prognoſtics of War.

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd prophets whiſper fearful change;
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap.

Richard to England, on his Arrival.

As a long-parted mother with her child [ing;
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meet-
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy ſovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders, that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy boſom pluck a flow'r,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch,
Throw death upon thy ſovereign's enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, lords;
This earth ſhall have a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

The Sun riſing after a dark Night.

——Know'ſt thou not,
That, when the ſearching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when from under this terreſtrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves?

On the Vanity of Power, and Miſery of Kings.

No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth.
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For heaven's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings:
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war;
Some haunted by the ghoſts they have depos'd;
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit;
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable: and humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle walls, and farewel king!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn rev'rence; throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty.
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taſte grief,
Need friends: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me—I am a king?

Melancholy Stories.

In winter's tedious nights, ſit by the fire,
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.

A Deſcription of Bolingbroke's and Richard's Entry into London.

Then, as I ſaid, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know—
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe;
While all tongues cried, God ſave thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Thro' caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had ſaid at once,
Jeſu preſerve thee! welcome Bolingbroke!
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpoke them thus—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſs'd along.

Duch.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious: [eyes
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's
Did ſcowl on Richard; no man cried, God ſave him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience— [ſteel'd
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe,
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him. [melted,

Violets.

Who are the violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?

King Richard's Soliloquy in Priſon.

I have been ſtudying how I may compare
This priſon, where I live, unto the world:
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myſelf,
I cannot do it --yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul;
My ſoul, the father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts,
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world;
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented——

* * * * * * * * *

Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelves
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt; like ſilly beggars,
Who, ſitting in the ſtocks, refuge their ſhame—
That many have, and others muſt ſit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I a king;
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar;
And ſo I am: then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me I was better than when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And ſtraight am nothing.--But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.

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§ 32. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III. SHAKSPEARE.

Richard, on his own Deformity.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruiſed arms hung up for monuments;
Our ſtern alarums chang'd to merry meetings:
Our dreadful marches to delightful meaſures.
Grim--viſag'd war hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now—inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds
To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute.
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glaſs;
I, that am rudely ſtamp'd, and want love's majeſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world, ſcarce half made up,
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them—
Why I, in this meek piping time of peace,
Have no delight to paſs away the time,
Unleſs to ſpy my ſhadow in the ſun,
And deſcant on my own deformity:
And therefore---ſince I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain theſe fair, well-ſpoken days—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe days.

Richard's Love for Lady Anne.

Thoſe eyes of thine from mine have drawn ſalt tears,
Sham'd their aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops;
Theſe eyes, which never ſhed remorſeful tear—
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford ſhook his ſword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the ſad ſtory of my father's death;
And twenty times made pauſe, to ſob, and weep,
That all the ſtanders-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedaſh'd with rain: in that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorn an humble tear;
And what theſe ſorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never ſued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn ſweet ſoothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeak.

On his own Perſon, after his ſucceſsful Addreſſes.

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Upon my life, ſhe finds, although I cannot,
Myſelf to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glaſs;
And entertain a ſcore or two of taylors,
To ſtudy faſhions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myſelf,
I will maintain it with ſome little coſt.

Queen Margaret's Execration.

The worm of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoul!
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liv'ſt.
And take deep traitors for thy deareſt friends!
No ſleep cloſe up that deadly eye of thine,
Unleſs it be when ſome tormenting dream,
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour, thou detested—

High Birth.

I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Richard's Hypocrisy.

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Clarence's Dream.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray, you tell me. [Tower,

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Glo'ster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches, [ing,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled; and, in fall-
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea. [holes,
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep, [by.
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep? death,

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O no, my dream was lengthen'd after
O, then began the tempest to my soul! [life;
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferry-man which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud—"What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud—
"Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Cla-
"rence—
"That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
"Seize on him, furies, take him to your tor-
"ments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd; and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone: [dren!
O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor chil-

Sorrow.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

Greatness, its Cares.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Duchess of York on the Misfortunes of her Family.

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O prepost'rous
And frantic outrage! end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Deceit.

Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!

Submission to Heaven, our Duty.

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrate-
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt, [ful,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

The Vanity of Trust in Man.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep,

Contemplation.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Description

Description of the Murder of the two young Princes in the Tower.

The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes!"
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one ano-
"Within their alabaster innocent arms; [ther
"Their lips were four red roses on a stalk, [ther.
"Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each o-
"A book of prayers on their pillow lay; [mind;
"Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my
"But, O the devil:"—there the villain stopp'd.
When Dighton thus told on—"We smothered
"The most replenished sweet work of nature,
"That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse:
They could not speak; and so I left them both
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Expedition.

Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Queen Margaret's Exprobration.

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
One heav'd a high to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene. [thers?
Where is thy husband now? where be thy bro-
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says, God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time:
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

His Mother's Character of King Richard.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious; [furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and ven-
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.

Hope.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings; [kings.
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures

A fine Evening.

The weary sun hath made a golden set;
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Day-break.

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

Richmond's Prayer.

O thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O defend me still!

Richard starting out of his Dream.

Give me another horse—bind up my wounds:
Have mercy, Jesu!---Soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue---is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by.

Conscience.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

Richard before the Battle.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! victory sits on our helms.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Richard. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Catesb. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Richard. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!'

[*Exeunt.*

§ 33. ROMEO AND JULIET.

SHAKSPEARE.

Love.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.

On Dreams.

O then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In

In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grashoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Thro' lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tythe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams:
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

A Beauty described.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shews,

The Courtship between Romeo and Juliet in the Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound—
But, soft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
[*Juliet appears above at the Window.*
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame these stars,
As day light doth a lamp; her eye, in heaven,
Would thro' the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks—
O speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo!—wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy—
- - - - - - - - - - - -
What 's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither? tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls;
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinſmen are no let to me.
Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their ſight.
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place? [quire;
Rom. By love, that firſt did prompt me to en-
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandize.
Jul. Thou know'ſt, the maſk of night is on my face;
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have ſpoke; but farewel, compliment!
Doſt thou love me? I know thou wilt ſay Ay,
And I will take thy word:—yet, if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou mayſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'ſt I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown, and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but elſe not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayſt think my 'haviour light:
But truſt me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou overheard'ſt, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's paſſion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops—
Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, th' inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?
Jul. Do not ſwear at all—
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love——
Jul. Well, do not ſwear: altho' I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be
Ere one can ſay, it lightens—ſweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by ſummer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flow'r when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night!—as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?
Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldſt thou withdraw it? For what purpoſe love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome noiſe within: dear love, adieu!
[*Nurſe calls within.*
Anon, good nurſe!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O bleſſed, bleſſed night! I am afeard,
All this is but a dream I hear and ſee;
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I 'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam!]
I come anon——But if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee—[*Within:* Madam!] By and by I come——
To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thrive my ſoul.
Jul. A thouſand times good-night! [*Exit.*
Rom. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hiſt! Romeo! hiſt! O, for a faulconer's voice,
To lure this taſſel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Rom. It is my ſoul that calls upon my name:
How ſilver ſweet ſound lover's tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſic to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. Madam.—
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom.

Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay, to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this. [gone:
Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning, I would have thee
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I;
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good-night, good night! Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good-night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*

Love's Heralds.

Love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun-beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift Cupid wings.

Violent Delights not laſting.

Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiſs, conſume.

Lovers light of Foot.

O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint:
A lover may beſtride the goſſamers,
That idle in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall; ſo light is vanity.

A Lover's Impatience.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
To Phœbus' manſion, ſuch a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night!
That run-aways' eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to theſe arms, untalk'd of, and unſeen!
Lovers can ſee to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night.

Romeo, on his Baniſhment.

Rom. Ha! baniſhment? be merciful, ſay death:
For exile hath more terror in his look
Than death, much more: do not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Hence from Verona art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture; hell itſelf.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſh'd from the world,
And world's exile is death; then baniſhment
Is death miſterm'd: calling death baniſhment,
Thou cutt'ſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſh'd aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment:
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is baniſhed! [knife.
Hadſt thou no poiſon mix'd, no ſharp-ground
No ſudden mean of death, though ne'er ſo mean,
But—baniſhed—to kill me; baniſhed?
O friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how haſt thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word—baniſhment?
Fri. Thou fond madman, hear me but ſpeak a word.
Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment!
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet baniſhed? hang up philoſophy!
Unleſs philoſophy can make a Juliet,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.
Fri. O then I ſee that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

Juliet's Chamber, looking to the Garden.

Enter Romeo, and Juliet above at a Window; a Ladder of Ropes ſet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
ſtands tiptoe on the miſty mountain tops;
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it;
It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay, than will to go.
Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul? let 's talk, it is not day.

Juliet's Resolution.

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears:
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house;
O'ercover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud—
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Juliet's Soliloquy on drinking the Potion.

Farewel—God knows, when we shall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I 'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—what should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone:
Come, phial—what if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the County?
No, no! this shall forbid it—lie thou there.
[*Pointing to a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there 's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, [in,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breaths
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort—
Alack! alack! is it not like that I
So early waking—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point!—Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*She throws herself on the bed.*

Joy and Mirth turned to their Contraries.

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change:
Our bridal flow'rs serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Romeo's Description of, and Discourse with, the Apothecary.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let 's see for means:—O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary—
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As as I remember, this should be the house:
Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut,
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud? [poor;
Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them. [
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes;
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,

Doing

Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none——
Farewel; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Romeo and Paris.

Par. Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain! I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me---think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself;
Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight, Paris falls.*
Par. O, I am slain! if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith I will:---let me peruse this face,
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris:
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?---O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

Romeo's last Speech over Juliet in the Vault.

O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet!
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean, abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chambermaids—O,
Will I set up my everlasting rest; [here
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars [last!
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct! come, unsav'ry guide!
Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick, weary bark!
Here's to my love! O true apothecary!
[*Drinks the Poison.*
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*

§ 34. TIMON OF ATHENS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Painting.

THE painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out.

The Grace of a Cynic Philosopher.

Immortal gods! I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper, with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen! Amen! so fall to 't,
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

A faithful Steward.

So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress't [wept
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with min-
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock, [strelsy;
And set mine eyes at flow.

The Ingratitude of Timon's Friends.

They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable— [not—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And, so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They freeze me into silence.
Tim. You gods reward them!—
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

Against Duelling.

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd [relling
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quar-
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world,
When sects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs [carelessly;
His outsides; to wear them, like his raiment,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

Without the Walls of Athens.
Timon's Execrations on the Athenians.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity! [fast;
Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues incident to
Your potent and infectious fevers heap [men,
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all th' Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!

A Friend forsaken.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

On Gold.

What is here? [gods:
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold! No,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? why this [sides;
Will lug your priests and servants from your
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave [religions;
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

Timon to Alcibiades.

Go on—here's gold—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk paps,
That thro' the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe, [mercy,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! speak not, begone.

To the Courtezans.

Consumption sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor found his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the gen'ral weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald,
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you.

Timon's Reflections on the Earth.

That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puft,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb!
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!

Go

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears,
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marble mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Timon's Discourse with Apemantus.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected:
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatt'rers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper,
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
By that which hath undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,
A madman so long, now a fool: what, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out?—will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreckful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find——

Tim. Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceed
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak—have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare,
For every storm that blows:—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen.
Thy nature did commence in sufferance; time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse thy father, that poor rag
Must be thy subject; who in spite put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! begone.
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

On Gold.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the Gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels: and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.

Timon to the Thieves.

Why should you want! behold, the earth hath roots!
Within this mile break forth an hundred springs;
The oaks bear masts, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

1. *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profest; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: go, suck the subtle blood o'the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together:
Do villany; do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From gen'ral excrement: each thing 's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough pow'r
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves, away!
Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it.

On his honeſt Steward.

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptleſs raſhneſs,
You perpetual-ſober gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man—miſtake me not—but one;
No more, I pray—and he is a ſteward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thyſelf: but all, ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.
Methinks, thou art more honeſt now than wiſe;
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt lord's neck.

Wrong and Inſolence.

Now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe;
And purſy inſolence ſhall break his wind
With fear, and horrid flight.

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§ 35. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Mercy.

WILT thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thanks.

Thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

An Invitation to Love.

The birds chaunt melody on every buſh;
The ſnake lies rolled in the cheerful ſun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd ſhadow on the ground:
Under their ſweet ſhade, Aaron, let us ſit;
And whilſt the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once—
Let us ſit down, and mark their yelling noiſe:
And after conflict---ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpris'd
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our paſtimes done, poſſeſs a golden ſlumber!
Whiles hounds, and horns, and ſweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurſe's ſong
Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.

Vale, a dark and melancholy one deſcribed.

A barren deteſted vale, you ſee, it is:
The trees, tho' ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſletoe.
Here never ſhines the ſun; here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.

A Ring, in a dark Pit.

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And ſhews the ragged entrails of this pit.

A young Lady playing on a Lute and ſinging.

Fair Philomela, ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus haſt thou met withal,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That could have better ſew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monſter ſeen thoſe lily hands
Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that ſweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell aſleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

A Lady's Tongue cut out.

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a ſweet melodious bird, it ſung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

A Perſon in Deſpair compared to one on a Rock, &c.

For now I ſtand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderneſs of ſea;
Who marks the waxen tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.

Tears compared to Dew on a Lily.

When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almoſt wither'd.

Reflections on killing a Fly.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his ſlender, gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmleſs fly!
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou haſt
kill'd him!

Revenge.

Lo, by thy ſide, where rape and murder ſtands;
Now give ſome ſurance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe,
Provide thee two proper palfries, as black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon ſwift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a ſervile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's riſing in the eaſt,
Until his very downfal in the ſea.

§ 36. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SHAKSPEARE.

Love in a brave young Soldier.

CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.
- - - - - - - - - -
The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.
- - - - - - - - - -
O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus——
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart [voice;
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
Handlest in thy discourse—O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink, [ture
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seiz-
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given
The knife that made it. [me

Success not equal to our Hopes.

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

On Degree.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecillity,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides) [too.
Should lose their names, and so should justice
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up itself.

Conduct in War superior to Action.

The still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, closet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Adversity the Trial of Man.

——Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And think them shames, which are indeed nought:
But the protractive trials of great Jove, [else
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and pow'rful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Achilles described by Ulysses.

The great Achilles—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the fore-hand of our host—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer! he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'erwrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his prest bed foiling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—"Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just!
Now play me Nestor—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being drest to some oration." [That's done—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries—"Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet.—and at this sport

Sir

Sir Valour dies; cries—"O! enough, Patroclus,
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And, in this fashion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Respect.

I ask, that I might weaken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

Doubt.

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.

Pleasure and Revenge.

Pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.

The Subtlety of Ulysses, and Stupidity of Ajax.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is it not strange?

Ulyf. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyf. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any
In will peculiar, and in self-admission,

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyf. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: possest he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, "No recovery."

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you, and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyf. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit.
As amply titled as Achilles is, by going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns,
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid!
And say in thunder "Achilles, go to him."

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause! [*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him with my armed fist
I'll bash him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheese his pride: let me go to him.

Ulyf. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable? [*Aside.*

Ulyf. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician that should be the patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind— [*Aside.*

Ulyf. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so;
He should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 't would, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyf. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

Nest. He is not yet through warm; force him
With praises; pour in; his ambition's dry. [*Aside.*

Ulyf. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyf. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face—
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyf. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog! that shall palter thus with us!
Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyf. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyf. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyf. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure:
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times—
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

But

But pardon, father Neſtor; were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyſ. Ay, my good ſon.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax. [Achilles

Ulyſ. There is no tarrying here; the hart
Keeps thicket: pleaſe it our great general
To call together all his ſtate of war; [friends.
Freſh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow,
We muſt with all our main of pow'r ſtand faſt,
And here's a lord; come knights from eaſt to weſt,
And cull their flow'r, Ajax ſhall cope the beſt.

Aga. Go we to council. Let Achilles ſleep;
Light boats ſail ſwift, tho' greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt*

An expecting Lover.

No, Pandarus: I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's ſhoulders pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Creſſid'!
I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet
That it enchants my ſenſe; what will it be,
When that the wat'ry palate taſtes indeed
Love's thrice reputed nectar? Death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction; or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I fear it much; and I do fear beſides
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying. - - -
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe;
And all my powers do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majeſty.

Conſtancy in Love proteſted.

Troilus. True ſwains in Love ſhall in the world to come [rhimes,
Approve their truths by Troilus; when their
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimiles: truth tried with iteration—
As true as ſteel, as plantage to the moon,
As ſun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre—
Yet, after all compariſons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus, ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctify the numbers.

Creſ. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of Troy,
And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood! when they have ſaid—as falſe
As air, as water, wind, or ſandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon—
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
As falſe as Creſſid'.

Pride cures Pride.

Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew itſelf, but pride: for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Greatneſs contemptible when it declines.

'Tis certain, greatneſs, once fallen out with fortune, [is,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer:
And not a man, for being ſimply man, [nours
Hath any honour; but honour for thoſe ho-
That are without him, as place, riches, and fa-
Prizes of accident as oft as merit; [vour,
Which, when they fall, as being ſlippery ſtanders,
The love that lean'd on them as ſlippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

Honour: continued Acts neceſſary to preſerve its Luſtre.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes: [vour'd
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt; which are de-
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done: perſeverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſty mail,
In monumental mockery. Take the inſtant way,
For honour travels in a ſtraight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; if you give way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindmoſt—
Or, like a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in preſent,
Tho' leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'ertop yours,
For time is like a faſhionable hoſt, [hand:
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by the
And with his arms outſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps in the comer: welcome ever ſmiles, [ſeek
And farewel goes out ſighing. O, let not virtue
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty,
High birth, vigor of bone, deſert in ſervice, [wit,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time. [kin—
One touch of nature makes the whole world
That all with one conſent praiſe new-born gawds
Tho' they are made and moulded of things paſt;
And give to duſt, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-duſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object.

Love

Love ſhook off by a Soldier.

Sweet, rouſe yourſelf; and the weak, wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unlooſe his am'rous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air.

Lovers parting in the Morning.

Troil. O Creſſida! but that the buſy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Creſ. Night hath been too brief.

Troil. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays,
As tediouſly as hell; but flies the graſps of love
With wings more momentary ſwift than thought.

Lovers Farewel.

Injurious time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up into a looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

Troilus's Character of the Grecian Youths.

The Grecian youths are full of quality,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelty may move, and parts with perſon,
Alas! a kind of godly jealouſy
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afeard.

A Trumpeter.

Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias cheek
Outſwell the cholic of puft Aquilon:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes pour blood;
Thou blow'ſt for Hector.

Diomedes's Manner of Walking.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He riſes on the toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Deſcription of Creſſida.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O theſe encounterers, ſo glib of tongue,
That give a coaſting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickliſh reader! ſet them down
For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

The Character of Troilus.

The youngeſt ſon of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love.

Hector in Battle.

I have, thou gallant Trojan, ſeen thee oft,
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Thro' ranks of Greekiſh youths: and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as Perſeus, ſpur thy Phrygian ſteed,
Deſpiſing many forfeits and ſubduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced ſword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have ſaid to ſome my standers-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreſtling.

Achilles ſurveying Hector.

Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, there, there;
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make diſtinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me, heavens!

Honour more dear than Life.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Pity to be diſcarded in War.

For the love of all the gods
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords!

Raſh Vows.

The gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.

PATHETIC PIECES.

§ 37. *Sebastian and Dorax.* DRYDEN.

Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his Turban, and put on an European Habit.

Dor. Now do you know me?
Seb. Thou shouldst be Alonzo.
Dor. So you should be Sebastian;
But when Sebestian ceas'd to be himself
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.
Seb. As in a dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.
Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny, have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake;
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever, when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought.
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And, that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.
Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier. [me;
Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done
Then, tho' I loath this woman's war of tongue,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear:
And, Honour, be thou judge.
Seb. Honour befriend us both.
Beware! I warn thee yet to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts;
And with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd even me, thy prince! [ward,
Dor. And well I might, when you forgot re-
The part of Heaven in kings: for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant! (it irks me so call my prince)
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word; and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.
Seb. How, tyrant!
Dor. Tyrant! [back:
Seb. Traitor! that name thou canst not echo
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor:
And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade. [rant,
Dor. If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou ty-
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.
Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.
Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this, [more:
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gull'd eyes in all the gaudy round
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd and cen-
For want of courtly style: related actions, [sur'd
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward, [vaded,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights in-
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and para-
Henriquez answered, with a ready lie, [sites.
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.
Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now by Heaven
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.
Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee, that I nam'd him,
That thing, that nothing but a cringe and smile;
That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress.
Seb. All false as hell, or thou.
Dor. Yes; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in those foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it.
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both. [first,
Seb. I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me
If those great acts were done alone for me;
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest?
Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here below.
But all th' advantage of that love was thine:
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own
(For Violante's vows were mine before):
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;
And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.
Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.
Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him first
Seb. He had my promise, ere I knew thy love.
Dor. My services deserv'd thou shouldst revoke it.

Seb.

Seb. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy ser-
To violate my laws, even in my court, [vice;
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Even to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty,
To strike the man I lov'd!

Dor. Ev'n in the face of heaven, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man, who, prompt by pow'r,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provok'd by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field, [own!
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy

Seb. He durst: nay, more, desir'd and begg'd with tears
To meet thy challenge fairly: 'twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd. [me:

Seb. The indignity thou didst was meant to
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power: so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face;
All my long avarice of honour lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age;
Has Honour's fountain then suck'd back the stream?
He has; and hooting boys may dryshod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour; give them back:
Give me revenge while I have breath to ask it.

Seb. Now by this honour'd order which I wear,
More gladly would I give than thou dar'st ask it:
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charg'd me? Speak.

Dor. Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.

Seb. No; to disprove that lie I must not draw:
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence:
To fight thee after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urg'st?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas;
Which mounting view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I 'll cut that isthmus:
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I sav'd thee out of honourable malice:
Now draw; I should be loth to think thou dar'st
Beware of such another vile excuse. [not:

Seb. O, patience, Heaven!

Dor. Beware of patience too;
That 's a suspicious word: it had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurn'd me; now 'tis base:
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat:
Fight, or be perjur'd now; that 's all thy choice.

Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be thank'd: [*Drawing.*
Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding-night
More gladly enters not the lists of love.
Why 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.
Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost,
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?

Seb. The question is beside our present pur-
Thou seest me ready; we delay too long. [pose.

Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there 's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.

Seb. He 's dead: make haste, and thou mayst yet o'ertake him.

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'st me longer.
I pr'ythee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise: for thy life preserv'd,
Be kind: and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death, next thine, I wish'd.

Seb. If it would please thee, thou shouldst never know:
But thou, like jealousy, enquir'st a truth,
Which found, will torture thee: he died in fight;
Fought next my person, as in concert fought;
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side receiv'd my wound:
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once,
But roll'd his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a death!

Seb. I propheſied thy proud soul could not bear it.
Now judge thyself who best deserv'd my love.
I knew you both; and (durst I say?) as Heaven
Foreknew among the shining angel host
Who should stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n;
And so, had I been favour'd, had I stood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, appears:
Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
O, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquir'd by such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
My corpse had been the bulwark of my king:
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
Ill sorted with a soft effeminate life:
It suited better with my life than his
So to have died: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deserv'd my love than thou.
Dor. O, whither wouldst thou drive me? I must grant,
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert:
For you he fought and died; I fought against you:
Through all the mazes of the bloody field
Hunted your sacred life; which that I miss'd
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul 's a regicide.
Seb. Thou might'st have given it a more gentle name:
Thou mean'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo?
Dor. Can I speak?
Alas, I cannot answer to Alonzo:
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,
In that blest age I was the man you nam'd:
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax;
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.
Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.
Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you: there's my grief.
Seb. Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst repent:
Thou couldst not be a villain, tho' thou wouldst:
Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast err'd:
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.
Dor. O, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness;
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul,
Half-drown'd in tears before; spare my confusion,
For pity spare, and say not, first you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.
Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade;
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.
Seb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first,
But thou prevent'st me still in all that 's noble.
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news:
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love:
So still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and a maid.
Dor. Have I been cursing Heaven, while Heaven bless'd me!
I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy:
What, in one moment to be reconcil'd
To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love:
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!
Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him?
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:
Be what Henriquez was—be my Alonzo.
Dor. What, my Alonzo, said you? my Alonzo!
Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak;
And if I could, [mine.
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as
Seb. Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.
Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heaven to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp without allay.
Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away:
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign;
But let my love and friend be ever mine.

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§ 38. *Antony and Ventidius.* DRYDEN.

Ant. THEY tell me 'tis my birth-day; and I 'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downwards
To be trod out by Cæsar?
Vent. [*Aside.*] On my soul
'Tis mournful, wond'rous mournful!
Ant. Count thy gains;
Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starv'd thy wanting age.
Vent. [*Aside*] How sorrow shakes him!
So now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.
Ant. [*Having thrown himself down.*]
Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou 'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes: then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar.
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe [on 't.
Lie still and peaceful there. I 'll think no more
Give me some music; look that it be sad;
I 'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell
And burst myself with sighing——
'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I 'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene;
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot——
Vent. Methinks, I fancy
Myself there too.
Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And fearless quench their thirst while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.

More

More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts,
Vent. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.
[*Stands before him.*
Ant. [*Staring up.*] Art thou Ventidius?
Vent. Are you Antony?
I 'm liker what I was, than you to him
When that I left you last.
Ant. I 'm angry.
Vent. So am I.
Ant. I would be private: leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me? [I?
Where have you learnt that answer? Who am
Vent. My emperor: the man I love next Heaven.
If I said more, I think 't were scarce a sin:
You 're all that 's good and godlike.
Ant. All that 's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.
Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew,
I have not wept these forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.
Ant. By Heaven he weeps, poor good old man! he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or shall I blush to death; they set my shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.
Vent. I 'll do my best. [friends;
Ant. Sure there 's contagion in the tears of
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine—nay, father—
Vent. Emperor!
Ant. Emperor! why that 's the style of victory.
The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! O——
Vent. It sits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.
Vent. Out with it: give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my shame---
I lost a battle.
Vent. So has Julius done. [thou think'st;
Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony——
Vent. Nay, stop not.
Ant. Antony—
(Well, thou wilt have it)—like a coward fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepar'd to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Venti-
Vent. Yes, and a brave one: but—— [dius.
Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sate still, and saw it prest by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
The wish of nations, and the willing world
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights
At length have wearied her, and now she 's gone;
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever! Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee curse me.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too sensible already [ings;
Of what you've done, too conscious of your fail-
And like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your for-
Ant. I know thou wouldst. [tunes.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Vent. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
Vent. You would be lost then?
Ant. I am.
Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think me desperate
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.
Vent. Cæsar thinks not so:
He 'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd like Tully, would you? Do
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.
Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve:
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius. [hours
Vent. No, 'tis you dream; you sleep away your
In deperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy. [you.
Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait
And long to call you chief. By painful journies
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there 's virtue in 'em:

They 'll

They 'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I say, in Lower Syria.
Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.
Vent. They will not come.
Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids,
To double my despair? They 're mutinous.
Vent. Most firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me. O trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head 'em.
Ant. I am besieg'd.
Vent. There 's but one way shut up—how came I hither?
Ant. I will not stir.
Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.
Ant. I have never us'd
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Ant. What was 't they said?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You 'll sell to her?—Then she new names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
Vent. Behold, you pow'rs,
To whom you have entrusted human kind;
See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance;
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.
Ant. You grow presumptuous.
Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
O, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!
Vent. You may kill me.
You have done more already; call'd me traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done. But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me t' have led my conqu'ring eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor;
And not have been so call'd.
Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.
Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, Sir;
Pray kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.
Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?
Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it:
But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature.
Ant. But Cleopatra——
Go on; for I can bear it now.
Vent. No more.
Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou mayst:
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.
Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart, for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? Speak again.
Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
Thy praises were unjust; but I 'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou will;
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.
Vent. And, will you leave this——
Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her,
And I will leave her; tho' Heaven knows I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour:
But I will leave her.
Vent. That 's my royal master.
And shall we fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier:
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me!
Vent. O, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day;
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I 'll thank you for the exchange.
Ant. O, Cleopatra!
Vent. Again!
Ant. I've done. In that last sigh she went;
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.
Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.
Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me! my soul 's up in arms,
And mans each partabout me. Once again
The noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me;
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!
Ant. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

§ 30. *Theodosius and Marcian.* LEE.

Theo. HA! what rash thing art thou, who fett'st so small
A value on thy life, thus to presume
Against the fatal orders I have given,
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
And urge me to thy ruin?
Mar. Mighty Cæsar,
I have transgress'd; and for my pardon bow
To thee, as to the gods, when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know
The nature of my crime. I am commission'd
From all the earth to give thee thanks and praises,
Thou darling of mankind! whose conqu'ring arms
Already drown the glory of great Julius;
Whose deeper reach in laws and policy
Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heaven! [true?
What mean the Fates by such prodigious vir-
When scarce the manly down yet shades thy face,
With conquests thus to over-run the world,
And make barbarians tremble. O ye gods!
Should Destiny now end thee in the bloom,
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss
Of lov'd Germanicus; thy funerals,
Like his, are solemniz'd with tears and blood.
Theo. How, Marcian!
Mar. Yes, the raging multitude,
Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief;
Shave their wive's heads, and tear off their own hair:
With wild despair they bring their infants out,
To brawl their parents' sorrow in the streets:
Trade is no more, all courts of justice stopt;
With stones they dash the windows of their temples, [gods;
Pull down their altars, break their household
And still the universal groan is this—
"Constantinople's lost, our empire's ruin'd;
Since he is gone, that father of his country,
Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleasure?
O Rome, O conquer'd world, where is thy glory!"
Theo. I know thee well, thy custom and thy manners.
Thou didst upbraid me; but no more of this,
Not for thy life——
Mar. What's life without my honour?
Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,
I would be heard in spite of all your thunder:
O pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test
Which virtue brings: like sores your vices shake
Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.
This is a debt to the great Theodosius,
The grandfather of your ill-fated blood:
And then farewell for ever.
Theo. Presuming Marcian!
What canst thou urge against my innocence?
Thro' the whole course of all my harmless youth,
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked act which I have done to shame me.
Mar. This may be true: yet if you give the sway
To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
Your negligence to them is as the cause.
O Theodosius, credit me, who know
The world, and hear how soldiers censure kings;
In after times, if thus you should go on,
Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,
As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd:
They will despise your sloth, and backward ease,
More than they hate the other's cruelty.
And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity!
Heap on me, Heaven, the hate of all mankind;
Load me with malice, envy, detestation;
Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.
Theo. Pr'ythee no more.
Mar. Nay, when the legions make comparisons,
And say, Thus cruel Nero once resolv'd,
On Galba's insurrection, for revenge
To give all France as plunder to the army;
To poison the whole senate at a feast;
To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude;
That, so obstructing those that quench'd the fire,
He might at once destroy rebellious Rome——
Theo. O cruelty! why tell'st thou me of this?
Am I of such a barb'rous bloody temper?
Mar. Yet some will say, This shew'd he had a spirit,
However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That favour'd of a Roman: but for you,
What can your partial sycophants invent,
To make you room among the emperors?
Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero;
A pretty player, one that can act a hero,
And never be one. O ye immortal gods!
Is this the old Cæsarean majesty?
Now, in the name of our great Romulus,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did?
Why have you not, like Nero, a Phonascus?
One to take care of your celestial voice?
Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach
Lay a thin plate of lead, abstain from fruits;
And when the business of the stage is done,
Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets,
While the lean army groans upon the ground.
Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee;
Hence, begone, I say——
Mar. Not till you have heard me out.
Build too, like him, a palace line'd with gold,
As long and large as that of th' Esquiline:
Inclose a pool too in it, like the sea,
And at the empire's cost let navies meet;

Adorn

Adorn your ſtarry chambers too with gems;
Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,
With pipes to caſt ambrofian oils upon you:
Conſume with this prodigious vanity,
In mere perfumes and odorous diſtillations,
Of ſeſterces at once four hundred millions;
Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
And wanton Cupids dance and clap their wings.
No matter what becomes of the poor ſoldiers,
So they perform the drudgery they are fit for;
Why, let 'em ſtarve for want of their arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like dogs in ditches.

Theo. Come, you are a traitor!

Mar. Go to, you are a boy——.
Or by the gods———

Theo. If arrogance like this,
And to the emperor's face, ſhould 'ſcape unpuniſhed,
I'll write myſelf a coward; die, then, villain,
A death too glorious for ſo bad a man,
By Theodoſius' hand.

Marcian diſarms him, but is wounded.

Mar. Now, Sir, where are you?
What, in the name of all our Roman ſpirits,
Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?
Has he not cut me off from all my honours?
Torn my commiſſions, ſham'd me to the earth,
Baniſh'd the court, a vagabond for ever?
Do not the ſoldiers hourly aſk it from me?
Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em?
What hinders now, but that I mount the throne,
And make, beſides, this purple youth my footſtool?
The armies court me: and my country's cauſe,
The injuries of Rome and Greece, perſuade me,
Shew but this Roman blood which he has drawn,
They'll make me emperor whether I will or no:
Did not, for leſs than this, the latter Brutus,
Becauſe he thought Rome wrong'd, in perſon
Againſt his friend a black conſpiracy, [head
And ſtab the majeſty of all the world?

Theo. Act as you pleaſe: I am within your pow'r.

Mar. Did not the former Brutus, for the crime
Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom?
And ſhall this prince too, by permitting others
To act their wicked wills, and lawleſs pleaſures,
Raviſh from the empire its dear health,
Well-being, happineſs, and ancient glory?
Go on in this diſhonourable reſt?
Shall he, I ſay, dream on, while the ſtary'd troops
Lie cold and waking in the winter camp;
And, like pin'd birds, for want of ſuſtenance,
Feed on the haws and berries of the fields?
O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods!
Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
Its conſtant loyalty! I would but ſhake him,
Rouſe him a little from this death of honour,
And ſhew him what he ſhould be.

Theo. You accuſe me,
As if I were ſome monſter moſt unheard of!
Firſt, as the ruin of the army; then
Of taking your commiſſion: but by Heaven
I ſwear, O Marcian! this I never did,
Nor ne'er intended it; nor ſay I this
To alter thy ſtern uſage; for with what
Thou'ſt ſaid, and done, and brought to my remembrance,
I grow already weary of my life.

Mar. My lord, I take your word: you do not know
The wounds which rage within your country's bowels;
The horrid uſage of the ſuffering ſoldier:
But why will not our Theodoſius know?
If you entruſt the government to others
That act theſe crimes, who but yourſelf's to blame?
Be witneſs, O ye gods! of my plain dealings.
Of Marcian's honeſty, howe'er degraded.
I thank you for my baniſhment: but, alas!
My loſs is little to what ſoon will follow!
Reflect but on yourſelf and your own joys;
Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.
'Twas rumour'd thro' the city, that you lov'd;
That your eſpouſals ſhould be ſolemniz'd;
When on a ſudden here you ſend your orders
That this bright favourite, the lov'd Eudoſia,
Should loſe her head.

Theo. O heaven and earth! What ſay'ſt thou
That I have ſeal'd the death of my Eudoſia!

Mar. 'Tis your own hand and ſignet: yet I ſwear,
Tho' you have given to female hands your ſway,
And therefore I, as well as the whole army,
For ever ought to curſe all womankind;
Yet when the virgin came, as ſhe was doom'd,
And on the ſcaffold, for that purpoſe rais'd
Without the walls, appear'd before the army—

Theo. What! on a ſcaffold! ha! before the army?

Mar. How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd
To ſoft compaſſion, and relenting tears!
But when the axe
Sever'd the brighteſt beauty of the earth
From that fair body—had you heard the groan,
Which, like a peal of diſtant thunder, ran
Through all the armed hoſt, you would have thought,
By the immediate darkneſs that fell round us,
Whole nature was concern'd at ſuch a ſuff'ring,
And all the gods were angry.

Theo. O Pulcheria!
Cruel, ambitious ſiſter! this muſt be
Thy doing. O, ſupport me, noble Marcian!
Now, now's the time, if thou dar'ſt ſtrike: behold,
I offer thee my breaſt; with my laſt breath,
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'ſt my blood.
Were I to live, thy counſel ſhould direct me;
But 'tis too late——

Mar. He faints! What, hoa, there! Lucius!
My lord the emperor! Eudoſia lives;
She's here, or will be in a minute, moment!
Quick as the thought, ſhe calls you to the temple.
O, Lucius, help!—I've gone too far; but ſee,
He breathes again.—Eudoſia has awak'd him.

Theo. Did you not name Eudoſia?

Mar. Yes, ſhe lives:
I did but feign the ſtory of her death,
To find how near you plac'd her to your heart:
And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me,
If ever I rebuke you thus again! [Yet

Yet 'tis moſt certain that you ſign'd her death,
Not knowing what the wife Pulcheria offer'd,
Who left it in my hand to ſtartle you:
But, by my life and fame, I did not think
It would have touch'd your life. O pardon me,
Dear prince, my lord, my emperor, royal maſter:
Droop not becauſe I utter'd ſome raſh words,
And was a madman. By the immortal gods
I love you as my ſoul: whate'er I ſaid,
My thoughts were otherwiſe; believe theſe tears,
Which do not uſe to flow: all ſhall be well.
I ſwear that there are ſeeds in that ſweet temper,
T' atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

Theo. I thank thee firſt for my Eudoſia's life.
What but my love could have call'd back that life
Which thou haſt made me hate? But, O, me-
thought
'Twas hard, dear Marcian, very hard, from
From him I ever reverenc'd as my father, [thee,
To hear ſo harſh a meſſage! But no more;
We 're friends: thy hand. Nay, if thou wilt
not riſe,
And let me fold my arms about thy neck,
I'll not believe thy love: in this forgive me.
Firſt let me wed Eudoſia, and we'll out;
We will, my general, and make amends
For all that's paſt: glory and arms, ye call,
And Marcian leads me on!

Mar. Let her not reſt, then;
Eſpouſe her ſtraight: I'll ſtrike you at a heat.
May this great humour get large growth within
you;
And be encourag'd by the embold'ning gods!
O what a ſight will this be to the ſoldier,
To ſee me bring you dreſs'd in ſhining armour,
To head the ſhouting ſquadrons! O ye gods!
Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
The ſounds of trumpets, and the beat of drums;
I ſee each ſtarving ſoldier bound from earth,
As if a god by miracle had rais'd him;
And, with beholding you, grow fat again!
Nothing but gazing eyes, and opening mouths,
Cheeks red with joy, and lifted hands about you;
Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down
With broken Io's, and with ſobbing raptures;
Crying, To arms! he's come; our emperor's come
To win the world! Why, is not this far better
Than lolling in a lady's lap, and ſleeping,
Faſting or praying? Come, come, you ſhall be
merry:
And for Eudoſia, ſhe is yours already: [Marcian has ſaid it, Sir; ſhe ſhall be yours.

Theo. O Marcian! O my brother, father, all!
Thou beſt of friends! moſt faithful counſellor!
I'll find a match for thee too, ere I reſt,
To make thee love me. For, when thou art
with me,
I'm ſtrong and well; but when thou'rt gone,
I'm nothing.

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§ 40. *Gloſter and Haſtings.* ROWE.

Gloſt. My lord, y'are well encounter'd; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, ſhe has won me much to pity her:
Alas! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adverſity. I told her
How worthily her cauſe you had befriended;
How much for your good ſake we meant to do;
That you had ſpoke, and all things ſhould be well.

Haſt. Your highneſs binds me ever to your
ſervice.

Gloſt. You know your friendſhip is moſt po-
tent with us,
And ſhares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matter for your ear;
The ſtate is out of tune: diſtracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counſels;
Amidſt the wealthy city murmurs riſe,
Lewd railings, and reproach on thoſe that rule,
With open ſcorn of government; hence credit,
And public truſt 'twixt man and man, are broke,
The golden ſtreams of commerce are withheld,
Which feſt the wants of needy hinds and artiſans,
Who therefore curſe the great, and threat re-
bellion.

Haſt. The reſty knaves are over-run with eaſe,
As plenty ever is the nurſe of faction;
If in good days, like theſe, the headſtrong herd
Grow madly wanton, and repine, it is
Becauſe the reins of pow'r are held too ſlack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than juſtice.

Gloſt. Beſhrew my heart! but you have well
divin'd
The ſource of theſe diſorders. Who can wonder
If riot and miſrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown ſits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to ſpeak—hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And ſum of all complaint: 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children
govern. [of that?

Haſt. 'Tis true the king is young; but what
We feel no want of Edward's riper years, [dom
While Gloſter's valour and moſt princely wiſ-
So well ſupply our infant ſovereign's place,
His youth's ſupport, and guardian to his throne.

Gloſt. The council (much I'm bound to thank
'em for't)
Have plac'd a pageant ſceptre in my hand,
Barren of pow'r, and ſubject to controul;
Scorn'd by my foes, and uſeleſs to my friends!
O worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I ſhould not ſuffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal;
Nor would the realm be rent by diſcord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt diſputed titles.

Haſt. Of this I am to learn; as not ſuppoſing
A doubt like this——

Gloſt. Ay, marry, but there is;
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occaſion, Doctor Shaw [neſs
Has mov'd the people much about the lawful-
Of Edward's iſſue? by right grave authority
Of learning and religion plainly proving,
A baſtard ſcion never ſhould be grafted
Upon a royal ſtock; from thence, at full
Diſcourſing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before

His

His jolly match with that ſame buxom widow,
The queen he left behind him——
Haſt. Ill befal
Such meddling prieſts, who kindle up confuſion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain ſcruples!
By Heaven, 'tis done in perfect ſpite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal maſter, Edward, in concurrence
With his eſtates aſſembled, well determine
What courſe the ſovereign rule ſhould take henceforward?
When ſhall the deadly hate of faction ceaſe,
When ſhall our long-divided land have reſt,
If every peeviſh, moody malecontent
Shall ſet the ſenſeleſs rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day, with ſome fantaſtic giddy change?
Gloſt. What if ſome patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your ſcheme, new-mould the ſtate?
Haſt. Curſe on the innovating handattemptsit!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blaſt the traitor,
And his pernicious counſels, who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatneſs, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!
Gloſt. You go too far, my lord.
Haſt. Your highneſs' pardon——
Have we ſo ſoon forgot thoſe days of ruin,
When York and Lancaſter drew forth the battles?
When, like a matron butcher'd by her ſons,
And caſt beſide ſome common way, a ſpectacle
Of horror and affright to paſſers by,
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein;
When murders, rapes, and maſſacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When inſolence and barbariſm triumph'd,
And ſwept away diſtinction; peaſants trod
Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid
The reverend croſier and the holy mitre,
And deſolation cover'd all the land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to ſheath a dagger in his heart
Whoſe damn'd ambition would renew thoſe horrors,
And ſet once more that ſcene of blood before us?
Gloſt. How now! ſo hot!
Haſt. So brave, and ſo reſolv'd.
Gloſt. Is then our friendſhip of ſo little moment,
That you could arm your hand againſt my life?
Haſt. I hope your highneſs does not think I meant it; [ſon
No, Heaven forefend that e'er your princely per-
Should come within the ſcope of my reſentment.
Gloſt. O noble Haſtings! Nay, I muſt embrace you;
By holy Paul, y' are a right honeſt man;
The time is full of danger and diſtruſt,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealouſy and light ſurmiſe,
If, when I mean to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live, your king and country's beſt ſupport:
For me, I aſk no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.
Haſt. Accept what thanks a grateful heart ſhould pay.
O princely Gloſter! judge me not ungentle,
Of manners rude, and inſolent of ſpeech,
If, when the public ſafety is in queſtion,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.
Gloſt. Enough of this; to deal in wordy compliment
Is much againſt the plainneſs of my nature;
I judge you by myſelf, a clear true ſpirit;
And, as ſuch, once more join you to my boſom.
Farewel, and be my friend. [*Exit.*
Haſt. I am not read,
Nor ſkill'd and practis'd, in the arts of greatneſs,
To kindle thus, and give a ſcope to paſſion.
The duke is ſurely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tend'reſt point, the maſter-ſtring
That makes moſt harmony or diſcord to me.
I own the glorious ſubject fires my breaſt,
And my ſoul's darling paſſion ſtands confeſs'd;
Beyond or love's or friendſhip's ſacred band,
Beyond myſelf, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleaſure for my country's good.

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§ 41. *Guſtavus and Dalecarlians.* BROOKE.

1ſt Dale. LET us all ſee him!
2d Dale. Yes, and hear him too.
3d Dale. Let us be ſure 'tis he himſelf,
4th Dale. Our general.
5th Dale. And we will fight while weapons can be found.
6th Dale. Or hands to wield them.
7th Dale. Get on the bank, Guſtavus.
Anderſon. Do, my lord.
Guſtavus. My countrymen!——
1ſt Dale. Ho! hear him!
2d Dale. Peace!
3d Dale. Peace!
4th Dale. Peace! [hearts,
Guſ. Amazement I perceive hath fill'd your
And joy for that your loſt Guſtavus, 'ſcap'd
Thro' wounds, impriſonments, and chains, and deaths,
Thus ſudden, thus unlook'd for, ſtands before
As one eſcap'd from cruel hands I come, [ye.
From hearts that ne'er knew pity, dark and vengeful;
Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
And know no muſic but the groans of Sweden.
Yet, not for that my ſiſter's early innocence,
And mother's age, now grind beneath captivity;
Nor that one bloody, one remorſeleſs hour
Swept my great ſire and kindred from my ſide;
For them Guſtavus weeps not; tho' my eyes
Were far leſs dear, for them I will not weep.
But, O great parent, when I think on thee!
Thy numberleſs, thy nameleſs, ſhameful infamies,

My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think
Upon thy desolation, spite of rage—
And vengeance that would choke them—tears will flow.

And. O, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of them,
Practis'd to stab and smile, to stab the babe
That smiles upon them.

Arn. What accurs'd hours
Roll o'er those wretches who to fiends-like these,
In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
Than worlds will rate for!

Gus. O Liberty, Heaven's choice prerogative!
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!
For thee the valiant bleed. O sacred Liberty!
Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flatt'ring ruin,
Like the bold stork you seek the wintry shore,
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to slaves,
Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm.
Upborne by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms
Of empire, offer'd at the hands of tyrants.
With thee I fought this fav'rite soil; with thee
These fav'rite sons I fought: thy sons, O Liberty!
For e'en amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low-rafted cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain tops
Beam glory to the nations.

All. Liberty! Liberty!

Gus. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia,
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world
As the great stake, the last effort for liberty?
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,
The scope and bright ambition of your souls?
Why else have you, and your renown'd forefathers, [thrones
From the proud summit of their glitt'ring
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings,
That dar'd the bold infringement? What but liberty,
Thro' the fam'd course of thirteen hundred years,
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills, [ye
And sanctified their shade?—And will ye, will
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;
Bid your high honours stoop to foreign insult;
And in one hour give up to infamy
The harvest of a thousand years of glory?

1st Dale. No,

2d Dale. Never, never.

3d Dale. Perish all first.

4th Dale. Die all!

Gust. Yes, die by piece-meal! [umph!
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may tri-
Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
To see ye fear'd; to see that e'en your foes
Do justice to your valours! There they be,
The pow'rs of kingdoms, summ'd in yonder host,
Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.
And, O, when I look round and see you here,
Of number short, but prevalent in virtue, [ter.
My heart swells high, and burns for the encoun-
True courage but from opposition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
Match'd to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty—that strikes to save
His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution,
And his large honours from eternal infamy? [on,
What, doubt we then? Shall we, shall we stand here,
Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
To wake us to resistance?—Let us on!
O, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
You shall not be withheld; we will rush on them——
This is indeed to triumph. where we hold
Three kingdoms in our toil! is it not glorious,
Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
And push yon torrent back, till ev'ry wave
Flee to its fountain?

3d Dale. On, lead us on, Gustavus; one word more
Is but delay of conquest.

Gus. Take your wish.
He who wants arms may grapple with the foe,
And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,
Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
Take the left route—You, Eric, great in arms!
With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
And skirt the forest down: then wheel at once,
Confess'd to view, and close up all the vale:
Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,
Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,
Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.
Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye,
Your limbs tread vigorous, and your breasts beat high!
Thin tho' our ranks, tho' scanty be our bands,
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
Each singly equal to an host of foes:
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight!
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes light!
Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high, [eye!
Thunder within his grasp, and lightning in his

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§ 42. *Gustavus and Christierna.* BROOKE.

Christ. TELL me, Gustavus, tell me why is this,
That, as a stream diverted from the banks
Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those
Upon a dry unchannell'd enterprise, [men
To turn their inundation? Are the lives
Of my misguided people held so light, [buke
That thus thoud'st push them on the keen re-
Of guarded majesty; where justice waits,
All awful and resistless, to assert
Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings;
And blast rebellion?

Gus. Justice, sanctitude,
And rights! O, patience! Rights! what rights, thou tyrant?
Yes, if perdition be the rule of pow'r, [chief,
If wrongs give right, O then, supreme in mis-
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world!

Too

Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'ſt
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,
To be the means, the ſpeciality of luſt,
And ſenſual attribution; if thou think'ſt
That empire is of titled birth or blood;
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall diſenfranchiſe all her lordly race,
And bow her gen'ral iſſue to the yoke
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er, be told,
Not claim hereditary, not the truſt
Of frank election,
Not ev'n the high anointing hand of Heaven,
Can authoriſe oppreſſion, give a law
For lawleſs pow'r, wed faith to violation,
On reaſon build miſrule, or juſtly bind
Allegiance to injuſtice. Tyranny
Abſolves all faith; and who invades our rights
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an uſurper. But for thee, for thee
There is no name. Thou haſt abjur'd mankind,
Daſh'd ſafety from thy bleak, unſocial ſide,
And wag'd wild war with univerſal nature.

Criſ. Licentious traitor! thou canſt talk it largely.
Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
And pow'r, prime attribute—as on thy tongue
The poiſe of battle lay, and arms of force,
To throw defiance in the front of duty?
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes
Like raw, diſjointed muſt'ring, feeble wrath,
A war of waters, borne againſt the rock
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,
And ſhiver in the toil.

Guſ. Miſtaken man!
I come impower'd and ſtrengthen'd in thy weakneſs;
For tho' the ſtructure of a tyrant's throne
Riſe on the necks of half the ſuff'ring world,
Fear trembles in the cement; pray'rs, and tears,
And ſecret curſes, ſap its mould'ring baſe,
And ſteal the pillars of allegiance from it:
Then let a ſingle arm but dare the ſway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon deſtruction.

Trol. Profane, and alien to the love of heaven!
Art thou ſtill harden'd to the wrath divine,
That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'ſt thou
Thou art at enmity with grace, caſt out,
Made an anathema, a curſe enroll'd
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up
As ſacred to damnation?

Guſ. Yes, I know,
When ſuch as thou, with ſacrilegious hand,
Seize on the apoſtolic key of heaven,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To ſhut out virtue, and unfold thoſe gates
That Heaven itſelf had barr'd againſt the luſts
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and ſweet,
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the mountain, are the words
Of Chriſtian meekneſs! miſſion all divine!
The law of love ſole mandate. But your gall,
Ye Swediſh prelacy, your gall hath turn'd
The words of ſweet, but indigeſted peace,
To wrath and bitterneſs. Ye hallow'd men,
In whom vice ſanctifies, whoſe precepts teach
Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;
Who ne'er preach Heaven but with a downward eye,
That turns your ſouls to droſs! who, ſhouting,
The dogs of hell upon us. Theſts and rapes,
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the realm,
Receive your ſanction. O, 'tis glorious miſchief!
When vice turns holy; puts religion on,
Aſſumes the robe pontifical, the eye
Of ſaintly elevation, bleſſeth ſin,
And makes the ſeal of ſweet offended Heaven
A ſign of blood, a label for decrees
That Hell would ſhrink to own.

Criſ. No more of this.
Guſtavus, wouldſt thou yet return to grace,
And hold thy motions in the ſphere of duty,
Acceptance might be found.

Guſ. Imperial ſpoiler!
Give me my father, give me back my kindred,
Give me the fathers of ten thouſand orphans,
Give me the ſons in whom thy ruthleſs ſword
Has left our widows childleſs. Mine they were,
Both mine, and ev'ry Swede's, whoſe patriot breaſt
Bleeds in his country's woundings. O, thou canſt not! [then
Thou haſt outſinn'd all reck'ning! Give me
My all that's left, my gentle mother there,
And ſpare yon little trembler.

Criſ. Yes, on terms
Of compact and ſubmiſſion.

Guſ. Ha! with thee? [country,
Compact with thee? and mean'ſt thou for my
For Sweden? No, ſo hold my heart but firm,
Altho' it wring for 't, tho' blood drop for tears,
And at the ſight my ſtraining eyes ſtart forth—
They both ſhall periſh firſt.

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§ 43. *Brutus and Titus.* LEE.

Brut. WELL, Titus, ſpeak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend awhile this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempeſt were quite overblown,
That I may take thee in the calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee;
So hush'd a ſtillneſs, as if all the gods [ing;
Look'd down, and liſten'd to what we were ſay-
Speak then, and tell me, O my beſt belov'd,
My ſon, my Titus, is all well again? [thing;

Tit. So well, that ſaying how muſt make it no-
So well, that I could wiſh to die this moment,
For ſo my heart with powerful throbs perſuades
That were indeed to make you reparation, [me;
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die:
And that for Titus too would be moſt happy.

Brut. How's that, my ſon? Would death for thee be happy?

Tit. Moſt certain, Sir; for in my grave I 'ſcape
All thoſe affronts which I in life muſt look for,
All thoſe reproaches which the eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily caſt upon me;

From whom, to a ſoul ſo ſenſible as mine, [ing:
Each ſingle ſcorn would be far worſe than dy-
Beſides, I ſcape the ſtings of my own conſcience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Caſtin my blotted honour in the way [me.
Where'er my melancholy thoughts ſhall guide
Brut. But is not death a very dreadful thing?
Tit. Not to a mind reſolv'd. No, Sir, to me
It ſeems as natural as to be born:
Groans, and convulſions, and diſcolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks and obſequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itſelf.
Yes, Sir, I call the pow'rs of heaven to witneſs,
Titus dares die, if ſo you have decreed;
Nay, he ſhall die with joy to honour Brutus,
To make your juſtice famous thro' the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome for ever:
Not but I muſt confeſs my weakneſs too;
Yet it is great thus to reſolve againſt it,
To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the ſecurity of the immortal gods.
Brut. O Titus! O thou abſolute young man!
Thou flatt'ring mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myſelf at ſuch advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my boſom,
Groan an eternal farewel to thy ſoul;
Inſtead of tears, weep blood, if poſſible,
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child:
For thou muſt die, my Titus, die my ſon;
I ſwear the gods have doom'd thee to the grave:
The violated genius of thy country
Rears his ſad head, and paſſes ſentence on thee:
This morning ſun, that lights my ſorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never ſee thee more.
Tit. Alas, my lord!
Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth
your ſorrow? [me?
Why ſhould the godlike Brutus ſhake to doom
Why all theſe trappings for a traitor's hearſe?
The gods will have it ſo.
Brut. They will, my Titus:
Nor heaven nor earth can have it otherwiſe.
Nay, Titus, mark: the deeper that I ſearch,
My haraſs'd ſoul returns the more confirm'd;
Methinks I ſee the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate.
It ſeems as if the gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling ſpirits of the people,
And ſettle the looſe liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd; O therefore let not fancy fond thee:
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the pow'r
Of gods or men to ſave thee from the axe.
Tit. The axe! O Heaven! then muſt I fall ſo baſely?
What, ſhall I periſh by the common hangman?
Brut. If thou deny me this, thou giv'ſt me nothing.
Yes, Titus, ſince the gods have ſo decreed
That I muſt loſe thee, I will take th' advantage
Of thy important fate, cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood:
I will aſcend myſelf the ſad tribunal,
And ſit upon my ſons; on thee, my Titus;
Behold thee ſuffer all the ſhame of death,
The lictor's laſhes, biced before the people;
Then with thy hopes, and all thy youth upon
See thy head taken by the common axe, [thee,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
If that the gods can hold me to my purpoſe,
To make my juſtice quite tranſcend example.
Tit. Scourg'd like a bondman! ah! a beaten
ſlave!
But I deſerve it all; yet here I fail!
The image of this ſuff'ring quite unmans me;
Nor can I longer ſtop the guſhing tears.
O, Sir! O, Brutus! muſt I call you father,
Yet have no token of your tenderneſs?
No ſign of mercy? What, not bate me that?
Can you reſolve, O all th' extremity
Of cruel rigour! to behold me too?
To ſit unmov'd, and ſee me whipt to death!
Where are your bowels now? Is this a father?
Ah, Sir, why ſhould you make my heart ſuſpect
That all your late compaſſion was diſſembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?
Brut. Think that I love thee by my preſent
paſſion.
By theſe unmanly tears, theſe earthquakes here,
Theſe ſighs, that twitch the very ſtrings of life:
Think that no other cauſe on earth can move
me
To tremble thus, to ſob, or ſhed a tear,
Nor ſhake my ſolid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death: O do not call it ſhameful,
That thus ſhall fix the glory of the world.
I own thy ſuff'rings ought t' unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellow like a beaſt, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curſe the cruel fates,
That force a father thus to drag his bowels.
Tit. O riſe, thou violated majeſty,
Riſe from the earth, or I ſhall beg thoſe fates
Which you would curſe, to bolt me to the centre.
I now ſubmit to all your threaten'd vengeance:
Come forth, you executioners of juſtice, [men,
Nay, all you lictors, ſlaves, and common hang-
Come, ſtrip me bare, unrobe me in his ſight,
And laſh me till I bleed, whip me like furies;
And when you've ſcourg'd me till I foam and
For want of ſpirits grovelling in the duſt, [fall,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge;
By all the gods, I greedily reſign it!
Brut. No more—farewel, eternally farewel!
If there be gods, they will reſerve a room,
A throne for thee in heaven. One laſt embrace!
What is it makes thy eyes thus ſwim again?
Tit. I had forgot: be good to Teramnta
When I am in aſhes.
Brut. Leave her to my care. [it.
See her thou muſt not, for thou canſt not bear
O for one more, this pull, this tug of heart-
ſtrings!
Farewel for ever!
Tit. O Brutus! O my father!
Brut. Canſt thou not ſay farewel?

Tit. Farewel for ever!
Brut. For ever then! but O, my tears run o'er;
Groans choak my words, and I can speak no more.

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§ 44. *Lady Randolph, Lord Randolph, and young Norval, not known at the time to be Lady Randolph's Son.* HOME.

Lady Ran. How fares my Lord?
Lord Ran. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,
Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death:
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me,
Rovers I judge from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him: but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
The fiercest two; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, Lady Randolph; upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy Lord.
Lady Ran. My Lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heaven,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril—but, humanely brave,
Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
Have you yet learnt of him whom we should thank,
Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?
Lord Ran. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not:
But I must know who my deliverer is.
[*To the Stranger.*
Norv. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.
Lord Ran. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled
By the great King of Kings; thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of nature! Blush not, flow'r of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.
Norv. My name is Norval: on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles: and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety, and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took: then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought, and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life: and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these tow'rs;
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.
Lord Ran. He is as wise as brave: was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?
My brave deliv'rer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list; and, in a monarch's sight,
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.
Ha! my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?
Lady Ran. I cannot say; for various affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell:
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire
Him, and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy safety;
Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought;
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth denied.
In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
And gain'd with all his valour but oblivion.
Now, grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more.
Beneath despair, The soldier now of hope,
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working hand of Heaven.
Lord Ran. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts!
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way,
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command shall Norval be.
Norv. I know not how to thank you: rude I am
In speech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,
There 's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.
Lady Ran. I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be

My

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.
Lord Ran. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid reply. [*To Norval.*
We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp;
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval; and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.
Norv. Let us be gone, my lord.

§ 45. *Young Norval informs Lord Randolph by what Means he acquired a Knowledge in the Art of War.* Home.

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him; and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And, ent'ring on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th' usurping Infidel display'd
The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire [shake
His speech struck from me, the old man would
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he 'd sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line;
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.
——Unhappy man!
Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought;
The stranger fell; and, with his dying breath,
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!
The soldier cried, my brother! O my brother!
——They exchang'd forgiveness:
And happy, in my mind, was he that died;
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Upon some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! nor in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

§ 46. *Douglas's Soliloquy in the Wood, waiting for Lady Randolph, after he was known to be her Son.* Home.

This is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood,
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star.
The fanning west-wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.
- - - - - - - - - -
Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill misfortune had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil:
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flow'rs.
Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent host!
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear, and record, my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May Heaven inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out, I will accept:
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

§ 47. Cato. Addison.

ACT I.

Enter Portius and Marcus.

Por. The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day;
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome—our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!
Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I 'm tortur'd e'en to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: ev'ry time he 's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
O Portius! is there not some chosen curse,

Some

Some hidden thunder in the ſtores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blaſt the man
Who owes his greatneſs to his country's ruin?
Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatneſs,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envied.
How does the luſtre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightneſs!
His ſuff'rings ſhine, and ſpread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cauſe
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His ſword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppreſſion, tyranny, and pow'r uſurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.
Marc. Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Againſt a world, a baſe degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæſar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatneſs;
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty ſenate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heaven, ſuch virtues, join'd with ſuch ſucceſs,
Diſtract my very ſoul: our father's fortune
Would almoſt tempt us to renounce his precepts.
Por. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our underſtanding traces them in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch;
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends.
Marc. Theſe are ſuggeſtions of a mind at eaſe:
O Portius, didſt thou taſte but half the griefs
That wring my ſoul, thou couldſt not talk thus coldly.
Paſſion unpitied, and ſucceſsleſs love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind—
Por. Thou ſeeſt not that thy brother is thy rival;
But I muſt hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aſide.*
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue 's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmoſt ſtrength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy ſoul.
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak ſide, where moſt our nature fails,
Would be a conqueſt worthy Cato's ſon.
Marc. Portius, the counſel which I cannot take,
Inſtead of healing, but upbraids my weakneſs.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickeſt foes, and ruſh on certain death,
Then ſhalt thou ſee that Marcus is not ſlow
To follow glory, and confeſs his father.
Love is not to be reaſon'd down, or loſt
In high ambition, or a thirſt of greatneſs:
'Tis ſecond life, it grows into the ſoul,
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulſe;
I feel it here: my reſolution melts.
Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince,
With how much care he forms himſelf to glory,
And breaks the fierceneſs of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our ſiſter Marcia, greatly loves her:
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it;
But ſtill the ſmother'd fondneſs burns within him.
When moſt it ſwells, and labours for a vent,
The ſenſe of honour and deſire of fame
Drive the big paſſion back into his heart.
What! ſhall an African, ſhall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's ſon, and ſhew the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman ſoul?
Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave ſtings behind 'em.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, ſhew
A virtue that has caſt me at a diſtance,
And thrown me out in the purſuits of honour?
Por. Marcus, I know thy generous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of diſhonour on it,
It ſtraight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.
Marc. A brother's ſuff'rings claim a brother's pity.
Por. Heaven knows I pity thee. Behold my eyes
Ev'n whilſt I ſpeak—do they not ſwim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would ſee it bleed in his behalf.
Marc. Why then doſt treat me with rebukes, inſtead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly ſorrow?
Por. O Marcus! did I know the way to eaſe
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.
Marc. Thou beſt of brothers, and thou beſt of friends!
Pardon a weak, diſtemper'd ſoul, that ſwells
With ſudden guſts, and ſinks as ſoon in calms,
The ſport of paſſions. But Sempronius comes:
He muſt not find this ſoftneſs hanging on me.
[*Ex. Marc.*

Enter Sempronius.

Sem. Conſpiracies no ſooner ſhould be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I muſt diſſemble,
And ſpeak a language foreign to my heart.
[*Aſide.*
Good-morrow, Portius; let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.
To-morrow, ſhould we thus expreſs our friendſhip,
Each might receive a ſlave into his arms.
This ſun, perhaps, this morning's ſun, 's the laſt
That e'er ſhall riſe on Roman liberty.
Por. My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman ſenate,
The leavings of Pharſalia, to conſult
If yet he can oppoſe the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,
Or muſt at length give up the world to Cæſar.
Sem. Not all the pomp and majeſty of Rome
Can raiſe her ſenate more than Cato's preſence.
His virtues render our aſſembly awful,
They ſtrike with ſomething like religious fear,
And make e'en Cæſar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conqueſt. O my Portius,
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy ſiſter Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be bleſt indeed!

Por.

Por. Alas, Sempronius! wouldst thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life 's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.
Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I 'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius;
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son;
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.
Por. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour—I 'll straight away;
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh th' events of war,
I 'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I 'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that 's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we 'll do more, Sempronius, we 'll deserve it.
[*Exit.*
Sem. Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire,
Ambitiously sententious!—But I wonder [Syphax
Old Syphax comes not: his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the course.
Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim, in my reward, his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes——

Enter Syphax.

Sy. Sempronius, all is ready.
I 've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline, master.
And wait but the command to change their
Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there 's no time to waste;
Ev'n whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war. In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all; victorious in his march,
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him;
Thro' winds and waves, and storms, he works his way,
Impatient for the battle; one day more
Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That will recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.
Sy. Alas, he 's lost!
He 's lost, Sempronius! all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues.—But I 'll try once more
(For ev'ry instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith and honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.
Sem. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.
Sy. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern [art,
Our frauds, unless they 're cover'd thick with
Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax; I 'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way);
I 'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar, till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy 's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldst thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!
Sy. In troth, thou 'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit.
Sem. Once more be sure to try thy skill on Juba:
Meanwhile I 'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots and their last fatal periods.
O, 'tis a dreadful interval of time
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry word we speak,
On ev'ry thought; till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design.
[*Exit.*
Sy. I'll try if I can yet reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short; Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

Enter Juba.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent.
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?
Sy. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.
Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,

Amidst

Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?
Sy. Gods! where 's the worth that sets these people up
Above her own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.
Jub. These are all virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude, unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild, licentious savage,
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts,
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.
Sy. Patience, kind Heavens! excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us.
Jub. To strike thee dumb—turn up thy eyes to Cato;
There mayst thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He 's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.
Sy. Believe me, prince, there 's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues:
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chace;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst;
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game;
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.
Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the weight upon him! [soul;
Sy. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue; and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.
Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.
Sy. O that you 'd profit by your father's ills!
Jub. What wouldst thou have me do?
Sy. Abandon Cato.
Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.
Sy. Ay, there 's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.
Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I 've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.
Sy. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he 's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewel?
Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand
(His eyes brim-full of tears); then sighing, cried,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!——His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.
Jub. Alas, thy story melts away my soul!
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?
Sy. By laying up his counsels in your heart.
Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms;
Vent all thy passion, and I 'll stand its shock
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.
Sy. Alas, my prince! I'd guide you to your safety. [how.
Jub. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me
Sy. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.
Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.
Sy. And therefore died.
Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.
Sy. Rather say, your love. [temper.
Jub. Syphax, I 've promis'd to preserve my
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Sy.

Sy. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force.
Absence might cure it; or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair—O, how divinely fair!
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners; Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.

Sy. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider——

Jub. Hah! Syphax, is 't not she?—She moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

Sy. Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I 've been lab'ring all this while.

[*Exit Syphax.*

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms.
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Jub. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concern
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Mar. My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
The men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Jub. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I 'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Mar. My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Jub. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid! I 'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee,
O lovely maid! then will I think on thee;
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man who hopes
For Marcia's love.

[*Exit Juba.*

Luc. Marcia, you 're too severe:
How could you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

Mar. How, Lucia! wouldst thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When ev'ry moment Cato's life 's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head.
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress.
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They 're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. They both beheld thee with their sister's eyes,
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me whose address thou favour'st most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?

Mar. For neither,
And yet for both.—The youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?

Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem:
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.

Mar. O Lucia, I 'm perplex'd; O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

Luc. Suppose 't were Portius, could you blame my choice?
O Portius; thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves,

And

And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm; his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee?
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy youth! How will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.

Mar. Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever virgin love distrest like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor shew which way it turns: so much he fears
The sad effects that it will have on Marcus.

Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

Luc. Alas! too late I find myself involv'd
In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe;
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods submit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom flows.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Senate. Lucius, Sempronius, and Senators.*

Sem. ROME still survives in this assembled senate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luc. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark, he comes!

[*A sound of trumpets.*

May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council;
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fix'd
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time, and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sem. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose—slav'ry or death?
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! The corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly; while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow;
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring phrensy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence entrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle

(Prompted

(Prompted by blind revenge and wild deſpair)
Were to refuſe th' awards of Providence,
And not to reſt in Heaven's determination.
Already have we ſhewn our love to Rome,
Now let us ſhew ſubmiſſion to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourſelves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no farther uſe. Our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably ſhed. What men could do,
Is done already: heaven and earth will witneſs,
If Rome muſt fall, that we are innocent.

Sem. This ſmooth diſcourſe, and mild behaviour, oft
Conceal a traitor. Something whiſpers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.
[*Aſide to Cato.*

Cato. Let us appear nor raſh nor diffident;
Immod'rate valour ſwells into a fault;
And fear admitted into public councils;
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſp'rate; we have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heat, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun;
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not diſtruſt the gods:
But wait at leaſt till Cæſar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No: let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and ſpin it to the laſt,
So ſhall we gain ſtill one day's liberty:
And let me periſh, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd in my poſt, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæſar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to ſpeak with Cato.

Cato. By your permiſſion, fathers——bid him enter.
[*Exit Marcus.*

Decius was once my friend; but other proſpects
Have loos'd thoſe ties, and bound him faſt to Cæſar.
His meſſage may determine our reſolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæſar ſends health to Cato——

Cato. Could he ſend it
To Cato's ſlaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to addreſs the ſenate?

Dec. My buſineſs is with Cato; Cæſar ſees
The ſtraits to which you 're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he ſave Cato, bid him ſpare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Diſdains a life which he has pow'r to offer.

Dec. Rome and her ſenators ſubmit to Cæſar;
Her gen'rals and her conſuls are no more,
Who check'd his conqueſts, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæſar's friend?

Cato. Thoſe very reaſons thou haſt urg'd, forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I 've orders to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the ſtorm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burſt upon it.
Still may you ſtand high in your country's honours:
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæſar,
Rome will rejoice, and caſt its eyes on Cato,
As on the ſecond of mankind.

Cato. No more:
I muſt not think on life on ſuch conditions.

Dec. Cæſar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore ſets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendſhip,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him diſband his legions,
Reſtore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public cenſure,
And ſtand the judgment of a Roman ſenate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wiſdom——

Cato. Nay more—tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varniſh crimes,
Myſelf will mount the roſtrum in his favour,
And ſtrive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A ſtyle like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a ſtyle like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæſar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæſar: he 's a friend to virtue,

Dec. Conſider, Cato, you 're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little ſenate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to ſecond you.

Cato. Let him conſider that, who drives us hither;
'Tis Cæſar's ſword has made Rome's ſenate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a falſe glaring light,
Which conqueſt and ſucceſs have thrown upon him;
Didſt thou but view him right, thou'dſt ſee him black

With

With murder, treaſon, ſacrilege, and crimes
That ſtrike my ſoul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'ſt on me, as on a wretch
Beſet with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I ſwear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæſar.

Dec. Does Cato ſend this anſwer back to Cæſar,
For all his gen'rous cares and profer'd friendſhip?

Cato. His cares for me are inſolent and vain:
Preſumptuous man! the Gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæſar ſhew the greatneſs of his ſoul,
Bid him employ his care for theſe my friends,
And make good uſe of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By ſhelt'ring men much better than himſelf.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man; you ruſh on your deſtruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embaſſy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit Decius.*

Sem. Cato we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice; thy ſoul breathes liberty.
Cæſar will ſhrink to hear the words thou utter'ſt,
And ſhudder in the midſt of all his conqueſts.

Luc. The ſenate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with ſo great a ſoul conſults its ſafety,
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius ſeems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to ſtalk about, and draw freſh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the ſun:
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows inſipid, and has loſt its reliſh.
O, could my dying hand but lodge a ſword
In Cæſar's boſom, and revenge my country!
By Heavens, I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And ſmile in agony.

Luc. Others, perhaps,
May ſerve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into ſuch a rage.

Sem. This ſober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come; no more, Sempronius:
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken ſtill the weaker ſide
By our diviſions.

Sem. Cato, my reſentments
Are ſacrific'd to Rome—I ſtand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a reſolve.

Luc. Cato, we all go into your opinion:
Cæſar's behaviour has convinc'd the ſenate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

Sem. We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amidſt the ſenate's.

Cato. Then let us riſe, my friends, and ſtrive to fill
This little interval, this pauſe of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With reſolution, friendſhip, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heaven may ſay it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewel.—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counſels. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Enter Juba.

Juba, the Roman ſenate has reſolv'd,
'Till time gives better proſpects, ſtill to keep
The ſword unſheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæſar.

Jub. The reſolution fits a Roman ſenate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condeſcend to hear a young man ſpeak.
My father, when ſome days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas! I thought not then his death ſo near!)
Wept o'er me, preſs'd me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, My ſon, ſaid he,
Whatever fortune ſhall befal thy father,
Be Cato's friend; he 'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds; do but obſerve him well,
Thou 'lt ſhun misfortunes, or thou 'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwiſe.

Jub. My father's fate,
In ſpite of all the fortitude that ſhines
Before my face in Cato's great example,
Subdues my ſoul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honeſt ſorrow, and becomes thee.

Jub. My father drew reſpect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric ſought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden ſources of the Nile,
In diſtant worlds, on t' other ſide the ſun;
Oft have their black ambaſſadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no ſtranger to thy father's greatneſs.

Jub. I would not boaſt the greatneſs of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Have we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cauſe, and court
Th' aſſiſtance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remoteſt kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their ſwarthy hoſts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato. And canſt thou think
Cato will fly before the ſword of Cæſar!
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to ſeek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric?

Jub. Cato, perhaps
I 'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preſerve a life of ſo much value,
My heart is wounded, when I ſee ſuch virtue
Afflicted by the weight of ſuch misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleneſs of ſoul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour ſoars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
Theſe are not ills; elſe would they never fall
On Heaven's firſt fav'rites, and the beſt of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up ſtorms about us,
That give mankind occaſion to exert
Their hidden ſtrength, and throw out into practice
Virtues which ſhun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the ſmooth ſeaſons and the calms of life.
Jub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'ſt; I pant for virtue;
And all my ſoul endeavours at perfection.
Cato. Doſt thou love watchings, abſtinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato:
Succeſs and fortune muſt thou learn from Cæſar.
Jub. The beſt good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole ſucceſs at which my heart aſpires,
Depends on Cato.
Cato. What does Juba ſay?
Thy words confound me.
Jub. I would fain retract them:
Give 'em me back again: they aim'd at nothing.
Cato. Tell me thy wiſh, young prince, make not my ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Jub. O, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.
Cato. What can Juba aſk
That Cato will refuſe?
Jub. I fear to name it:
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.
Cato. What wouldſt thou ſay?
Jub. Cato, thou haſt a daughter.
Cato. Adieu, young prince; I would not hear a word
Should leſſen thee in my eſteem. Remember
The hand of fate is over us, and Heaven
Exacts ſeverity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conqueſt; liberty, or death.
[*Exit.*

Enter Syphax.

Sy. How's this, my prince! What, cover'd with confuſion?
You look as if yon ſtern philoſopher
Had juſt now chid you.
Jub. Syphax, I'm undone.
Sy. I know it well.
Jub. Cato thinks meanly of me.
Sy. And ſo will all mankind.
Jub. I've open'd to him
The weakneſs of my ſoul, my love for Marcia.
Sy. Cato 's a proper perſon to intruſt
A love-tale with!
Jub. O, I could pierce my heart,
My fooliſh heart. Was ever wretch like Juba?
Sy. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba riſe before the ſun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger ſlept,
Or ſeek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When firſt you rous'd him to the chace! I've ſeen you,
Ev'n in the Lybian dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him cloſe, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and ſtooping from your horſe,
Rivet the panting ſavage to the ground.
Jub. Pr'ythee, no more,
Sy. How would the old king ſmile
To ſee you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the ſhaggy ſpoils about your ſhoulders!
Jub. Syphax, this old man's talk, tho' honey flow'd
In ev'ry word, would now loſe all its ſweetneſs.
Cato's diſpleas'd, and Marcia loſt for ever.
Sy. Young prince, I yet could give you good advice,
Marcia might ſtill be yours.
Jub. What ſay'ſt thou, Syphax?
By Heavens, thou turn'ſt me all into attention.
Sy. Marcia might ſtill be yours.
Jub. As how, dear Syphax?
Sy. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on ſteeds unus'd to the reſtraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds.
Give but the word, we'll ſnatch this damſel up,
And bear her off.
Jub. Can ſuch diſhoneſt thoughts
Riſe up in man? Wouldſt thou ſeduce my youth
To do an act that would deſtroy my honour?
Sy. Gods, I could tear my hair to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real miſchiefs, while they hunt a ſhadow.
Jub. Wouldſt thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?
Sy. The boaſted anceſtors of theſe great men,
Whoſe virtues you admire, were all ſuch ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape;
Your Scipios, Cæſars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(The gods on earth) are all the ſpurious brood
Of violated maids, of raviſh'd Sabines.
Jub. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.
Sy. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throes and ſwellings of a Roman ſoul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.
Jub. If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!
Sy. Go, go; you're young.
Jub Gods, muſt I tamely bear
This arrogance unanſwer'd? Thou 'rt a traitor,
A falſe old traitor.

Sy.

Sy. I have gone too far. [*Aside.*
Jub. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.
Sy. I must appease this storm, or perish in it.
[*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.
Jub. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.
Sy. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me!
[*Aside.*
Jub. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?
Sy. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions!
Does not old Syphax follow you to war? [darts
What are his aims? Why does he load with
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this: to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?
Jub. Syphax, no more: I would not hear you talk.
Sy. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb;
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.
Jub. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart.
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.
Sy. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.
Jub. Was this thy motive? I've been too hasty.
Sy. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor;
Jub. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.
Sy. You did indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor;
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato,
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay, more, his honour, in your service?
Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not;
It ought not to be sported with.
Sy. By Heavens,
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas! I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince,
Jub. Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations,
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.
Sy. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep,
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brow
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.
Jub. Syphax, thy hand; we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age;
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.
Sy. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burthensome, I shan't support it.
Jub. Syphax, farewel. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. [*Exit.*
Sy. Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!—
These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.

Enter Sempronius.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.
Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate!
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato, by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in the gen'ral undistinguish'd ruin.
Sy. But how stands Cato?
Sem. Thou hast seen mount Atlas:
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height:
Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul,
Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.
Sy. But what's this messenger?
Sem. I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.

But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?
Sy. Yes——but it is to Cato,
I've tried the force of every reaſon on him,
Sooth'd and careſs'd; been angry, ſooth'd again:
Laid ſafety, life, and int'reſt in his ſight.
But all are vain, he ſcorns them all for Cato.
Sem. Come, 'tis no matter; we ſhall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And ſerve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou haſt forſook
Thy Juba's cauſe, and wiſheſt Marcia mine.
Sy. May ſhe be thine as faſt as thou wouldſt have her!
Sem. Syphax, I love that woman; tho' I curſe
Her and myſelf, yet, ſpite of me, I love her.
Sy. Make Cato ſure, and give up Utica,
Cæſar will ne'er refuſe thee ſuch a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the ſedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?
Sem. All, all is ready.
The factious leaders are our friends, that ſpread
Murmurs and diſcontents among the ſoldiers;
They count their toilſome marches, long fatigues,
Unuſual faſtings, and will bear no more
This medley of philoſophy and war.
Within an hour they'll ſtorm the ſenate-houſe.
Sy. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the ſquare, to exerciſe their arms,
And, as I ſee occaſion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unſhaken Cato
Will look aghaſt, while unforeſeen deſtruction
Pours in upon him thus from every ſide.
So where our wide Numidian waſtes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes deſcend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away.
The helpleſs traveller, with wild ſurpriſe,
Sees the dry deſert all around him riſe,
And, ſmother'd in the duſty whirlwind, dies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Marcus and Portius.

Marc. THANKS to my ſtars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend:
Nature firſt pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her ſacred force,
To love thy perſon ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was inſtinct grew up into friendſhip.
Por. Marcus, the friendſhips of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleaſure;
Ours has ſevereſt virtue for its baſis,
And ſuch a friendſhip ends not but with life.
Marc. Portius, thou know'ſt my ſoul in all its weakneſs,
Then pr'ythee ſpare me on its tender ſide.
Indulge me but in love, my other paſſions
Shall riſe and fall by virtue's niceſt rules.
Por. When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The ſtrong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wiſe,
Sink in the ſoft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to diſmiſs thy paſſion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to ſuppreſs its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.
Marc. Alas! thou talk'ſt like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a ſoul
That pants and reaches after diſtant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's abſence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, riſe up at once,
And with variety of pain diſtract me.
Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?
Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'ſt the fair-one's preſence;
Then undertake my cauſe, and plead it to her
With all the ſtrength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendſhip can inſpire.
Tell her thy brother languiſhes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his ſleep, and loaths his food;
That youth, and health, and war are joyleſs to him:
Deſcribe his anxious days and reſtleſs nights,
And all the torments that thou ſeeſt me ſuffer.
Por. Marcus, I beg thee, give me not an office
That ſuits with me ſo ill. Thou know'ſt my temper.
Marc. Wilt thou behold me ſinking in my woes,
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raiſe me from amidſt this plunge of ſorrows?
Por. Marcus, thou canſt not aſk what I'd refuſe.
But here, believe me, I've a thouſand reaſons—
Marc. I know thou'lt ſay my paſſion's out of ſeaſon,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conſpire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one that loves like me?
O Portius, Portius, from my ſoul I wiſh
Thou didſt but know thyſelf what 'tis to love!
Then wouldſt thou pity and aſſiſt thy brother.
Por. What ſhould I do! if I diſcloſe my paſſion,
Our friendſhip's at an end; if I conceal it,
The world will call me falſe to a friend and brother. [*Aſide.*
Marc. But ſee where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,

Enjoys

Enjoysthenoon-daybreeze! Observe her, Portius;
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.
Por. She sees us, and advances——
Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for awhile. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.
[*Exit.*

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?
Por. O Lucia! language is too faint to shew
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul? [love
O Lucia! I'm distrest; my heart bleeds for him:
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smil'st upon me.
Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.
Por. Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my Lucia?
His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him;
Then do not strike him dead with a denial;
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us——
Luc. No, Portius, no; I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves:
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heaven I swear,
To Heaven and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hang about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts as far—as I am able.
Por. What hast thou said? I'm thunderstruck—recal
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.
Luc. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it!
Por. Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!
Luc. At length I've acted my severest part:
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart; my tears will flow.
But, O! I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.
Por. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!
Luc. O stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves;
But, O! I cannot bear thy hate, and live.
Por. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. O Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick let us part! Perdition 's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!—Ha! she faints!
Wretch that I am, what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—
But, ah! she moves, life wanders up and down
Thro' all her face, and lights up ev'ry charm.
Luc. O Portius, was this well—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles? to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd?
—What do I say? My half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us; we must part.
Por. Name not the word: my frighted thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.
Luc. What wouldst thou have me do? Consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at Heaven and thee! Thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son: poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia. What could Lucia answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?
Por. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul;
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other: thou art all divine.
Luc. Portius, no more; thy words shoot thro' my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much—farewel, my Portius:
Farewel, tho' death is in the word—for ever!

Por. Stay, Lucia, stay! What dost thou say? For ever?

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewel—
O, how shall I repeat the word, for ever! [flame
Por. Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady
Hangs quiv'ring on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its holds. [thee,
—Thou must not go; my soul still hovers o'er
And can't get loose.

Luc. If the firm Portius shakes
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

Por. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met
The common accidents of life; but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Luc. What dost thou say? Not part!
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, that thunder o'er us?
—But see thy brother Marcus bends this way;
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewel,
Farewel, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine!

[*Exit Lucia.*

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Portius, what hopes? How stands she? Am I doom'd
To life or death?

Por. What wouldst thou have me say?

Marc. What means this pensive posture? Thou appear'st
Like one amaz'd and terrified.

Por. I 've reason.

Marc. Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.

Por. I 'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc. What! does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart, and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

Por. Away, you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion, when 'tis void of love?
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause! —Compassionates my pains!
Pr'ythee what art, what rhet'ric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon?—She pities me!
To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compassion 's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death——

Por. Marcus, no more; have I deserv'd this treatment?

Marc. What have I said! O Portius, O, forgive me!
A soul exasperate in ills falls out
With ev'ry thing, its friend, itself—but, ha!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarms?

Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. O, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me; thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence. Who knows if Cato's life
Stands sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory,

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sempronius, with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Sem. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high:
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile I 'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.

[*Exit.*

1st Lead. We are all safe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest:
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Re-enter Sempronius, with Cato, Lucius, Portius, and Marcus.

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

Sem. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd. [*Aside.*

Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives, you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? Why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that 's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

Sem. By heavens they droop!
Confusion to the villains; all is lost [*Aside.*

Cato. Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in ev'ry step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream

You

You ſunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the laſt in all your hoſt that thirſted?
Sem. If ſome penurious ſource by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you ſcoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not daſh th' untaſted moiſture from him?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day ſun,
And clouds of duſt? Did not his temples glow
In the ſame ſultry winds, and ſcorching heats?
Cato. Hence, worthleſs men! hence! and complain to Cæſar,
You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardſhips that your leader bore.
Luc. See, Cato, ſee the unhappy men; they weep!
Fear and remorſe, and ſorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.
Cato. Learn to be honeſt men, give up your leaders,
And pardon ſhall deſcend on all the reſt.
Sem. Cato, commit theſe wretches to my care:
Firſt let 'em each be broken on the rack;
Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leiſure round the bloody ſtake;
There let 'em hang, and taint the ſouthern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and ſee their fellow traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the ſun.
Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?
Sem. How! wouldſt thou clear rebellion?
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.
Cato. Forbear, Sempronius!—ſee they ſuffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men;
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the baſe degenerate age requires
Severity, and juſtice in its rigour:
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by juſt vengeance guilty mortals periſh,
The gods behold their puniſhment with pleaſure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aſide.
Sem. Cato, I execute thy will with pleaſure.
Cato. Meanwhile we'll ſacrifice to liberty.
Remember O, my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood:)
O let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inſpire our ſouls,
And make our lives in thy poſſeſſion happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy juſt defence.
[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*
1ſt Leader. Sempronius, you have acted like yourſelf.
One would have thought you had been half in earneſt.
Sem. Villain, ſtand off, baſe, grov'ling, worthleſs wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!
2d Lead. Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius;
Throw off the maſk, there are none here but friends.
Sem. Know, villains, when ſuch paltry ſlaves preſume
To mix in treaſon, if the plot ſucceeds,
They 're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They 're ſure to die like dogs, as you ſhall do.
Here, take theſe factious monſters, drag 'em forth
To ſudden death.
1ſt Lead. Nay, ſince it comes to this——
Sem. Diſpatch 'em quick; but firſt pluck out their tongues,
Leſt with their dying breath they ſow ſedition.
[*Exeunt Guards, with the Leaders.*

Enter Syphax.

Sy. Our firſt deſign, my friend, has prov'd abortive:
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted; their Numidian ſteeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to ſcour the deſert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppoſe our paſſage.
A day will bring us into Cæſar's camp.
Sem. Confuſion! I have fail'd of half my purpoſe;
Marcia, the charming Marcia, 's left behind!
Sy. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's ſlave?
Sem. Think not thy friend can ever feel the ſoft
Unmanly warmth and tenderneſs of love.
Syphax, I long to claſp that haughty maid,
And bend her ſtubborn virtue to my paſſion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd caſt her off.
Sy. Well ſaid! that's ſpoken like thyſelf, Sempronius.
What hinders, then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?
Sem. But how to gain admiſſion? For acceſs
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.
Sy. Thou ſhalt have Juba's dreſs, and Juba's guards;
The doors will open when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the ſlaves that watch them.
Sem. Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia 's my own!
How will my boſom ſwell with anxious joy
When I behold her ſtruggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and diſorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Paint in her breaſt, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, ſeiz'd of Proſerpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly ſmil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envied Jove his ſunſhine and his ſkies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy ſoul,
If thou believ'ſt 'tis poſſible for woman
To ſuffer greater ill than Lucia ſuffers?

Mar. O Lucia, Lucia! might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.
Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius:
But which of these has pow'r to charm like Portius?
Mar. Still I must beg thee not to name Sempronius,
Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous man;
Juba to all the brav'ry of a hero [ness;
Adds softest love and more than female sweet-
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of womankind, but Marcia, happy.
Luc. And why not Marcia. Come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.
Mar. While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.
Luc. But should this father give you to Sempronius?
Mar. I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! They march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger:
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sempronius, dressed like Juba, with Numidian Guards.

Sem. The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
——How will the young Numidian rave to see
His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'T would be to torture that young, gay barbarian.
—But hark, what noise! Death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left——
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards—Hah, dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven——

Enter Juba.

Jub. What do I see? Who 's this, that dares usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?
Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth.
Jub. What can this mean, Sempronius?
Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.
Jub. Nay, then beware thy own proud, barbarous man!
[*They fight. Sem. falls; his Guards surrender.*]
Sem. Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I 'm distracted! this my close of life!
O, for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble! [*Dies.*
Jub. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off these slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.
[*Exit Juba, with Prisoners, &c.*

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Sure 't was the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at ev'ry sound.
O Marcia, shou'd thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.
Mar. See, Lucia, see! here 's blood! here 's blood and murder!
Ha! a Numidian! Heaven preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment,
But, hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he;
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!
Luc. Now, Marcia, call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind,
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.
Mar. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience:
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?
Luc. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?
Mar. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills;
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter Juba listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.
Jub. What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men? O, had I fall'n like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy.
Luc. Here will I stand companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.
Mar. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.
Jub. I 'm on the rack! was he so near her heart? [charms!
Mar. O, he was all made up of love and
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight

Delight of every eye; when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Romanblush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.
Jub. I shall run mad!—— [*Aside.*
Mar. O Juba! Juba! Juba!
Jub. What means that voice? did she not call on Juba?
Mar. Why do I think on what he was? he's dead! [him.
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst his agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!
Jub. Where am I? do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me! [*Aside.*
Mar. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men,
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbids
A last embrace, while thus——
Jub. See, Marcia, see
Throwing himself before her.]
The happy Juba lives! He lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.
Mar. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?
Jub. A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba on a curst design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out:
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am wrapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.
Mar. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back; the love that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke thro' all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.
Jub. I'm lost in extacy: and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?——
Mar. And dost thou live to ask it?
Jub. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
Such life as Juba never felt till now!
Mar. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.
Jub. O fortunate mistake!
Mar. O happy Marcia!
Jub. My joy, my best belov'd, my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!
Mar. Lucia, thy arm. O, let me rest upon it!
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—
O prince, I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour.
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.
[*Exeunt Mar. and Luc.*
Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars.
What tho' Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.
[*Exit.*

A March at a distance.

Enter Cato and Lucius.

Luc. I stand astonish'd! What, the bold Sempronius, [triots,
That still broke foremost thro' the crowd of pa-
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—
Cato. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
—O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where Portius comes: what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?
Por. My heart is griev'd,
I bring such news as will afflict my father.
Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?
Por. Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch:
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain:
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.
Cato. Perfidious man! But haste, my son, and see [*Exit. Por.*
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force; the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's! Cato has no business in it.
Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.
Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?
Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.
Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such poplar humanity is treason——
But see young Juba; the good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!
Luc. Alas! poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter

Enter Juba.

Jub. I bluſh, and am confounded to appear
Before thy preſence, Cato.
Cato. What's thy crime?
Jub. I 'm a Numidian.
Cato. And a brave one too. Thou haſt a Roman ſoul.
Jub. Haſt thou not heard of my falſe countrymen?
Cato. Alas, young prince!
Falſehood and fraud ſhoot up in ev'ry ſoil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæſars.
Jub. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the diſtreſs'd.
Cato. 'Tis juſt to give applauſe where 'tis deſerv'd:
Thy virtue, prince, has ſtood the teſt of fortune,
Like pureſt gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.
Jub. What ſhall I anſwer thee? My raviſh'd heart
O'erflows with ſecret joy: I 'd rather gain
Thy praiſe, O Cato, than Numidia's empire.

Enter Portius.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——
Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forſook his poſt? Has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em paſs? [him
Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met
Borne on the ſhields of his ſurviving ſoldiers,
Breathleſs and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He ſtood the ſhock of a whole hoſt of foes,
Till, obſtinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppreſt with multitudes, he greatly fell.
Cato. I 'm ſatisfied.
Por. Nor d'd he fall before
His ſword had pierc'd thro' the falſe heart of Syphax,
Yonder he lies. I ſaw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.
Cato. Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty.
—Portius, when I am dead, be ſure you place
His urn near mine.
Por. Long may they keep aſunder! [ence;
Luc. O Cato, arm thy ſoul with all its patiSee where the corpſe of thy dead ſon approaches!
The citizens and ſenators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato, meeting the Corpſe.

Cato. Welcome, my ſon! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my ſight, that I may view at leiſure
The bloody corſe, and count thoſe glorious wounds
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once to ſerve our country!
—Why ſits this ſadneſs on your brows, my friends?
I ſhould have bluſh'd if Cato's houſe had ſtood
Secure, and flouriſh'd in a civil war.
—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.
Jub. Was ever man like this! [*Aſide.*
Cato. Alas, my friends,
Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loſs
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears;
The miſtreſs of the world, the ſeat of empire,
The nurſe of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And ſet the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!
Jub. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead ſon. [*Aſide.*
Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has ſubdu'd,
The ſun's whole courſe, the day and year are Cæſar's;
For him the ſelf-devoted Decii died.
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd;
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæſar. O my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire, fallen! O curſt ambition!
Fallen into Cæſar's hands? Our great forefathers [try.
Had left him nought to conquer but his coun-
Jub. While Cato lives, Cæſar will bluſh to ſee
Mankind enſlav'd, and be aſham'd of empire.
Cato. Cæſar aſham'd! Has he not ſeen Pharſalia?
Luc. Cato, 'tis time thou ſave thyſelf and us.
Cato. Loſe not a thought on me, I 'm out of danger,
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæſar ſhall never ſay he conquer'd Cato.
But, O my friends, your ſafety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts; a thouſand ſecret terrors
Riſe in my ſoul, How ſhall I ſave my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæſar, I begin to fear thee.
Luc. Cæſar has mercy, if we aſk it of him.
Cato. Then aſk it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done againſt him, Cato did it.
And, if you pleaſe, that I requeſt it of him,
That I myſelf, with tears, requeſt it of him,
The virtue of my friends may paſs unpuniſh'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy ſake.
Should I adviſe thee to regain Numidia,
Or ſeek the conqueror?
Jub. If I forſake thee
Whilſt I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba!
Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foreſee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near: my ſon, thou oft haſt ſeen
Thy ſire engag'd in a corrupted ſtate,
Wreſtling with vice and faction: now thou ſeeſt me
Spent, overpower'd, deſpairing of ſucceſs;
Let me adviſe thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal ſeat, the Sabine field, [hands,
Where the great Cenſor toil'd with his own
And all our frugal anceſtors were bleſs'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life;

There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good. [sway,
When vice prevails, and impious men bear
The post of honour is a private station.
Por. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he scorns himself.
Cato. Farewel, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,
(Their sails already op'ning to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead Son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune croſt,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful Posture; in his Hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn Sword on the Table by him.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond de-
This longing after immortality? [sire,
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man:
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being, [pass?
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above
(And that there is all nature cries aloud,
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where—this world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps thro' all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harrass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for Heaven: Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.
Enter Portius.
But, ah! how's this, my son? Why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?
Por. Alas, my father!
What means this sword, this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence.
Cato. Rash youth, forbear!
Por. O, let the pray'rs, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you!
Cato. Would'st thou betray me? Would'st thou give me up,
A slave, a captive into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!——
Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.
Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes——
Por. O Sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so? Be not displeas'd,
O, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!
Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son, all will be well again;
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.
Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart. [duct;
Cato. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my con-
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [*Exit.*
Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.
Enter Marcia.
O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.

He

He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.
[*Exit.*

Mar. O ye immortal powers that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And shew mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato!
In every view, in every thought, I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Mar. Tho' stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest.
Marcia, we are both equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

Mar. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!

Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to Heaven.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father;
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams: as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cried, Cæsar, thou canst not hurt me.

Mar. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

Luc. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Jub. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar; the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father,
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance,
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thine eyes.

Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who thro' the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan? O, give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit.*

Luc. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And, in the wild disorder of his soul,
Mourns o'er his country. Hah! a second groan—
Heaven guard us all!

Mar. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound.—

Re-enter Portius.

Por. O sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword.—

Luc. O, Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and faint
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants, weeping,
Obsequious to his order, bear him hither.

Mar O Heaven! assist me in this dreadful hour,
To pay the last sad duties to my father.

Jub. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!

Luc. Now is Rome fallen indeed!

Cato brought in on a Chair.

Cato. Here set me down—
Portius, come near me—Are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O Lucius, art thou here?—thou art too good—
Let this our friendship live between our children,
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
O, bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia,
A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king;
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction:

Whoe'er

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman—
—I'm sick to death—O, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!
And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I 've been too hasty. O ye pow'rs, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!——
The best may err, but you are good, and—O!
[*Dies.*

Luc. There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
A Roman breast; O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

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§ 48. PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

SMITH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Cratander and Lycon.

Lycon. 'Tis strange, Cratandar, that the royal Phædra
Should still continue resolute in grief,
And obstinately wretched:
That one so gay, so beautiful and young,
Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court destruction.

Crat. Is there not cause, when lately join'd in marriage,
To have the king her husband call'd to war?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his absence,
Nor know his fate?

Lyc. The king may cause her sorrow,
But not by absence: oft I 've seen him hang
With greedy eyes and languish o'er her beauties;
She from his wide, deceiv'd, desiring arms
Flew tasteless, loathing; whilst dejected Theseus
With mournful loving eyes pursued her flight,
And dropp'd a silent tear.

Crat. Ha! this is hatred!
This is aversion, horror, detestation:
Why did the queen, who might have cull'd mankind,
Why did she give her person and her throne
To one she loath'd?

Lyc. Perhaps she thought it just
That he should wear the crown his valour sav'd.

Crat. Could she not glut his hopes with wealth and honour,
Reward his valour, yet reject his love?
Why, when a happy mother, queen and widow,
Why did she wed old Theseus, while his son,
The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth
And equal beauty might have fill'd her arms?

Lyc. Hippolitus (in distant Scythia born,
The warlike Amazon, Camilla's son) [Crete:
Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to
And sure the queen could wish him still unknown:
She loaths, detests him, flies his hated presence,
And shrinks and trembles at his very name.

Crat. Well may she hate the prince she needs must fear;
He may dispute the crown with Phædra's son.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful, and belov'd;
His courage charms the men, his form the women,
His very sports are war.

Lyc. O! he's all hero, scorns th' inglorious ease
Of lazy Crete, delights to shine in arms,
To wield the sword, and launch the pointed spear;
To tame the gen'rous horse, that nobly wild
Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion;
To join the struggling coursers to his chariot,
To make their stubborn necks the rein obey,
To turn, or stop, or stretch along the plain.
Now the queen 's sick, there 's danger in his courage—
He must be watch'd.
Be ready with your guards.—I fear Hippolitus.
[*Exit Crat.*
Fear him! for what? poor silly virtuous wretch!
Affecting glory, and contemning power:
Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
A senseless hero, fit to be a tool
To those whose godlike souls are turn'd for empire.
An open honest fool, that loves and hates
And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers.
He hates me too; weak boy, to make a foe
Where he might have a slave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the queen live or die, the prince must fall.

Enter Ismena.

What, still attending on the queen, Ismena?
O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
Can still your goodness conquer all your wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown?
Was not your royal father Pallas slain, [seus?
And all his wretched race, by conqu'ring The-
And do you still watch o'er his consort Phædra?
And still repay such cruelty with love?

Ism. Let them be cruel that delight in mischief:
I 'm of a softer mould; poor Phædra's sorrows
Pierce through my yielding heart, and wound my soul.

Lyc. Now thrice the rising sun has cheer'd the world
Since she renew'd her strength with due refreshment; [beast,
Thrice has the night brought ease to man, to
Since wretched Phædra clos'd her streaming eyes;
She flies all rest, all necessary food,
Resolv'd to die, nor capable to live. [phrensy:

Ism. But now her grief has wrought her into

The

The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
Sometimes she raves for music, light, and air.
Nor air, nor light, nor music, calm her pains;
Then with ecstatic strength she springs aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigour not her own.
Lyc. Then life is on the wing; then most she sinks
When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling water,
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then most wast-
When most it swells. [ing
Ism. My lord, now try your art;
Her wild disorder may disclose the secret
Her cooler sense conceal'd. The Pythian goddess
Is dumb and sullen, till with fury fill'd
She spreads, she rises, growing to the sight,
She stares, she foams, she raves; the awful secrets
Burst from her trembling lips, and ease the tor-
tur'd maid. [weak!
But Phædra comes, ye gods, how pale, how

Enter Phædra and Attendants.

Phæd. Stay, virgins, stay; I 'll rest my weary steps:
My strength forsakes me, and my dazzled eyes
Ake with the flashing light; my loosen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight. Support me, Lycon.
Alas! I faint.
Lyc. Afford her ease, kind Heaven!
Phæd. Why blaze these jewels round my wretched head?
Why all this labour'd elegance of dress?
Why flow these wanton curls in artful rings?
Take, snatch 'm hence. Alas! you all conspire
To heap new sorrows on my tortur'd soul:
All, all conspire to make your queen unhappy.
Lady. This you requir'd, and to the pleasing task
Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
You bid 'em lead you from yon hideous darkness
To the glad cheering day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you sought.
Phæd. O my Lycon!
O! how I long to lay my weary head
On tender flow'ry beds and springing grass,
To stretch my limbs beneath the spreading shades
Of venerable oaks, to slake my thirst
With the cool nectar of refreshing springs!
Lyc. I'll sooth her phrensy. Come, Phædra, let 's away;
Let 's to the woods and lawns, and limpid streams.
Phæd. Come, let 's away; and thou most bright Diana,
Goddess of woods, immortal, chaste Diana,
Goddess presiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, O place me in the dusty ring,
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory!
See how they mount, and shake the flowing reins!
See from the goal the fiery courlers bound!
Now they strain, panting up the steepy hill;
Now sweep along its top, now neigh along the vale.
How the car rattles, how its kindling wheels
Smoke in the whirl! the circling sand ascends
And in the noble dust the chariot 's lost.
Lyc. What, madam!
Phæd. Ah, my Lycon! ah, what said I?
Where was I hurried by my roving fancy?
My languid eyes are wet with sudden tears,
And on my cheeks unbidden blushes glow.
Lyc. Then blush, but blush for your destructive silence,
That tears your soul, and weighs you down to death.
O! should you die (ye pow'rs, forbid her death!),
Who then would shield from wrongs your helpless orphan? [wander,
He then might wander, Phædra's son might
A naked suppliant thro' the world for aid:
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
He may be doom'd to chains, to shame, to death,
While proud Hippolitus shall mount his throne.
Phæd. O Heavens!
Lyc. Ha! Phædra, are you touch'd at this?
Phæd. Unhappy wretch! what name was that you spoke?
Lyc. And does his name provoke your just resentments?
Then let it raise your fear as well as wrath:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father wrong'd him; [exile
Think how you drove him hence a wand'ring
To distant climes; then think what certain vengeance
His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan.
For his sake then renew your drooping spirits;
Feed with new oil the wasting lamp of life,
That winks and trembles, now, just now expir-
Make haste, preserve your life. [ing;
Phæd. Alas! too long,
Too long have I preserv'd that guilty life.
Lyc. Guilty! what guilt? Has blood, has horrid murder
Imbrued your hands?
Phæd. Alas! my hands are guiltless,
But O! my heart 's defil'd.
I've said too much: forbear the rest, my Lycon,
And let me die, to save the black confession.
Lyc. Die then, but not alone; old faithful Ly-
Shall be a victim to your cruel silence. [con,
Will you not tell? O lovely, wretched queen!
By all the cares of your first infant years, [you,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal I've shew'd
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden sorrows,
And teach your Lycon how to bring you comfort.
Phæd. What shall I say, malicious, cruel pow'rs?
O where shall I begin? O cruel Venus,
How fatal love has been to all our race!
Lyc. Forget it madam; let it die in silence.
Phæd. O Ariadne! O unhappy sister!
Lyc. Cease to record your sister's grief and shame.
Phæd. And since the cruel god of love requires it,
I fall the last, and most undone of all.
Lyc. Do you then love?
Phæd. Alas! I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the shame of impious love.

Lyc.

Lyc. Forbid it Heaven!
Phæd. Do not upbraid me, Lycon:
I love.——Alas! I ſhudder at the name;
My blood runs backward, and my fault'ring tongue [ven!
Sticks at the ſound—I love.—O righteous Hea-
Why was I born with ſuch a ſenſe of virtue,
So great abhorrence of the ſmalleſt crime,
And yet a ſlave to ſuch impetuous guilt?
Rain on me, gods, your plagues, your ſharpeſt tortures,
Afflict my ſoul with any thing but guilt,
And yet that guilt is mine.—I'll think no more;
I'll to the woods among the happier brutes.
Come, let's away; hark, the ſhrill horn reſounds,
The jolly huntſmen's cries rend the wide heavens.
Come, o'er the hills purſue the bounding ſtag;
Come, chaſe the lion and the foamy boar;
Come, rouſe up all the monſters of the wood;
For there, e'en there, Hippolitus will guard me.
Lyc. Hippolitus!
Phæd. Who 's he that names Hippolitus?
Ah! I'm betray'd, and all my guilt diſcover'd.
O! give me poiſon, ſwords; I'll not live, nor bear it;
I 'll ſtop my breath.
Iſm. I 'm loſt, but what 's that loſs?
Hippolitus is loſt, or loſt to me:
Yet ſhould her charms prevail upon his ſoul,
Should he be falſe, I would not wiſh him ill;
With my laſt parting breath I'd bleſs my lord:
Then in ſome lonely deſert place expire,
Whence my unhappy death ſhall never reach him,
Leſt it ſhould wound his peace, or damp his joys.
[*aſide.*
Lyc. Think ſtill the ſecret in your royal breaſt!
For by the awful majeſty of Jove,
By the all-ſeeing ſun, by righteous Minos,
By all your kindred gods we ſwear, O Phædra,
Safe as our lives we'll keep the fatal ſecret.
Iſm. &c. We ſwear, all ſwear to keep it ever ſecret.
Phæd. Keep it! from whom? why it 's already known,
The tale, the whiſper of the babbling vulgar:
O, can you keep it from yourſelves, unknow it?
Or do you think I 'm ſo far gone in guilt,
That I can ſee, can hear the looks, the eyes
Of one who knows my black deteſted crimes,
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her ſon?
Lyc. Unhappy queen! auguſt, unhappy race!
O! why did Theſeus touch this fatal ſhore?
Why did he ſave us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worſe ruin on us by his love?
Phæd. His love indeed; for that unhappy hour
In which the prieſt join'd Theſeus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods! how I ſhook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breaſt! how from the touch of Theſeus
My ſlack hand dropp'd, and all the idle pomp,
Prieſts, altars, victims, ſwam before my ſight!
The god of love, ev'n the whole god, poſſeſs'd me.
Lyc. At once, at firſt poſſeſs'd you!
Phæd. Yes, at firſt.
That fatal ev'ning we purſu'd the chace,
When from behind the wood, with ruſtling ſound,
A monſtrous boar ruſh'd forth; his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his ſtiff-pointed briſtles
Roſe high upon his back: at me he made,
Whetting his tuſks, and churning hideous foam:
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me:
Collecting all himſelf, and riſing to the blow,
He launch'd the whiſtling ſpear; the well-aim'd javelin
Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monſter fell, and, gnaſhing, with huge tuſks
Plow'd up the crimſon earth. But then Hippolitus!
Gods! how he mov'd and look'd when he approach'd me!
When hot and panting from the ſavage conqueſt,
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,
His crimſon cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
His lovely ſparkling eyes ſhot martial fires.
O godlike form! O ecſtaſy and tranſport!
My breath grew ſhort, my beating heart ſprung upward,
And leap'd and bounded in my heaving boſom.
Alas! I'm plea'd; the horrid ſtory charms me.
No more—That night with fear and love I ſicken'd.
Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming viſits;
Then would he talk with ſuch an heavenly grace,
Look with ſuch dear compaſſion on my pains,
That I could wiſh to be ſo ſick for ever.
My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirſty ſoul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious poiſon,
Till I was loſt, quite loſt in impious love.
And ſhall I drag an execrable life?
And ſhall I hoard up guilt, and treaſure vengeance?
Lyc. No; labour, ſtrive, ſubdue that guilt, and live.
Phæd. Did I not labour, ſtrive, all-ſeeing pow'rs!
Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid?
Burn clouds of incenſe on your loaded altars?
O! I call'd heaven and earth to my aſſiſtance,
All the ambitious thirſt of fame and empire,
And all the honeſt pride of conſcious virtue:
I ſtruggled, rav'd; the new-born paſſion reign'd
Almighty in its birth.
Lyc. Did you e'er try
To gain his love?
Phæd. Avert ſuch crimes, ye pow'rs!
No; to avoid his love I ſought his hatred:
I wrong'd him, ſhunn'd him, baniſh'd him from Crete:
I ſent him, drove him from my longing ſight:
In vain I drove him, for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heaven were by my erring tongue
Spoke to Hippolitus. If I tried to ſleep,
Straight to my drowſy eyes my reſtleſs fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curs'd my ſlumber.

Lyc.

Lyc. First let me try to melt him into love.
Phæd. No; let his hapless passion equal mine,
I would refuse the bliss I most desir'd,
Consult my fame, and sacrifice my life.
Yes, I would die, Heaven knows, this very moment, [seus.
Rather than wrong my lord, my husband The-
Lyc. Perhaps that lord, that husband is no more;
He went from Crete in haste, his army thin,
To meet the numerous troops of fierce Molossians;
Yet tho' he lives, while ebbing life decays,
Think on your son.
Phæd. Alas! that shocks me,
O let me see my young one, let me snatch
A hasty farewel, a last dying kiss.
Yet stay; his sight will melt my just resolves:
But O! I beg with my last sallying breath,
Cherish my babe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you must know: your royal husband's dead.
Phæd. Dead! O ye pow'rs!
Lyc. O fortunate event!
Then earth-born Lycon may ascend the throne,
Leave to his happy son the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. Be hush'd, my joys.
[*Aside.*
Mourn, mourn, ye Cretans!
Since he is dead whose valour sav'd your isle;
Whose prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
His peaceful subjects; as your tow'ring Ida,
With spreading oaks, and with descending streams,
Shades and enriches all the plains below.
Say how he died.
Mess. He died as Theseus ought,
In battle died: Philotas, now a prisoner,
That rushing on fought next his royal person,
That saw his thund'ring arm beat squadrons down,
Saw the great rival of Alcides fall.
These eyes beheld his well-known steed, beheld
A proud barbarian glitt'ring in his arms,
Encumber'd with the spoil. [*Exit.*
Phæd. Is he then dead?
Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theseus, dead?
And don't I shed one tear upon his urn?
What! not a sigh, a groan, a soft complaint?
Ah! these are tributes due from pious brides,
From a chaste matron, and a virtuous wife:
But savage Love, the tyrant of my heart,
Claims all my sorrows, and usurps my grief.
Lyc. Dismiss that grief, and give a loose to joy:
He 's dead, the bar of all your bliss is dead:
Live, then, my queen, forget the wrinkled The-
And take the youthful hero to your arms. [seus,
Phæd. I dare not now admit of such a thought,
And bless'd be Heaven that steel'd my stubborn heart;
That made me shun the bridal bed of Theseus,
And give him empire, but refuse him love.
Lyc. Then may his happier son be blest with both;
Then rouse your soul, and muster all your charms,
Sooth his ambitious mind with thirst of empire,
And all his tender thoughts with soft allurements.
Phæd. But should the youth refuse my proffer'd love?
O, should he throw me from his loathing arms!
I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus
Fierce in the right, and obstinately good:
When round beset, his virtue, like a flood,
Breaks with resistless force th' opposing dams,
And bears the mounds along, they're hurry'd on,
And swell the torrent they were rais'd to stop.
I dare not yet resolve; I'll try to live,
And to the awful gods I 'll leave the rest.
Lyc. Madam, your signet, that your slave may order
What 's most expedient for your royal service.
Phæd. Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra.
And thou, O Venus, aid a suppliant queen,
That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy pow'r:
O spare thy captives, and subdue thy foes.
On this cold Scythian let thy pow'r be known,
And in a lover's cause assert thy own:
Then Crete as Paphos shall adore thy shrine;
This nurse of Jove with grateful fires shall shine,
And with thy father's flames shall worship thine.
[*Exeunt Phæd. &c.*

Lycon solus.

If she proposes love, why then as surely
His haughty soul refuses it with scorn.—
Say I confine him!—If she dies, he 's safe;
And if she lives, I 'll work her raging mind.
A woman scorn'd with ease I 'll work to vengeance:
With humble, wise, obsequious fawning arts
I 'll rule the whirl and transport of her soul,
That, when her reason hates, her rage may act.
When barks glide slowly thro' the lazy main,
The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
When driv'n by winds they cut the foamy way,
The rudders govern, and the ships obey.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Phædra and Lycon. [*Enter Messenger.*

Mess. MADAM, the prince Hippolitus attends.
Phæd. Admit him. Where, where, Phædra, is now thy soul?
What—shall I speak? And shall my guilty tongue
Let this insulting victor know his pow'r?
Or shall I still confine within this breast
My restless passions and devouring flames?

But

But see he comes, the lovely tyrant comes!
He rushes on me like a blaze of light;
I cannot bear the transport of his presence,
But sink oppress'd with woe. [*Swoons.*

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Immortal gods! [rence?
What have I done to raise such strange abhor-
What have I done to shake her shrinking nature
With my approach, and kill her with my sight?

Lyc. Alas! another grief devours her soul,
And only your assistance can relieve her.

Hip. Ha! make it known, that I may fly and aid her. [cret.

Lyc. But promise first, my lord, to keep it se-

Hip. Promise! I swear, on this good sword I swear,
This sword, which first gain'd youthful Theseus honour,
Which oft has punish'd perjury and falsehood;
By thund'ring Jove, By Grecian Hercules,
By the majestic form of godlike heroes,
That shine around, and consecrate the steel,
No racks, no shame, shall ever force it from me.

Phæd. Hippolitus!—

Hip. Yes, 'tis that wretch, who begs you to dismiss
That hated object from your eyes for ever;
Begs leave to march against the foes of Theseus,
And to revenge or share his father's fate.

Phæd. O Hippolitus!
I own I've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd you;
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your father: [hero,
The court, all Crete, deplor'd their suff'ring
And I (the sad occasion) most of all.
Yet could you know relenting Phædra's soul!
O! could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero whom I wish'd to cherish!
O! you'd confess me wretched, not unkind;
And own those ills did most deserve your pity,
Which most procur'd your hate.

Hip. My hate to Phædra!
Ha! could I hate the royal spouse of Theseus,
My queen, my mother?

Phæd. Why your queen and mother?
More humble ties would suit my lost condition.
Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your pardon.
Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,
And with compassion view her helpless orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

Hip. O, I'll defend him, with my life defend him! [head,
Heaven dart your judgment on this faithless
If I don't pay him all a slave's obedience,
And all a father's love!

Phæd. A father's love!
O doubtful sounds! O vain deceitful hopes!
My grief's much eas'd by this transcending goodness,
And Theseus' death sits lighter on my soul.
Death! he's not dead: he lives, he breathes, he speaks;
He lives in you, he's present to my eyes;
I see him, speak to him.——My heart! I rave,
And all my folly's known.

Hip. O, glorious folly!
See, Theseus, see, how much your Phædra lov'd you.

Phæd. Love him, indeed! dote, languish, die for him;
Forsake my food my sleep, all joys for Theseus;
But not that hoary venerable Theseus,
But Theseus as he was when mantling blood
Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes
Sparkled with youthful fires; when ev'ry grace
Shone in the father which now crowns the son,
When Theseus was Hippolitus.

Hip. Ha! amazement strikes me:
Where will this end?

Lyc. Is 't difficult to guess?
Does not her flying paleness, that but now
Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek,
(Where now succeeds a momentary lustre)
Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
Her wishing looks, her speech, her present silence,
All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you?

Hip. What do I hear? what! does no lightning flash,
No thunder bellow, when such monstrous crimes
Are own'd, avow'd, confess'd? All-seeing sun!
Hide, hide in shameful night thy beamy head,
And cease to view the horrors of thy race.
Alas! I share th' amazing guilt; these eyes,
That first inspir'd the black, incestuous flame;
These ears, that heard the tale of impious love,
Are all accurst, and all deserve your thunder.

Phæd. Alas, my lord! believe me not so vile.
No; by thy goddess, by the chaste Diana,
None but my first, my much-lov'd lord Arsamnes
Was e'er receiv'd in these unhappy arms.
No—for the love of thee, of those dear charms,
Which now I see are doom'd to be my ruin,
I still denied my lord, my husband Theseus,
The chaste, the modest joys of spotless marriage;
That drove him hence to war, to stormy seas,
To rocks and waves, less cruel than his Phædra.

Hip. If that drove Theseus hence, then that kill'd Theseus,
And cruel Phædra kill'd her husband Theseus.

Phæd. Forbear, rash youth, nor dare to rouse my vengeance;
Provoke me not; nor tempt my swelling rage
With black reproaches, scorn, and provocation,
To do a deed my reason should abhor.
Long has the secret struggled in my breast,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd bosom;
But now 'tis out! Shame, rage, confusion tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes;
To murder thee, myself, and all that know it.
As when convulsions cleave the lab'ring earth,
Before the dismal yawn appears, the ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding houses crash

He's safe who from the dreadful warning flies,
But he that sees its opening bosom dies.
[*Exit.*

Hip. Then let me take the warning, and retire;
I 'd rather trust the rough Ionian waves
Than woman's fiercer rage.
[*Ismena shews herself, listening.*

Lyc. Alas! my lord!
You must not leave the queen to her despair.

Hip. Must not! from thee? from that vile upstart Lycon?

Lyc. Yes; from that Lycon, who derives his greatness [life.
From Phædra's race, and now would guard her
Then, Sir, forbear; view here this royal signet,
And, in her faithful slave, obey the queen.
[*Enter Guards and Cratander.*
Guards, watch the prince; but at that awful distance,
With that respect, it may not seem confinement,
But only meant for honour.

Hip. So, confinement is
The honour Crete bestows on Theseus' son.
Am I confin'd? and is 't so soon forgot,
When fierce Procrustes' arms o'er-ran your kingdom? [phans,
When your streets echoed with the cries of or-
Your shrieking maids clung round the hallow'd shrines,
When all your palaces and lofty tow'rs
Smok'd on the earth; when the red sky around
Glow'd with your city's flames (a dreadful lustre);
Then, then my father flew to your assistance;
Then Theseus sav'd your lives, estates, and honours.
And do you thus reward the hero's toil?
And do you now confine the hero's son?

Lyc. Take not an easy, short confinement ill,
Which your own safety and the queen's requires,
Nor harbour fear of one that joys to serve you.

Hip. O, I disdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee;
Nor will I hear of services from Lycon,
Thy very looks are lies; eternal falsehood
Smiles in thy looks, and flatters in thy eyes;
Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,
In ev'ry cringing bow and fawning smile.
Why else d' ye whisper out your dark suspici-
Why with malignant elogies increase [ons?
The people's fears, and praise me to my ruin?
Why thro' the troubled streets of frighted Gnossus
Do bucklers, helms, and polish'd armour blaze?
Why sounds the dreadful din of instant war,
Whilst still the foe 's unknown?

Lyc. Then quit thy arts;
Put off the statesman, and resume the judge.
[*Aside.*
Thou, Proteus, shift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the god.———That foe's too near. [*To Hip.*
The queen's distaste, and your aspiring mind,
Disturb all Crete, and give a loose to war.

Hip. Gods! dares he speak thus to a monarch's son?
And must this earth-born slave command in Crete?
Was it for this my godlike father fought?
Did Theseus bleed for Lycon? O ye Cretans,
See there your king, the successor of Minos,
And heir of Jove!

Lyc. You may as well provoke
That Jove you worship, as this slave you scorn:
Go seize Almæon, Nicias, and all
The black abettors of this impious treason.
[*Exit a Soldier.*
Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls;
For know on me depends thy instant doom.
Then learn, proud prince, to bend thy haughty soul,
And, if thou think'st of life, obey the queen.

Hip. Then free from fear or guilt I 'll wait my doom.
Whate'er's my fault, no stain shall blot my glory.
I 'll guard my honour, you dispose my life.

Lyc. Be it so; Cratander, follow me.
[*Exit Lyc. and Crat.*

Hip. Since he dares brave my rage, the danger's near. [lion
The timorous hounds that hunt the gen'rous
Bay afar off, and tremble in pursuit;
But, when he struggles in th' entangling toils,
Insult the dying prey.

Enter Ismena and Lady.

'Tis kindly done, Ismena,
With all your charms to visit my distress;
Soften my chains, and make confinement easy.
O Ismena!
Is it then given me to behold thy beauties!
Those blushing sweets, those lovely loving eyes!
To press, to strain thee to my beating heart,
And grow thus to my love! What's liberty to this?
What's fame or greatness? take 'em, take 'em, Phædra,
Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement
Include me thus for ever.

Ism. O Hippolitus!
O, I could ever dwell in this confinement!
Nor wish for aught while I behold my lord:
But yet that wish, that only wish is vain,
When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your godlike soul a wretched maid:
Take to your arms (assist me, Heaven, to speak
Take to your arms imperial Phædra, [it!)
And think of me no more.

Hip. Not think of thee?
What! part? for ever part? unkind Ismena!
O! can you think that death is half so dreadful,
As it would be to live, and live without thee?
Say, should I quit thee, should I turn to Phædra,
Say, couldst thou bear it? could thy tender soul
Endure the torment of despairing love,
And see me settled in a rival's arms?

Ism. Think not of me. Perhaps my equal mind
May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.

Yet

Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd Ismena [nour,
With all her charms o'er-rule your sullen ho-
You yet might live, nor leave the poor Ismena.
Hip. Speak: if I can, I'm ready to obey.
Ism. Give the queen hopes.
Hip. No more—my soul disdains it.
No—should I try, my haughty soul would swell,
Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.
O, should I stoop to cringe, to lie, forswear?
Deserve the ruin which I strive to shun?
Ism. O, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!
This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory
To liberty or life. O cruel man!
By these sad sighs, by these poor streaming eyes,
By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near danger of that precious life,
Heaven knows I value much above my own——
What! not yet mov'd? are you resolv'd on death?
Then, ere 'tis night, I swear by all the pow'rs,
This steel shall end my fears and life together.
Hip. You sha'n't be trusted with a life so precious.
No; to the court I'll publish your design:
Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
Lycon shall wrench the dagger from your bosom,
And raving Phædra will preserve Ismena.
Ism. Phædra! come on, I'll lead you on to Phædra:
I'll tell her all the secrets of our love;
Give to her rage her close, destructive rival:
Her rival sure will fall; her love may save you.
Come, see me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
Dying, yet fix'd in death on my Hippolitus.
Hip. What's your design? ye pow'rs! what means my love?
Ism. She means to lead you in the road of fame
She means to die with one she can't preserve.
Yet, when you see me pale upon the earth,
This once-lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting soul would wish you'd sav'd me.
Hip. O! I'll do all, do any thing to save you;
Give up my fame, and all my darling honour:
I'll run, I'll fly; what you'll command I'll say.
I yield, Ismena. What would you have me do?
Ism. Say what occasion, chance, or Heaven inspires;
Say that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say that you'll wed her, say that you'll comply;
Say, to preserve your life, say any thing.
[*Exit Hip.*
Bless him, ye pow'rs! and if it be a crime,
O! If the pious fraud offend your justice,
Aim all your vengeance on Ismena's head;
Punish Ismena, but forgive Hippolitus.
He's gone, and now my brave resolves are stagger'd;
Now I repent, like some despairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
That pants, and struggles with the whirling waves,
And catches ev'ry slender reed to save him.
Lady. But should he do what your commands enjoin'd him,
Say, should he wed her?
Ism. Should he wed the queen?
O! I'd remember that 'twas my request,
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.
Lady. Die! does Ismena then resolve to die?
Ism. Can I then live? can I, who lov'd so well,
To part with all my bliss to save my lover?
O! can I drag a wretched life without him,
And see another revel in his arms?
O, 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter Lycon.

Lyc. What a reverse is this! perfidious boy!
Is this thy truth? is this thy boasted honour?
Then all are rogues alike: I never thought
But one man honest, and that one deceives me.
[*Aside.*
Ismena here!——
Ism. Now, my lord, is the queen's rage abated?
How is the prince dispos'd?
Lyc. Happily,
All's chang'd to love and harmony, my fair.
'Tis all agreed: and now the prince is safe
From the sure vengeance of despairing love;
Now Phædra's rage is chang'd to soft endearments:
She doats, she dies: and few, but tedious days,
With endless joys will crown the happy pair.
Ism. Does he then wed the queen?
Lyc At least I think so.
I, when the prince approach'd not far retir'd,
Pale with my doubts: he spoke; th' attentive queen
Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
Sparkled with gentler fires; he, blushing, bow'd;
She, trembling, lost in love, with soft confusion
Receiv'd his passion, and return'd her own:
Then smiling turn'd to me, and bade me order
The pompous rites of her ensuing nuptials,
Which I must now pursue. Farewel, Ismena.
[*Exit.*
Ism. Then I'll retire, and not disturb their joys.
Lady. Stay, and learn more.
Ism. Ah! wherefore should I stay?
What! shall I stay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold him? [arms?
To snatch the struggling charmer from her
For could you think that open, gen'rous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman?
Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling?
Ah! without doubt his thoughts inspir'd his tongue,
And all his soul receiv'd a real love.
Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,
Perhaps soft pity charm'd his yielding soul,
Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd him;
Perhaps—alas! how many things might charm him!

Lady. Wait the success: it is not yet decided.
Ism. Not yet decided! did not Lycon tell us
How he protested, sigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd?
How the soft passion languish'd in his eyes?
Ay, no, he loves, he dotes on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he clasps her to his panting breast,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes, [vows
Now grasps her hands, and now he looks, and
The dear false things that charm'd the poor Ismena.
He comes! be still, my heart: the tyrant comes,
Charming tho' false, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Why hangs that cloudy sorrow on your brow?
Why do you sigh? why flow your swelling eyes,
Those eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus?
Ism. My lord, my soul is charm'd with your success.
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and since my death alone
Can make you safe, that soon shall make you happy.
Yet had you brought less love to Phædra's arms,
My soul had parted with a less regret,
Blest if surviving in your dear remembrance.
Hip. Your death! my love! my marriage! and to Phædra!
Hear me Ismena.—
Ism. No, I dare not hear you.
But tho' you 've been thus cruelly unkind,
Tho' you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet still my soul o'er-runs with fondness tow'rds you,
Yet still I die with joy to save Hippolitus.
Hip. Die to save me! could I outlive Ismena?
Ism. Yes, you'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms, [sure!
And may you there find ev'ry blooming plea-
O, may the gods show'r blessings on thy head!
May the gods crown thy glorious arms with conquest,
And all thy peaceful days with sure repose!
Mayst thou be blest with lovely Phædra's charms,
And for thy ease forget the lost Ismena!
Farewel, Hippolitus.
Hip. Ismena, stay!
Stay, hear me speak: or by th' infernal pow'rs
I 'll not survive the minute you depart.
Ism. What would you say? ah, don't deceive my weakness.
Hip. Deceive thee! why, Ismena, do you wrong me?
Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
Why wound my tender soul with harsh suspicion?
O, by those charming eyes, by thy dear love,
I neither thought, nor spoke, design'd, nor promis'd
To love or wed the queen.
Ism. Speak on, my lord;
My honest soul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope, I've wrong'd thee.
Hip. Then thus:—I came and spake; but scarce of love;
The easy queen receiv'd my faint address
With eager hope and unsuspicious faith.
Lycon with seeming joy dismiss'd my guards:
My gen'rous soul disdain'd the mean deceit,
But still deceiv'd her to obey Ismena.
Ism. Art thou then true? thou art. O pardon me!
Pardon the errors of a silly maid,
Wild with her fears, and mad with jealousy:
For still that fear, that jealousy, was love.
Haste then, my lord, and save yourself by flight:
And when your absent, when your godlike form
Shall cease to cheer forlorn Ismena's eyes,
Then let each day, each hour, each minute bring
Some kind remembrance of your constant love;
Speak of your health, your fortune, and your friends,
(For sure those friends shall have my tend'rest wishes)
Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
Speak much, speak very much, but still speak on.
Hip. O! thy dear love shall ever be my theme;
Of that alone I 'll talk the live-long day;
But thus I 'll talk: thus dwelling in thy eyes,
Tasting the odours of thy fragrant bosom.
Come then, to crown me with immortal joys,
Come, be the kind companion of my flight,
Come, haste with me to leave this fatal shore.
The bark before prepar'd for my departure
Expects its freight; an hundred lusty rowers
Have wav'd their sinewy arms, and call Hippolitus;
The loosen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
And the sea whitens with auspicious gales.
Ism. Fly then, my lord, and may the gods protect thee!
Fly, ere insidious Lycon work thy ruin;
Fly, ere my fondness talk thy life away;
Fly from the queen.
Hip. But not from my Ismena.
Why do you force me from your heavenly sight
With those dear arms that ought to clasp me to [thee?
Ism. O, I could rave for ever at my fate!
And with alternate love and fear possess'd,
Now force thee from my arms, now snatch thee to my breast,
And tremble till you go, but die till you return.
Nay, I could go. Ye gods, if I shall go,
What would fame say? if I should fly alone
With a young lovely prince that charm'd my soul!
Hip. Say, you did well to fly a certain ruin,
To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,
To crown with endless joys the youth that lov'd you.
O! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
By the blest hours I've languish'd at your feet,
By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.
Ism. Hide me, ye Pow'rs! I never shall resist.
Hip. Will you refuse me? can I leave behind me
All that inspires my soul, and cheers my eyes!
Will you not go? then here I 'll wait my doom.
Come, raving Phædra; bloody Lycon, come!

I offer

I offer to your rage this worthless life,
Since 'tis no longer my Ismena's care.
Ism. O, haste away, my lord! I go, I fly
Thro' all the dangers of the boist'rous deep.
When the wind whilstles thro' the cracking masts,
When thro' the yawning ship the foaming sea
Rolls bubbling in; then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
And in transporting love forget my fear.
O, I will wander thro' the Scythian gloom,
O'er ice, and hills of everlasting snow;
There, when the horrid darkness shall inclose us,
When the bleak wind shall chill my shiv'ring limbs,
Thou shalt alone supply the distant sun,
And cheer my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.
Hip. Come, let's away, and, like another Jason,
I'll bear my beauteous conquest thro' the seas:
A greater treasure, and a nobler prize
Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, sleep in peace,
Ye monsters of the woods, on Ida's top
Securely roam; no more my early horn
Shall wake the lazy day. Transporting love
Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.
So, when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows scatter'd, and his bow unstrung:
Obscure in coverts lie his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancied boar with feeble sounds;
For nobler sports he quits the savage fields,
And all the hero to the lover yields. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Lycon and Guards.

Lyc. HEAVEN is at last appeas'd: the pitying gods
Have heard our wishes, and auspicious Jove
Smiles on his native isle; for Phædra lives,
Restor'd to Crete, and to herself, she lives:
Joy with fresh strength inspires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
Spreads a fresh rosy bloom; as kindly springs
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
And paint its smiling face with gaudy flow'rs.
But see, she comes, the beauteous Phædra comes!

Enter Phædra and four Ladies.

How her eyes sparkle! how their radiant beams
Confess their shining ancestor the sun!
Your charms to-day will wound despairing crowds,
And give the pains you suffer'd: nay, Hippolitus,
The fierce, the brave, th' insensible Hippolitus,
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And, in his turn, adore.
Phæd. 'Tis flattery all.
Yet, when you name the prince, that flattery's pleasing;
You wish it so, poor good old man, you wish it.
The fertile province of Cydonia's thine:
Is there aught else? has happy Phædra aught
In the wide circle of her far-stretch'd empire?
Ask, take, my friend, secure of no repulse.
Let spacious Crete thro' all her hundred cities
Resound her Phædra's joy. Let altars smoke,
And richest gums, and spice, and incense roll
Their fragrant wreaths to Heaven, to pitying Heaven,
Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms.
Set all at large, and bid the loathsome dungeons
Give up the meagre slaves that pine in darkness
And waste in grief, as did despairing Phædra:
Let them be cheer'd, let the starv'd prisoners riot,
And glow with gen'rous wine.—Let sorrow cease;
Let none be wretched, none, since Phædra's happy.
But now he comes, and with an equal passion
Rewards my flame, and springs into my arms!

Enter Messenger.

Say, where's the prince?
Mess. He's no where to be found.
Phæd. Perhaps he hunts?
Mess. He hunted not to-day.
Phæd. Ha! have you search'd the walks, the courts, the temples?
Mess Search'd all, in vain.
Phæd. Did he not hunt to-day?
Alas! you told me once before he did not:
[*Exit Mess.*
My heart misgives me!
Lyc. So indeed doth mine. Then my fears were true.
Phæd. Could he deceive me? could that godlike youth
Design the ruin of a queen that loves?
O, he 's all truth; his words, his looks, his eyes,
Open to view his inmost thoughts. He comes!
Ha! who art thou? whence com'st thou? where's Hippolitus?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, Hippolitus, with fair Ismena,
Drove tow'rd the port——
Phæd. With fair Ismena!
Curst be her cruel beauty, curst her charms,
Curst all her soothing, fatal, false endearments.
That heavenly virgin, that exalted goodness,
Could see me tortur'd with despairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monstrous suit 'rings,
While her base malice plotted my destruction!
Lyc. A thousand reasons crowd upon my soul
That evidence their love.
Phæd. Yes, yes, they love;
Why else should he refuse my proffer'd bed?
Why should one warm'd with youth, and thirst of glory,
Disdain a soul, a form, a crown like mine?
Lyc. Where, Lycon, where was then thy boasted cunning?
Dull, thoughtless wretch!

Phæd. O pains unfelt before!
The grief, deſpair, the agonies and pangs,
All the wild fury of diſtracted love,
Are nought to this.——Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how did their firſt paſſion riſe?
Where did they breathe their ſighs? what ſhady groves,
What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not; the well-pleas'd ſun
With all his beams ſurvey'd their guiltleſs flame:
Glad zephyrs wafted their untainted ſighs,
And Ida echoed their endearing accents.
While I, the ſhame of nature, hid in darkneſs,
Far from the balmy air and cheering light,
Preſs'd down my ſighs, and dried my falling tears,
Search'd a retreat to mourn, and watch'd to grieve.

Lyc. Now ceaſe that grief, and let your injur'd love
Contrive due vengeance; let majeſtic Phædra,
That lov'd the hero, ſacrifice the villain.
Then haſte, ſend forth your miniſters of vengeance,
To ſnatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful preſence.

Phæd. O rightly thought!—Diſpatch th' attending guards!
Bid them bring forth their inſtruments of death,
Darts, engines, flames—and launch into the deep,
And hurl ſwift vengeance on the perjur'd ſlave.
[*Exit Meſſenger.*
Where am I, Gods? what is 't my rage commands? oars
Ev'n now he's gone; ev'n now the well-tim'd
With ſounding ſtrokes divide the ſparkling waves,
And happy gales aſſiſt their ſpeedy flight.
Now they embrace; and ardent love enflames
Their bluſhing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes,
Now they expoſe my weakneſs and my crimes;
Now to the ſporting crowd they tell my follies.

Enter Cratander.

Crat. Sir, as I went to ſeize the perſons order'd,
I met the prince, and with him fair Iſmena;
I ſeiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

Phæd. Haſte, bring him in.

Lyc. Be quick, and ſeize Iſmena.
[*Exit Cratander.*

Enter Hippolitus, with two Guards.

Phæd. Could'ſt thou deceive me? could a ſon of Theſeus
Stoop to ſo mean, ſo baſe a vice as fraud?
Nay, act ſuch monſtrous perfidy, yet ſtart
From promis'd love?

Hip. My ſoul diſdain'd a promiſe.

Phæd. But yet your falſe, equivocating tongue,
Your looks, your eyes, your ev'ry motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falſehoods.
Look down, O Theſeus, and behold thy ſon,
As Sciron faithleſs, as Procruſtes cruel.
Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monſters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth,
Behold them all in thy own ſon reviv'd.

Hip. Touch not my glory, leſt you ſtain your own:
I ſtill have ſtrove to make my glorious father
Bluſh, yet rejoice, to ſee himſelf outdone;
To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theſeus juſt, and as Camilla chaſte.

Phæd. The godlike Theſeus never was thy parent.
No, 'twas ſome monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the ſcourge, and beaten to her arms,
Begot thee, traitor, on the chaſte Camilla.
Camilla, chaſte! an Amazon, and chaſte!
That quits her ſex, and yet retains her virtue!
See the chaſte matron mount the neighing ſteed;
In ſtrict embraces lock the ſtruggling warrior,
And chooſe the lover in the ſturdy foe!

Enter Meſſenger, and ſeems to talk earneſtly with Lycon.

Hip. No; She refus'd the vows of godlike Theſeus,
And choſe to ſtand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermodoon
Heard the huge ſtrokes reſound; its frighted waves
Convey'd the rattling din to diſtant ſhores,
While ſhe alone ſupported all his war;
Nor, till ſhe ſunk beneath his thund'ring arm,
Beneath which warlike nations bow'd, would
To honeſt, with'd-for love. [yield

Phæd. Not ſo her ſon,
Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one deſcended from the cruel Pallas,
Foe to thy father's perſon and his blood:
Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
The laſt of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce ſucceſſive hatred reign'd
Between your ſires; in vain, like Cadmus' race,
With mingled blood they dyed the bluſhing earth.

Hip. In vain indeed, ſince now the war is o'er:
We, like the Theban race, agree to love,
And by our mutual flames and future offſpring
Atone for ſlaughter paſt.

Phæd. Your future offſpring!
Heavens, what a medley's this! what dark confuſion
Of blood and death, of murder and relation!
What joy 't had been to old, diſabled Theſeus,
When he ſhould take the offſpring in his arms!
Even in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And be upbraided with his grandſire's fate.
O barbarous youth!

Lyc. Too barbarous, I fear. [*Diſtant ſhout.*
Perhaps e'en now his faction's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rds the palace,
And rend the city with tumultuous clamours!
Perhaps to murder Phædra and her ſon,
And give the crown to him and his Iſmena.
But I 'll prevent it. [*Exit.*

Iſmena.

Ismena brought in by two Gentlemen.

Phæd. What! the kind Ismena,
That nurs'd me, watch'd my sickness! O, she watch'd me,
As rav'nous vultures watch the dying lion,
To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.
Hark, hark, my little infant cries for justice!
O, be appeas'd, my babe, thou shalt have justice!
Now all the spirits of my godlike race
Inflame my soul, and urge me on to vengeance.
Arsamnes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging sun,
Inspire my fury, and demand my justice.
O, you shall have it; thou, Minos, shalt applaud it.
Yes, thou shalt copy it in their pains below.
God of revenge, arise! He comes, he comes;
And shoots himself thro' all my kindling blood.
I have it here!—Now, base, perfidious wretch,
Now sigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
Yes, your Ismena shall appease my vengeance.
Ismena dies; and thou, her pitying lover,
Doom'd her to death.—Thou too shalt see her bleed,
See her convulsive pangs, and hear her dying groans:
Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Ismena,
And laugh at dying Phædra.

Hip. O Ismena! [death,

Ism. Alas! my tender soul would shrink at
Shake with its fears, and sink beneath its pains
In any cause but this.—But now I 'm steel'd,
And the near danger lessens to my sight.
Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
And with an equal joy I 'll die to save him.
Yes, for his sake, I'll go a willing shade,
And wait his coming in th' Elysian fields;
And there enquire of each descending ghost
Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour;
That dear remembrance will improve the bliss,
Add to th' Elysian joys, and make that Heaven more happy.

Hip. O heavenly virgin! [*Aside.*] O imperial Phædra,
Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But spare, O spare a guiltless virgin's life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
Think with what warm compassion she bemoan'd you;
Think how she serv'd and watch'd you in your sickness;
How ev'ry rising and descending sun
Saw kind Ismena watching o'er the queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, should feel you justice.

Ism. O! by those pow'rs, to whom I soon must answer
For all my faults; by that bright arch of heaven
I now last see, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by ev'ry female art,
Wrought his disdaining soul to false compliance.
The son of Theseus could not think of fraud;
'Twas woman all.

Phæd. I see 'twas woman all:
And woman's fraud should meet with woman's vengeance.
But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue shock me:
A love so warm, so firm, so like my own.
O! had the gods so pleas'd, had bounteous Heaven
Bestow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
So had I stood the shock of angry fate;
So had I given my life with joy to save him.

Hip. And can you doom her death? can Minos' daughter
Condemn the virtue which her soul admires?
Are not you Phædra—once the boast of fame,
Shame of our sex, and pattern of your own?

Phæd. Am I that Phædra? no, another soul
Informs my alter'd frame. Could else Ismena
Provoke my hatred, yet deserve my love?
Aid me, ye gods! support my sinking glory,
Restore my reason, and confirm my virtue.
Yet, is my rage unjust? then, why was Phædra
Rescued for torment, and preserv'd for pain?
Why did you raise me to the height of joy,
Above the wreck of clouds and storms below,
To dash and break me on the ground for ever?

Ism. Was it not time to urge him to compliance,
At least to feign it, when perfidious Lycon
Confin'd his person, and conspir'd his death?

Phæd. Confin'd and doom'd to death!——O cruel Lycon!
Could I have doom'd thy death? could these sad eyes,
That lov'd thee living, e'er behold thee dead?
Yet thou couldst see me die without concern,
Rather than save a wretched queen from ruin.
Else could you choose to trust the warring winds,
The swelling waves, the rocks, the faithless sands,
And all the raging monsters of the deep?
O! think you see me on the naked shore;
Think how I scream, and tear my scatter'd hair;
Break from the embraces of my shrieking maids,
And harrow on the sand my bleeding bosom;
Then catch with wide-stretch'd arms the empty billows,
And headlong plunge into the gaping deep!

Hip. O dismal state! my bleeding heart relents,
And all my thoughts dissolve in tend'rest pity.

Phæd. If you can pity, O refuse not love!
But stoop to rule in Crete, the seat of heroes,
And nursery of gods. A hundred cities
Court thee for lord, where the rich, busy crowds
Struggle for passage thro' the spacious streets;
Where thousand ships o'ershade the less'ning main,
And tire the lab'ring wind. The suppliant nations
Bow to its ensigns, and with lower'd sails
Confess the ocean's queen. For thee alone
The winds shall blow, and the vast ocean roll.
For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors
From twanging yews shall send their fatal shafts.

Hip. Then let me march their leader, not their prince;
And at the head of your renown'd Cydonians
Brandish this far-fam'd sword of conquering Theseus;
That I may shake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke
From Asia's neck, and fix it on his own;
That willing nations may obey your laws,
And your bright ancestor, the sun, may shine
On nought but Phædra's empire.

Phæd. Why not thine?
Doſt thou ſo far deteſt my proffer'd bed,
As to refuſe my crown?—O cruel youth!
By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd ſoul,
By all the dear, deceitful hopes you gave me,
O eaſe, at leaſt once more delude, my ſorrows.
For your dear ſake I've loſt my darling honour;
For you but now I gave my ſoul to death;
For you I 'd quit my crown, and ſtoop beneath
The happy bondage of an humble wife;
With thee I 'd climb the ſteepy Ida's ſummit,
And in the ſcorching heat and chilling dews,
O'er hills, o'er vales, purſue the ſhaggy lion.
Careleſs of danger, and of waſting toil,
Of pinching hunger, and impatient thirſt,
I 'll find all joys in thee.

Hip. Why ſtoops the queen
To aſk, entreat, to ſupplicate, and pray,
To proſtitute her crown and ſex's honour,
To one whoſe humble thoughts can only riſe
To be your ſlave, not lord?

Phæd. And is that all?
See if he deign to force an artful groan,
Or call a tear from his unwilling eyes!
Hard as his native rocks, cold as his ſword,
Fierce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth!
He hates the tyrant, and the ſuppliant ſcorns.
O Heaven! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
Do ye not bluſh at my degenerate weakneſs?
Hence, lazy, mean, ignoble paſſions, fly! [ever,
Hence from my ſoul—'Tis gone, 'tis fled for
And Heaven inſpires my thoughts with righteous vengeance.
Thou ſhalt no more deſpiſe my offer'd love;
No more Iſmena ſhall upbraid my weakneſs.
[*Catches Hippolitus' ſword to ſtab herſelf.*
Now, all ye kindred gods, look down and ſee
How I 'll revenge you, and myſelf, on Phædra.

Enter Lycon, and ſnatches away the ſword.

Lyc. Horror on horror! Theſeus is return'd!

Phæd. Theſeus! then what have I to do with life?
May I be ſnatch'd with winds, by earth o'erwhelm'd,
Rather than view the face of injur'd Theſeus!
Now wider ſtill my growing horrors ſpread,
My fame, my virtue, nay my phrenſy's fled:
Then view thy wretched race, imperial Jove,
If crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move;
On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
Me if your anger ſpares, your pity ſhould deſtroy.
[*Runs off.*

Lyc. This may do ſervice yet.
[*Exit Lycon, who carries off the ſword.*

Hip. Is he return'd? thanks to the pitying gods!
Shall I again behold his awful eyes?
Again be folded in his loving arms?
Yet in the midſt of joy I fear for Phædra;
I fear his warmth and unrelenting juſtice.
O! ſhould her raging paſſion reach his ears,
His tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
To burning rage; [*Trumpets ſound.*] as ſoft Cydonian oil,
Whoſe balmy juice glides o'er th' untaſting tongue,
Yet, touch'd with fire, with hotteſt flames will blaze.
But, O ye pow'rs! I ſee his godlike form!—
O ecſtaſy of joy! he comes! he comes!

Enter Theſeus, Officer, and Guards.

Is it my lord? my father? O, 'tis he!
I ſee him, touch him, feel his own embraces;
See all the father in his joyful eyes.
Where have you been, my lord? what angry demon
Hid you from Crete? from me? what god has ſav'd you?
Did not Philotas ſee you fall? O, anſwer me;
And then I'll aſk a thouſand queſtions more.

Theſ. No; but to ſave my life I feign'd my death:
My horſe and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
And hinder'd farther ſearch. This honeſt Greek
Conceal'd me in his houſe, and cur'd my wounds;
Procur'd a veſſel, and, to bleſs me more,
Accompanied my flight———
But this at leiſure. Let me now indulge
A father's fondneſs; let me ſnatch thee thus,
Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, ſuch, was I
[*Embraces Hippolitus.*
When firſt I ſaw thy mother, chaſte Camilla;
And much ſhe lov'd me. O! did Phædra view me,
With half that fondneſs!——But ſhe's ſtill unkind,
Elſe haſty joy had brought her to theſe arms,
To welcome me to liberty, to life,
And make that life a bleſſing. Come, my ſon,
Let us to Phædra.

Hip. Pardon me, my lord.

Theſ. Forget her former treatment, ſhe's too good
Still to perſiſt in hatred to my ſon.

Hip. O! let me fly from Crete—from you—
[*Aſide.*] and Phædra.

Theſ. My ſon, what means this turn? this ſudden ſtart?
Why would you fly from Crete, and from your father?

Hip. Not from my father, but from lazy Crete,
To follow danger, and acquire renown;
To quell the monſters that eſcap'd your ſword,
And make the world confeſs me Theſeus' ſon.

Theſ. What can this coldneſs mean?—Retire, my ſon. [*Exit Hippolitus.*
While I attend the queen.—What ſhock is this?
Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my heart?
Why am I thrill'd with fear, till now unknown?
Where's now the joy, the ecſtaſy and tranſport,
That warm'd my ſoul, and urg'd me on to Phædra?
O, had I never lov'd her, I'd been bleſt.
Sorrow and joy in love alternate reign;
Sweet is the bliſs, diſtracting is the pain.
So when the Nile its fruitful deluge ſpreads,
And genial heat informs its ſlimy beds;

Here

Here yellow harvests crown the fertile plain,
There monstrous serpents fright the lab'ring swain:
A various product fills the fatten'd sand,
And the same floods enrich and curse the land.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Lycon solus.

Lyc. THIS may gain time till all my wealth 's embark'd,
To ward my foes' revenge, and finish mine,
To shake that empire which I can't possess.
But then the queen—she dies—why let her die;
Let wide destruction seize on all together,
So Lycon live——a safe, triumphant exile,
Great in disgrace, and envied in his fall. [sions.
The queen! then try thy art, and work her pas-

Enter Phædra and Ladies.

Draw her to act what most her soul abhors,
Possess her whole, and speak thyself in Phædra.
Phæd. Off, let me loose; why cruel, barb'rous maids, [fuge,
Why am I barr'd from death, the common re-
That spreads its hospitable arms for all?
Why must I drag th' insufferable load
Of foul dishonour, and despairing love?
O length of pain! am I so often dying,
And yet not dead? feel I so oft death's pangs,
Nor once can find its ease?
Lyc. Would you now die?
Now quit the field to your insulting foe?
Then shall he triumph o'er your blasted name:
Ages to come, the universe shall learn
The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
And the poor babe, the idol of your soul,
The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
Shall bear your shame, shall sink beneath your faults,
Inherit your disgrace, but not your crown.
Phæd. Must he too fall, involv'd in my destruction,
And only live to curse the name of Phædra?
O dear, unhappy babe! must I bequeath thee
Only a sad inheritance of woe?
Gods! cruel gods! can 't all my pains atone,
Unless they reach my infant's guiltless head?
O lost estate! when life 's so sharp a torment,
And death itself can 't ease! Assist me, Lycon;
Advise, speak comfort to my troubled soul.
Lyc. 'Tis you must drive that trouble from your soul;
As streams when damm'd forget their ancient current,
And wand'ring o'er their banks in other channels flow;
'Tis you must bend your thoughts from hopeless love,
And turn their course to Theseus' happy bosom,
And crown his eager hopes with wish'd enjoyment:
Then with fresh charms adorn your troubled
Display the beauties first inspir'd his soul, [looks,
Sooth with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.
Phæd. Impossible! what, woo him with these eyes,
Still wet with tears that flow'd—but not for Theseus?
This tongue, so us'd to sound another name?
What, take him to my arms? O awful Juno!
Touch, love, cares him, while my wand'ring fancy
On other objects strays? a lewd adultress
In the chaste bed? and in the father's arms,
(O horrid thought! O execrable incest!)
Ev'n in the father's arms, embrace the son?
Lyc. Yet you must see him, lest impatient love
Should urge his temper to too nice a search,
And ill-tim'd absence should disclose your crime.
Phæd. Could I, when present to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild disorders of my soul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my speech betray me?
Betray thee, Phædra! then thou 'rt not betray'd.
Live, live secure, adoring Crete conceals thee;
Thy pious love, and most endearing goodness
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to silence.
O wretched Phædra! O ill-guarded secret!
To foes alone discios'd!
Lyc. I needs must fear them, [tions.
Spite of their vows, their oaths, their imprecaPhæd. Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail?
I too have sworn, ev'n at the alter sworn,
Eternal love and endless faith to Theseus;
And yet am false, forsworn: the hallowed shrine
That heard me swear, is witness to my falsehood.
The youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he shall tell the fault himself inspir'd:
The fatal eloquence that charm'd my soul
Shall lavish all its arts to my destruction
Lyc. Hippolitus—
O, he will tell it all!—destruction seize him!
With seeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And, more to blacken, will excuse your folly;
False tears shall wet his unrelenting eyes,
And his glad heart with artful sighs shall heave.
Then Theseus——how will indignation swell
His mighty heart! how his majestic frame
Will shake with rage too fierce, too swift for vent!!
While the proud Scythian——
How he 'll expose you to the public scorn,
And loathing crowds shall murmur out their horror!
Then the fierce Scythian—now methinks I see
His fiery eyes with sullen pleasures glow,
Survey your tortures, and insult your pangs;
I see him, smiling on the pleas'd Ismena,
Point out with scorn the once-proud tyrant Phædra.
Phæd. Curst be his name! may infamy attend him!
May swift destruction fall upon his head,
Hurl'd by the hand of those he most adores!
Lyc. By heaven, prophetic truth inspires your tongue:

He

He shall endure the shame he means to give;
For all the torments which he heaps on you,
With just revenge, shall Theseus turn on him.
Phæd. Is 't possible? O Lycon! O my refuge!
O good old man! thou oracle of wisdom!
Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.
Lyc. Accuse him first.
Phæd. O heavens! accuse the guiltless?
Lyc. Then be accus'd; let Theseus know your crime:
Let lasting infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall——
Shake off this idle lethargy of pity;
With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
Preserve your glory, and secure your vengeance:
Be yours the fruit, security and ease;
The guilt, the danger, and the labour mine.
Phæd. Heavens! Theseus comes.
Lyc. Declare your last resolves.
Phæd. Do you resolve, for Phædra can do nothing. [*Exit Phædra.*
Lyc. Now, Lycon, heighten his impatient love,
Now raise his pity, now inflame his rage,
Quicken his hopes, then quish 'em with despair;
Work his tumultous passions into phrensy;
Unite them all, then turn them on the foe.

Enter Theseus.

Thes. Was that my queen, my wife, my idol Phædra?
Does she still shun me? O injurious Heaven!
Why did you give me back again to life?
Why did you save me from the rage of battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal hatred?
Lyc. Her hatred! no; she loves you with such fondness
As none but that of Theseus e'er could equal:
Yet, so the Gods have doom'd, so Heaven will have it, [more.
She ne'er must view her much-lov'd Theseus
Thes. Not see her! By my suff'rings but I will,
Tho' troops embattled should oppose my passage,
And ready death shall guard the fatal way.
Not see her! O! I 'll clasp her in these arms,
Break thro' the idle bands that yet have held me,
And seize the joys my honest love may claim.
Lyc. Is this a time for joy, when Phædra's grief——
Thes. Is this a time for grief? Is this my welcome
To air, to life, to liberty, and Crete?
Not this I hop'd, when, urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms;
Then, to my thoughts, relenting Phædra flew
With open arms to welcome my return;
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my rashness,
And made me swear to venture out no more.
Oh! my warm soul, my boiling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet untasted joys;
New pleasures fill'd my mind; all dangers, pains,
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were lost.
And does she now avoid my eager love?
Pursue me still with unrelenting hatred?
Invent new pain? detest, loath, shun my sight?
Fly my return, and sorrow for my safety?

Lyc. O, think not so! for, by th' unerring gods,
When first I told her of your wish'd return,
When the lov'd sound of Theseus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name she rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and wat'ry eyes to heaven,
To bless the bounteous gods: at that dear name
The raging tempest of her grief was calm'd;
Her sighs were hush'd, and tears forgot to flow.
Thes. Did my return bring comfort for her sorrow?
Then haste, conduct me to the lovely mourner.
O, I will kiss the pearly drops away;
Suck from her rosy lips the fragrant sighs;
With other sighs her panting breast shall heave,
With other dews her swimming eyes shall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart shall beat,
And all her sorrows shall be lost in love.
Lyc. Does Theseus burn with such unheard of passion?
And shall not she with out-stretch'd arms receive him,
And with an equal ardour meet his vows,
The vows of one so dear? O righteous gods!
Why must the bleeding heart of Theseus bear
Such tort'ring pangs? while Phædra, dead to love,
Now with accusing eyes on angry heaven
Steadfastly gazes, and upbraids the gods;
Now with dumb piercing grief, and humble shame,
Fixes her gloomy wat'ry orbs to earth; [skies
Now bursts with swelling anguish, rends the
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs.
Thes. Wrongs? is she wrong'd? and lives he yet who wrong'd her?
Lyc. He lives, so great, so happy, so belov'd,
That Phædra scarce can hope, scarce wish, revenge.
Thes. Shall Theseus live, and not revenge his Phædra?
Gods! shall this arm, renown'd for righteous vengeance,
For quelling tyrants, and redressing wrongs,
Now fail? now first, when Phædra's injur'd, fail?
"O let us haste"—
Speak, Lycon, haste; declare the secret villain,
The wretch so meanly base to injure Phædra,
So rashly brave to dare the sword of Theseus.
Lyc. I dare not speak, but sure her wrongs are mighty.
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her sighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears,
Make me suspect her monstrous grief will end her.
Thes. End her! end Theseus first, and all mankind;
But most that villain, that detested slave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch.
Lyc. O noble heat of unexampled love!
This Phædra hop'd, when, in the midst of grief,
In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming sorrows,
She, groaning, still invok'd, still call'd on Theseus.
Thes. Did she then name me? did the weeping charmer
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theseus?
O! that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.

Why

Why then this ſtay? I come, I fly, O Phædra!
Lead on.——Now, dark diſturber of my peace,
If now thou 'rt known, what luxury of ven-
geance! [haſte, lead, conduct me.

Lyc. O! I beg you ſtay.

Theſ. What, ſtay when Phædra calls?

Lyc. O! on my knees,
By all the gods, my lord, I beg you ſtay;
"O! I conjure you ſtay,"
As you reſpect your peace, your life, your glory;
As Phædra's days are precious to your ſoul;
By all your love, by Phædra's ſorrows, ſtay.

Theſ. Where lies the danger? wherefore ſhould
I ſtay?

Lyc. Your ſudden preſence would ſurpriſe her
ſoul,
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,
Revive her ſorrow, indignation, ſhame;
And all your ſon would ſtrike her from your eyes.

Theſ. My ſon!—But he 's too good, too brave
to wrong her.
Whence then that ſhocking change, that ſtrong
ſurpriſe, [dra?
That fright that ſeiz'd him at the name of Phæ-

Lyc. Was he ſurpris'd? that ſhew'd at leaſt
remorſe.

Theſ. Remorſe! for what? by Heavens, my
troubled thoughts
Preſage ſome dire attempts—ſay, what remorſe?

Lyc. I would not—yet I muſt: this you com-
mand;
This Phædra orders; thrice her falt'ring tongue
Bad me unfold the guilty ſcene to Theſeus;
Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my ſpeed, and chid my raſh obedience,
Leſt the unwelcome tale ſhould wound your
peace.
At laſt, with looks ſerenely ſad, ſhe cried,
Go, tell it all; but in ſuch artful words,
Such tender accents, and ſuch melting ſounds,
As may appeaſe his rage, and move his pity;
As may incline him to forgive his ſon
A grievous fault, but ſtill a fault of love.

Theſ. Of love? what ſtrange ſuſpicions rack
my ſoul!
As you regard my peace, declare what love!

Lyc. Thus urg'd, I muſt declare. Yet, pity-
ing Heaven!
Why muſt I ſpeak? why muſt unwilling Lycon
Accuſe the prince of impious love to Phædra?

Theſ. Love to his mother! to the wife of
Theſeus! [eyes,

Lyc. Yes; at the moment firſt he view'd her
Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands,
His eaſy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
And from that time he preſs'd her with his paſſion.

Theſ. Then 't was for this ſhe baniſh'd him
from Crete;
I thought it hatred all. O righteous hatred!
Forgive me, Heaven! forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
That I in ſecret have condemn'd thy juſtice.
O! 'twas all juſt; and Theſeus ſhall revenge,
Ev'n on his ſon, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

Lyc. What eaſy tools are theſe blunt, honeſt
heroes,
Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the ſtateſman's art prepares,
And poſt to ruin!—Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd juſtice on thy ſon,
Next on thyſelf, and both make way for Lycon.
[*Aſide.*

Theſ. Ha! am I ſure ſhe 's wrong'd? perhaps
'tis malice.
Slave, make it clear, make good your accuſation,
Or treble fury ſhall revenge my ſon.

Lyc. Am I then doubted, can Phædra or your
Lycon
Be thought to forge ſuch execrable falſehoods?
Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
Can you ſuſpect her truth? O godlike Theſeus!
Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra?
Is this her hop'd-for aid? Go, wretched matron,
Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitying heavens
With thy vain ſorrows; ſince relentleſs Theſeus,
Thy hope, thy refuge, Theſeus will not hear thee.

Theſ. Not hear my Phædra! not revenge her
wrongs!
Speak, make thy proofs; and then his doom 's as
fix'd
As when Jove nods, and high Olympus ſhakes,
And fate his voice obeys.

Lyc. Yet ſtay, bear witneſs, Heaven!
[*Fetches a ſword.*
With what reluctance I produce this ſword,
This fatal proof againſt the unhappy prince,
Leſt it ſhould work your juſtice to his ruin,
And prove he aim'd at force as well as inceſt.

Theſ. Gods! 'tis illuſion all! Is this the ſword
By which Procruſtes, Sciron, Pallas fell?
Is this the weapon which my darling ſon
Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour?
Now, faithful youth, thou nobly haſt fulfill'd
Thy gen'rous promiſe. O moſt injur'd Phædra!
Why did I truſt to his deceitful form?
Why blame thy juſtice, or ſuſpect thy truth?

Lyc. Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
Seen his arm lock'd in her diſhevell'd hair,
That weapon glitt'ring o'er her trembling boſom,
Whilſt ſhe with ſcreams refus'd his impious
love,
Entreating death, and riſing to the wound!
O! had you ſeen her, when th' affrighted youth
Retir'd at your approach; had you then ſeen her,
In the chaſte tranſports of becoming fury,
Seize on the ſword to pierce her guiltleſs boſom!
Had you ſeen this, you could not doubt her
truth.

Theſ. O impious monſter! O, forgive me,
Phædra!
And may the gods inſpire my injur'd ſoul
With equal vengeance that may ſuit his crimes!

Lyc. For Phædra's ſake forbear to talk of
vengeance;
That with new pains would wound her tender
breaſt.
Send him away from Crete; and by his abſence
Give Phædra quiet, and afford him mercy.

Theſ. Mercy! for what? O well has he re-
warded
Poor Phædra's mercy.—O moſt barb'rous traitor!

To

To wrong such beauty and insult such goodness.
Mercy! what's that? a virtue coin'd by villains,
Who praise the weakness which supports their crimes.
Be mute, and fly; lest, when my rage is rous'd,
Thou for thyself in vain implore my mercy.
Lyc. Dull fool! I laugh at mercy more than thou dost,
More than I do the justice thou 'rt so fond of.
Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue;
Now boast thy race, and laugh at earth-born Lycon. [*Aside, and Exit.*

Enter Hippolitus.

Thes. Yet can it be? Is this th' incestuous villain?
How great his presence, how erect his look!
How ev'ry grace, how all his virtuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes!
O Neptune! O great founder of our race!
Why was he fram'd with such a godlike look?
Why wears he not some most detested form,
Baleful to sight, as horrible to thought;
That I might act my justice without grief,
Punish the villain, not regret the son?
Hip. May I presume to ask, what secret care
Broods in your breast, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes those angry beams,
And fright Hippolitus they us'd to cheer?
Thes. Answer me first. When call'd to wait on Phædra,
What sudden fear surpris'd your troubled soul?
Why did your ebbing blood forsake your cheeks
Why did you hasten from your father's arms,
To shun the queen, your duty bids you please?
Hip. My lord, to please the queen I'm forc'd to shun her,
And keep this hated object from her sight.
Thes. Say, what's the cause of her invet'rate hatred?
Hip. My lord, as yet I never gave her cause.
Thes. O were it so! [*Aside.*] When last did you attend her?—
Hip. When last attend her?—O unhappy queen!
Your error's known, yet I disdain to wrong you,
Or to betray a fault myself have caus'd. [*Aside.*
When last attend her?—
Thes. Answer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.
Hip. My lord, this very morn I saw the queen.
Thes. What pass'd?
Hip. I ask'd permission to retire.
Thes. And was that all?—
Hip. My lord, I humbly beg,
With the most low submissions, ask no more.
Thes. Yet you don't answer, with your low submissions.
Answer, or never hope to see me more.
Hip. Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor queen's betray'd, and lost for ever. [*Aside.*
Thes. He changes, gods! and falters at the question.
His fears, his words, his looks declare him guilty. [*Aside.*
Hip. Why do you frown, my lord? why turn away
As from some loathsome monster, not your son?
Thes. Thou art that monster, and no more my son.
Not one of those of the most horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth,
Was half so shocking to my sight as thou.
Hip. Where am I, gods? is that my father Theseus?
Am I awake? am I Hippolitus?
Thes. Thou art that fiend, thou art Hippolitus,
Thou art———O fall, O fatal stain to honour!
How had my vain imagination form'd thee!
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos just.
Sometimes it led me thro' the maze of war;
There it survey'd thee ranging thro' the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out destruction:
Sometimes with wholesome laws reforming states;
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty,
While you———
Hip. With all my father's soul inspir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirst of early honour,
To hunt thro' bloody fields the chace of glory,
And bless your age with trophies like your own.
Gods, how that warm'd me! how my throbbing heart
Leap'd to the image of my father's joy,
When you should strain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with sobbing joys,
Commend my valour, and confess your son!
How did I think my glorious toil o'erpaid!
Then great indeed, and in my father's love
With more than conquest crown'd,
Cry, go on, Hippolitus!
Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practise the strictest and austerest virtue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos:
Theseus, thy father Theseus, will reward thee.
Thes. Reward thee!—yes, as Minos would reward thee.
Was Minos then thy pattern? and did Minos,
The great, the good, the just, the righteous Minos,
The judge of hell, and oracle of earth,
Did he inspire adultery, force, and incest?

Ismena appears.

Ism. Ha! what 's this? [*Aside.*
Hip. Amazement! incest?
Thes. Incest with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra.
Hip. This charge, so unexpected, so amazing,
So new, so strange, impossible to thought,
Stuns my astonish'd soul, and ties my voice.
Thes. Then let this wake thee, this once glorious sword,
With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,

Not

Not for this purpose. O abandon'd slave!
O early villain, most detested coward!
With this, my instrument of youthful glory,
With this t' invade the spotless Phædra's honour!
Phædra, my life, my better half, my queen!
That very Phædra! for whose just defence
The gods would claim thy sword.

Hip. Amazement! death!
Heavens! durst I raise the far-fam'd sword of Theseus
Against his queen, against my mother's bosom?

Thes. If not, declare when, where, and how you lost it?
How Phædra gain'd it?—O all ye gods, he's silent!
Why was it bar'd? whose bosom was it aim'd at?
What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing cheeks,
Thy hand, heart, eyes? O villain! monstrous villain!

Hip. Is there no way, no thought, no beam of light?
No clue to guide me thro' this gloomy maze,
To clear my honour, yet preserve my faith?
None, none, ye pow'rs! and must I groan beneath
This execrable load of foul dishonour?
Must Theseus suffer such unheard-of torture?
Theseus, my father! No. I'll break thro' all:
All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,
I 'll give them to the winds. Hear me, my lord;
Hear your wrong'd son. The sword—O fatal vow,
Ensnaring oaths—and thou, rash thoughtless fool,
To bind thyself in voluntary chains!
Yet to thy fatal trust continue firm!
Beneath disgrace, tho' infamous, yet honest.
Yet hear me, father:—May the righteous gods
Show'r all their curses on this wretched head!
O, may they doom me———

Thes. Yes, the gods will doom thee.
The sword, the sword!—Now swear, and call to witness
Heaven, hell, and earth, I mark it not from one
That breathes beneath such complicated guilt.

Hip. Was that like guilt, when, with expanded arms,
I sprang to meet you at your wish'd return?
Does this appear like guilt, when thus serene,
With eyes erect, and visage unappall'd,
Fix'd on that awful face, I stand the charge,
Amaz'd, not fearing? Say, if I am guilty,
Where are the conscious looks, the face now pale,
Now flushing red, the downcast haggard eyes,
Or fix'd on earth, or slowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then sunk again with horror?

Thes. This is for raw, untaught, unfinish'd villains.
Thou in thy bloom hast reach'd th' abhorr'd perfection;
Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,
The beauteous stamp (O Heavens!) of faultless virtue,
While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed!
O harden'd fiend! I'll hear no more!
Disturb thy soul, or ruffle thy smooth brow!
What! no remorse? no qualms? no pricking pangs?
No feeble struggle of rebelling honour?
O! 'twas thy joy, thy secret hoard of bliss,
To dream, to ponder, act it o'er in thought;
To dote, to dwell on; as rejoicing misers
Brood o'er their precious stores of secret gold.

Hip. Must I not speak? Then say, unerring Heaven,
Why was I born with such a thirst of glory?
Why did this morning dawn to my dishonour?
Why did not pitying fate with ready death
Prevent the guilty day?

Thes. Guilty indeed.
Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
And such a father (O immortal gods!)
As held thee dearer than his life and glory!
When thou shouldst rend the skies with clam'rous grief,
Beat thy sad breast, and tear thy starting hair;
Then to my bed to force your impious way;
With horrid lust t' insult my yet warm urn;
Make me the scorn of hell, and sport for fiends!
These are the fun'ral honours paid to Theseus,
These are the sorrows, these the hallow'd rites,
To which you 'd call your father's hov'ring spirit.

Enter Ismena.

Ism. Hear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom: [*Turning to Theseus.*
Hear one that comes to shield his injur'd honour,
And guard his life with hazard of her own.

Thes. Tho' thou 'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
Tho' ev'n thy beauty's loathsome to my eyes,
Yet justice bids me hear thee.

Ism. Thus I thank you. [*Kneels.*
Then know, mistaken prince, his honest soul
Could ne'er be sway'd by impious love to Phædra,
Since I before engag'd his early vows;
With all my wiles subdued his struggling heart,
For long his duty struggled with his love.

Thes. Speak, is this true? on thy obedience speak.

Hip. So charg'd, I own the dang'rous truth; I own,
Against her will, I lov'd the fair Ismena.

Thes. Canst thou be only clear'd by disobedience,
And justified by crimes? What, love my foe!
Love one descended from a race of tyrants,
Whose blood yet reeks on my avenging sword!
I 'm curst each moment I delay thy fate.
Haste to the shades, and tell the happy Pallas
Ismena's flames, and let him taste such joys
As thou giv'st me; go, tell applauding Minos
The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
Tell it the chatt'ring ghosts, and hissing furies,
Tell it the grinning fiends, till hell sound nothing
To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra, thy mother Phædra!
Here, guards!

Enter

Enter Cratander and Guards.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty sword,
Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at least, like Theseus' son.
Take him away, and execute my orders.
Hip. Heavens! how that strikes me! how it wounds my soul
To think of your unutterable sorrows,
When you shall find Hippolitus was guiltless!
Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
When you shall mourn your son's unhappy fate,
O, I beseech you by the love you bore me,
With my last words (my words will then prevail),
O, for my sake, forbear to touch your life,
Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theseus.
Let all my virtues, all my joys survive
Fresh in your breast, but be my woes forgot;
The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
O, let me dwell for ever in your thoughts;
Let me be honour'd still, but not deplor'd.
Thes. Then thy chief care is for thy father's life?
O blooming hypocrite! O young dissembler!
Well hast thou shewn the care thou tak'st of Theseus.
O all ye gods! how this inflames my fury!
I scarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
Tremble to reach thee. No, dishonour'd Theseus,
Blot not thy fame with such a monster's blood.
Snatch him away.
Hip. Lead on. Farewel, Ismena.
[*Exit guarded.*
Ism. O! take me with him, let me share his fate.
O awful Theseus! yet revoke his doom.
See, see the very ministers of death,
Tho' bred to blood, yet shrink, and wish to save him.
Thes. Slaves, villains, drag her away.
Ism. O, tear me, cut me, till my sever'd limbs
Grow to my Lord, and share the pains he suffers.
Thes. Villains, away!
Ism. O Theseus! hear me, hear me!
Thes. Away, nor taint me with thy loathsome touch.
Off, woman!
Ism. O let me stay! I 'll tell you all!
[*Exit Theseus.*
Already gone! Tell it, ye conscious walls;
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
Resound it, Fame, with all your hundred tongues.
O hapless youth! all heaven conspires against you.
The conscious walls conceal the fatal secret;
Th' untainted winds refuse th' infecting load;
And Fame itself is mute. Nay, ev'n Ismena,
Thy own Ismena 's sworn to thy destruction.
But still whate'er the cruel gods design,
In the same fate our equal stars combine,
And he who dooms thy death pronounces mine.
Thes. Too well I know the truth;
What could she tell me but fictitious art,
By woman's art deriv'd to turn the course
Of justice from a wretch, whose death both gods
And men demand of Theseus!

ACT V.

Enter Phædra and Lycon.

Lyc. Accuse yourself! On my knees I beg you,
By all the gods, recal the fatal message.
Heavens! will you stand the dreaded rage of Theseus,
And brand your fame, and work your own destruction?
Phæd. By thee I 'm branded, and by thee destroy'd;
Thou bosom serpent, thou alluring fiend!
Yet sha'n't you boast the miseries you cause,
Nor 'scape the ruin you have brought on all.
Lyc. Was it not your command? has faithful Lycon
E'er spoke, e'er thought, design'd, contriv'd, or acted,
Has he done aught, without the queen's consent?
Phæd. Plead'st thou consent to what thou first inspir'dst?
Was that consent? O senseless politician!
When adverse passions struggled in my breast,
When anger, fear, love, sorrow, guilt, despair,
Drove out my reason, and usurp'd my soul!
Yet this consent you plead, O faithless Lycon!
O, only zealous for the fame of Phædra!
With this you blot my name and clear your own;
And what's my phrensy shall be call'd my crime.
What then is thine, thou cool, delib'rate villain,
Thou wise, fore-thinking, weighing politician!
Lyc. O! 'twas so black a charge, my tongue recoil'd
At its own sound, and horror shook my soul;
Yet still, tho' pierc'd with such amazing anguish,
Such was my zeal, so much I lov'd my queen,
I broke thro' all, to save the life of Phædra.
Phæd. What 's life? O all ye gods! can life atone
For all the monstrous crimes by which it 's bought?
O can I live, when thou, O soul of honour!
O early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd?
Perhaps ev'n now the great, unhappy youth;
Falls by the sordid hands of butchering villains;
Now, now he bleeds, he dies! ——O perjur'd traitor!
See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
And Nature sallies in unbidden groans!
Now mortal pangs distort his lovely form,
His rosy beauties fade, his starry eyes
Now darkling swim, and fix their closing beams;
Now in short gasps his lab'ring spirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his falt'ring tongue,
And struggles into sound. Hear, monster, hear!
With his last breath he curses perjur'd Phædra;
He summons Phædra to the bar of Minos;
Thou too shalt there appear; to torture thee
Whole hell shall be employ'd, and suff'ring Phædra
Shall

Shall find ſome eaſe, to ſee thee ſtill more wretched.
Lyc. O all ye pow'rs! O Phædra! hear me, hear me:
By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,
By thoſe unhappy crimes I wrought to ſerve you,
By theſe old wither'd limbs, and hoary hairs,
By all my tears.—O heavens! ſhe minds me not;
She hears not my complaints. O wretched Lycon!
To what art thou réſerv'd?
Phæd. Reſerv'd to all
The ſharpeſt, ſloweſt pains that earth can furniſh,
To all I wiſh——on Phædra——Guards, ſecure him.

Enter Guards. Lycon carried off.

Ha, Theſeus!—Gods! my freezing blood congeals,
And all my thoughts, deſigns, and words are loſt.

Enter Theſeus.

Theſ. Doſt thou at laſt repent? O lovely Phædra!
At laſt with equal ardour meet my vows?
O dear-bought bleſſing!—Yet I'll not complain,
Since now my ſharpeſt grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens joy.——Then haſte, my charmer,
Let 's feaſt our famiſh'd ſouls with amorous riot,
With fierceſt bliſs atone for our delay,
And in a moment love the age we 've loſt.
Phæd. Stand off! approach me, touch me not! fly hence,
Far as the diſtant ſkies, or deepeſt centre!
Theſ. Amazement! death! Ye gods who guide the world,
What can this mean? So fierce a deteſtation,
So ſtrong abhorrence!—Speak, exquiſite tormenter!
Was it for this your ſummons fill'd my ſoul
With eager raptures and tumultuous tranſports,
Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliſs?
Did I for this obey my Phædra's call,
And fly with trembling haſte to meet her arms?
And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
Was it for this you rous'd my drowſy ſoul
From the dull lethargy of hopeleſs love?
And doſt thou only ſhew thoſe beauteous eyes
To wake deſpair, and blaſt me with their beams?
Phæd. O, were that all to which the gods have doom'd me!
But angry Heaven has laid in ſtore for Theſeus
Such perfect miſchief, ſuch tranſcendent woe,
That the black image ſhocks my frighted ſoul,
And the words die on my reluctant tongue.
Theſ. Fear not to ſpeak it; that harmonious voice
Will make the ſaddeſt tale of ſorrow pleaſing,
And charm the grief it brings. Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy ſight; thus gazing on thoſe eyes,
I can ſupport the utmoſt ſpite of fate, [fair.
And ſtand the rage of Heaven.—Approach, my
Phæd. Off! or I fly for ever from thy ſight:
Shall I embrace the father of Hippolitus?
Theſ. Forget the villain; drive him from your ſoul.
Phæd. Can I forget, or drive him from my ſoul?
O! he will ſtill be preſent to my eyes;
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.
Theſ. And mine and all. O moſt abandon'd villain!
O laſting ſcandal to our godlike race!
That could contrive a crime ſo foul as inceſt.
Phæd. Inceſt! O, name it not!
The very mention ſhakes my inmoſt ſoul;
The gods are ſtartled in their peaceful manſions,
And nature ſickens at the ſhocking ſound.
Thou brutal wretch, thou execrable monſter!
To break thro' all the laws that early flow
From untaught reaſon, and diſtinguiſh man;
Mix like the ſenſeleſs herd with beſtial luſt,
Mother and ſon, prepoſterouſly wicked;
To baniſh from thy ſoul the reverence due
To honour, nature, and the genial bed;
And injure one ſo great, ſo good as Theſeus!
Theſ. To injure one ſo great, ſo good as Phædra.
O ſlave! to wrong ſuch purity as thine;
Such dazzling brightneſs, ſuch exalted virtue!
Phæd. Virtue! all-ſeeing gods, ye know my virtue.
Muſt I ſupport all this? O righteous Heaven!
Can 't I yet ſpeak? Reproach I could have borne,
Pointed his ſatire's ſtings, and edg'd his rage:
But to be prais'd!——Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,
Stones, furies, wheels, are ſlight to what I ſuffer
And hell itſelf 's relief.
Theſ. What 's hell to thee?
What crimes couldſt thou commit? or what reproaches
Could innocence ſo pure as Phædra's fear?
O! thou 'rt the chaſteſt matron of thy ſex,
The faireſt pattern of excelling virtue.
Our lateſt annals ſhall record thy glory,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme.
Each ſkilful artiſt ſhall expreſs thy form
In animated gold. The threat'ning ſword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy ſnowy boſom;
Such heavenly beauty on thy face ſhall bloom
As ſhall almoſt excuſe the villain's crime:
But yet that firmneſs, that unſhaken virtue,
As ſtill ſhall make the monſter more deteſted.
Where 'er you paſs, the crowded way ſhall ſound
With joyful cries and endleſs acclamations.
And when aſpiring bards in daring ſtrains
Shall raiſe ſome heavenly matron to the pow'rs,
They 'll ſay, "She's great, ſhe's true, ſhe's chaſte as Phædra."
Phæd. This might have been. But now, O cruel ſtars!
Now, as I paſs, the crowded way ſhall ſound
With hiſſing ſcorn, and murm'ring deteſtation.
The lateſt annals ſhall record my ſhame;
And when th' avenging Muſe with pointed rage
Would ſink ſome impious woman down to hell,
She 'll

She 'll say, "She 's false, she 's base, she 's foul as Phædra." [tion
Thes. Hadst thou been foul, had horrid viola-
Cast any stains on purity like thine,
They 're wash'd already in the villain's blood:
The very sword, his instrument of horror,
Ere this time, drench'd in his incestuous heart,
Hath done thee justice, and aveng'd the crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Alas! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead. I saw Cratander
Give him a sword; I saw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breast,
With steady hands, and with disdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but scorn'd to die,
And not in battle. ——A loud clamour follow'd;
And the surrounding soldiers hid from sight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.
Phæd. Is he then dead?
Thes. Yes, yes, he 's dead; and dead by my command.
And in this dreadful act of mournful justice
I 'm more renown'd than in my dear bought laurels.
Phæd. Then thou 'rt renown'd indeed.—O happy Theseus!
O only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haste then, let 's join our well met hands together,
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To shew a pair so eminently wretched.
Thes. Wretched! for what? for what the world must praise me,
For what the nations shall adore my justice,
A villain's death?
Phæd. Hippolitus a villain!
O, he was all his godlike sire could wish,
The pride of Theseus, and the hope of Crete,
Nor did the bravest of his godlike race
Tread with such early hopes the paths of honour.
Thes. What can this mean? declare, ambiguous Phædra,
Say, whence these shifting gusts of clashing rage?
Why are thy doubted speeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan seas when vex'd by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate passion,
Accus'd and prais'd, detested and deplor'd?
Phæd. Canst thou not guess?
Canst thou not read it in my furious passions,
In all the wild disorders of my soul?
Couldst thou not see it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the darling youth to acts of honour?
Couldst thou not find it in the gen'rous truth
Which sparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his face?
Couldst not perceive it in the chaste reserve,
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Couldst thou not see Hippolitus was guiltless?
Thes. Guiltless! O all ye gods! what can this mean?
Phæd. Mean! that the guilt is mine, that virtuous Phædra,
"The maid's example, and the matron's theme,"
With bestial passion woo'd your loathing son:
And, when denied, with impious accusation
Sullied the lustre of his shining honour;
Of my own crimes accus'd the faultless youth,
And with ensnaring wiles destroy'd that virtue
I tried in vain to shake.
Thes. Is he then guiltless? [Heaven!
Guiltless? then what art thou? and, O just
What a detested parricide is Theseus!
Phæd. What am I? what indeed, but one more black
Than earth or hell e'er bore! O horrid mixture
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and incest!
Perjury, murder, to arm the erring father
Against the guiltless son! O impious Lycon,
In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me!
Thes. Lycon!—Here, guards.—O most abandon'd villain!
Secure him, seize him, drag him piecemeal hither.

Enter Guards.

Guard. Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high displeasure?
Thes. Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon?
Who can inspire such storms of rage, but Lycon?
Where has my sword left one so black, but Lycon?
Where, wretched Theseus, is thy bed and heart?
The very darling of my soul and eyes?
O beauteous fiend! But trust not to thy form.
You too, my son, was fair; your manly beauties
Charm'd every heart (O heavens!) to your destruction;
You too were good, your virtuous soul abhorr'd
The crimes for which you died. O impious
Incestuous fury! execrable murd'ress! [Phædra!
Is there revenge on earth, or pain in hell?
Can art invent, or boiling rage suggest,
Ev'n endless torture, which thou shalt not suffer?
Phæd. And is there aught on earth I would not suffer?
O, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,
Thou needst not claim it, most unhappy youth,
From any hands but mine; t' avenge thy fate
I 'd court the fiercest pains, and sue for tortures,
And Phædra's suff'rings should atone for thine;
Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my soul;
Ev'n now it curdles in my shrinking veins
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

Lycon brought in.

Thes. Hast thou escap'd my wrath? Yet, impious Lycon,
On thee I 'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundless rage.
Lyc. O mercy, mercy!
Thes. Such thou shalt find as thy best deeds deserve;
Such as thy guilty soul can hope from Theseus;
Such as thou shew'dst to poor Hippolitus.
Lyc. O! chain me; whip me; let me be the scorn

Of ſordid rabbles, and inſulting crowds;
Give me but life, and make that life moſt wretched.
Phæd. Art thou ſo baſe, ſo ſpiritleſs a ſlave?
Not ſo the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
Not ſo he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.
Theſ. O abject villain!—Yet it gives me joy
To ſee the fears that ſhake thy guilty ſoul,
Enhance thy crimes, and antidate thy woes.
O, how thou 'lt howl thy fearful ſoul away!
While laughing crowds ſhall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their ſport. Haſte, hence, away with him!
Drag him to all the torments earth can furniſh;
Let him be rack'd and gaſh'd, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangled monſter, fix'd on high,
Grin o'er the ſhouting crowds, and glut their vengeance.
Hence! away! [*Lycon borne off.*
And is this all? and art thou not appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor Hippolitus?
O ungorg'd appetite! O rav'nous thirſt
Of a ſon's blood! what, not a day, a moment?
Phæd. A day; a moment! O, thou ſhould'ſt have ſtaid
Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
Ere touch the life of that conſummate youth.
Theſ. And yet with joy I flew to his deſtruc-
Boaſted his fate, and triumph'd in his ruin. [tion,
Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
When in her mortal pangs ſhe ſighing gave me
The laſt cold kiſſes from her trembling lips,
Her laſt words now faltering from her tongue,
And reach'd her feeble wand'ring hands to mine,
When her laſt breath now quiv'ring at her mouth
Implor'd my goodneſs to her lovely ſon,
To her Hippolitus. He, alas! deſcends
An early victim to the lazy ſhades,
(O Heaven and earth!) by Theſeus doom'd, deſcends.
Phæd. He 's doom'd by Theſeus, but accus'd by Phædra,
By Phædra's madneſs, and by Lycon's hatred.
Yet with my life I expiate my phrenſy,
And die for thee my headlong rage deſtroy'd.
Thee I purſue, O great, ill-fated youth!
Purſue thee ſtill, but now with chaſte deſires;
Thee, thro' the diſmal waſte of gloomy death,
Thee, thro' the glimm'ring dawn, and purer day.
Thro' all the Elyſian plains———O righteous Minos!
Elyſian plains! There he and his Iſmena
Shall ſport for ever, ſhall for ever drink
Immortal love; while I far off ſhall howl
In lonely plains, while all the blackeſt ghoſts
Shrink from the baleful ſight of one more monſtrous
And more accurſt than they.
Theſ. I too muſt die;
I too muſt once more ſee the burning ſhore
Of livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
Whence no Alcides will releaſe me now.
Phæd. Then why this ſtay? Come on, let's plunge together.
See, Hell ſets wide its adamantine gates!
See, thro' the ſable gates the black Cocytus
In ſmoky circles rolls its fiery waves!
Hear, hear the ſtunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, of claſhing whips,
Of groans, or loud complaints, of piercing ſhrieks,
That wide thro' all its gloomy world reſound!
How huge Megæra ſtalks! what ſtreaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what ſerpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiſs around her head!
Now, now ſhe drags me to the bar of Minos!
See how the awful judges of the dead
Look ſtedfaſt hate, and horrible diſmay!
See, Minos turns away his loathing eyes;
Rage choaks his ſtruggling words; the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hand. O all ye gods!
What, Lycon here! O execrable villain!
Then am I ſtill on earth? By Hell I am,
A fury now, a ſcourge preſerv'd for Lycon.
See, the juſt beings offer to my vengeance
That impious ſlave. Now, Lycon, for revenge:
Thanks, Heaven, 'tis here. I'll ſtrike it to his heart.
[*Miſtaking Theſeus for Lycon, offers to ſtab him.*
Gua. Heavens! 'tis your lord.
Phæd. My lord! O equal Heaven!
Muſt each portentous moment riſe in crimes,
And ſallying life go off in parricide?
This glimpſe of reaſon ſome indulgent God
Hath granted me to cloſe the ſcene of guilt.
Then truſt not thy ſlow drugs. Thus, ſure of death,
Complete thy horrors.—And if this ſuffice not,
Thou, Minos, do the reſt. [*Stabs herſelf.*
Theſ. Deſp'rate to the laſt—in ev'ry paſſion furious.
Phæd. I aſk not,
Nor do I hope from thee forgiveneſs, Theſeus;
But yet, amidſt my crimes, remember ſtill
That my offence was not my nature's fault.
The wrath of Venus, which purſues our race,
Firſt kindled in my breaſt thoſe guilty fires.
Reſiſtleſs goddeſs! I confeſs thy pow'r,
To thee I make libation of my blood.
Venus, avert thy hate!—may wretched Phædra
Prove the laſt victim of her fated line! [*Dies.*
Theſ. At length ſhe 's quiet, ſhe 's dead:
And now earth bears not ſuch a wretch as Theſeus.
Yet I 'll obey Hippolitus, and live:
Then to the wars; and as the Corybantines,
With claſhing ſhields and braying trumpets, drown'd
The cries of infant Jove, I 'll ſtifle conſcience,
And nature 's murmurs in the din of arms.
But what are arms to me? Is he not dead
For whom I fought? for whom my hoary age
Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle?
How then to drag a wretched life beneath
An endleſs round of ſtill-returning woes,
And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorſe?
What torment 's this?—Therefore, O greatly thought!
Therefore do juſtice on thyſelf, and live;

Live above all most infinitely wretched.
Ismena too!—Nay then, avenging Heaven
[*Ismena enters.*
Has vented all its rage——O wretched maid!
Why dost thou come to swell my raging grief?
Why add to sorrows and embitter woes?
Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
Why thus recal to my afflicted soul
The sad remembrance of my godlike son,
Of that dear youth my cruelty has murder'd?
O gods! your reddest bolts of fire
Had dealt less torment to my suff'ring frame
Than that destructive word hath given my heart.
Life yields beneath the sound
Ism. Ruin'd! O all ye pow'rs! O awful Theseus!
Say, where 's my lord? say, where has fate dispos'd him?
O speak! the fear distracts me.
Thes. Gods! can I speak?
Can I declare his fate to his Ismena?
O lovely maid! could'st thou admit of comfort,
Thou should'st for ever be my only care,
Work of my life, and labour of my soul.
For thee alone my sorrows, lull'd, shall cease,
Cease for awhile to mourn my murder'd son;
For thee alone my sword once more shall rage,
Restore the crown of which it robb'd your race.
Then let your grief give way to thoughts of empire;
At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd
Beneath the easy yoke with pleasure bow,
And think in thee their own Minerva reigns.
Ism. Must I then reign, nay, must I live without him?
Not so, O godlike youth! you lov'd Ismena:
You, for her sake, refus'd the Cretan empire,
And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,
From the relentless hand that doom'd thy death!
O! 'tis in death alone I can have ease,
And thus I find it. [*Offers to stab herself.*

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. O forbear, Ismena!
Forbear, chaste maid, to wound thy tender bosom.
O Heaven and earth! should she resolve to die,
And snatch all beauty from the widow'd earth!
Was it for me, ye gods! she 'd fall a victim?
Was it for me, she 'd die? O heavenly virgin!
Revive, Ismena!
Return to light, to happiness, and love.
See, see thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.
Ism. Hippolitus!
Am I alive or dead? Is this Elysium?
'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus! Art well?
Art thou not wounded?
Thes. O unhop'd-for joy!
Stand off, and let me fly into his arms,
Speak, say, what god, what miracle preserv'd thee?
Didst thou not strike thy father's cruel present,
My sword, into thy breast?
Hip. I aim'd it there,
But turn'd it from myself, and slew Cratander;
The guards, not trusted with his fatal orders,
Granted my wish, and brought me to the king.
I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought
Of Theseus' sorrow, and Ismena's loss;
Therefore I hasten'd to your royal presence,
Here to receive my doom.
Thes. Be this thy doom!
To live for ever in Ismena's arms.
Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazzling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that empire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.
Ism. O killing joy!
Hip. O ecstacy of bliss!
Am I possess'd at last of my Ismena?
Of that celestial maid? O pitying gods!
How shall I thank your bounties for my suff'rings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I 've born?
Since 'twas to them I owe divine Ismena,
To them I owe the dear consent of Theseus.
Yet there 's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the disastrous fate of hapless Phædra.
Thes. Deep was her anguish for the wrongs she did you.
She chose to die; and in her death deplor'd
Your fate, and not her own.
Hip I 've heard it all. Unhappy Phædra!
O, had not passion sullied her renown,
None e'er on earth had shone with equal lustre!
So glorious liv'd, or so lamented died.
Her faults were only faults of raging love,
Her virtues all her own.
Ism. Unhappy Phædra!
Was there no other way, ye pitying pow'rs!
No other way to crown Ismena's love?
Then must I ever mourn her cruel fate,
And, in the midst of my triumphant joy,
Ev'n in my hero's arms, confess some sorrow.
Thes. O tender maid! forbear with ill-tim'd grief
To damp our blessings, and incense the gods;
But let 's away, and pay kind Heaven our thanks
For all the wonders in our favour wrought;
That Heaven, whose mercy rescued erring Theseus
From execrable crimes and endless woes.
Then learn from me, ye kings that rule the world!
With equal poize let steady justice sway,
And flagrant crimes with certain vengeance pay;
But, till the proofs are clear, the stroke delay.
Hip. The righteous gods, that innocence require,
Protect the goodness which themselves inspire;
Unguarded virtue human arts defies:
Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuser dies.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

§ 49.

§ 49. *The Happineſs of a free Government.* S. Johnson.

If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws reſtrain the prince and ſubject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows thro' each member of th' embodied ſtate;
Sure, not unconſcious of the mighty bleſſing,
Her grateful ſons ſhine bright with ev'ry virtue;
Untainted with the luſt of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the ſacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

§ 50. *The killing of a Boar.* Otway.

Forth from the thicket ruſh'd another boar,
So large, he ſeem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful briſtles rais'd up high;
They ſeem'd a grove of ſpears upon his back:
Foaming he came at me, where I was poſted,
Whetting his huge long tuſks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his prey;
Till, brandiſhing my well-pois'd javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I ſtruck
The ugly brindled monſter to the heart.

§ 51. *Deſcription of a populous City.* Young.

——This ancient city, [ſmiles!
How wanton ſits ſhe amidſt nature's
Nor from her higheſt turret has to view
But golden landſcapes and luxuriant ſcenes,
A waſte of wealth, the ſtore-houſe of the world;
Here fruitful vales far ſtretching fly the ſight;
There ſails unnumber'd whiten all the ſtream,
While from the banks full twenty thouſand cities
Survey their pride, and ſee their gilded towers
Float on the waves, and break againſt the ſhore.
——Various nations meet
As in a ſea, yet not confin'd in ſpace,
But ſtreaming freely thro' the ſpacious ſtreets,
Which ſend forth millions at each brazen gate;
Whene'er the trumpet calls, high over head
On the broad walls the chariots bound along.

§ 52. *Rural Courtſhip.* Dryden.

——He preferr'd me
Above the maidens of my age and rank;
Still ſhunn'd their company, and ſtill ſought mine.
I was not won by gifts, yet ſtill he gave;
And all his gifts, tho' ſmall, yet ſpoke his love.
He pick'd the earlieſt ſtrawberries in the woods,
The cluſter'd filberts, and the purple grapes:
He taught a prating ſtare to ſpeak my name;
And when he found a neſt of nightingales,
Or callow linnets, he would ſhew 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

§ 53. *Deſcription of a Perſon left on a deſert Iſland.* Thomson.

——Next night—a dreary night!
Caſt on the wildeſt of the Cyclad Iſles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the ſhore,
Theſe ruffians left me.——
——Beneath a ſhade
I ſat me down, more heavily oppreſs'd,
More deſolate at heart than e'er I felt
Before; when Philomela o'er my head
Began to tune her melancholy ſtrain,
As pitious of my woes: till, by degrees,
Compoſing ſleep on wounded nature ſhed
A kind but ſhort relief. At early morn,
Wak'd by the chaunt of birds, I look'd around
For uſual objects: objects found I none,
Except before me ſtretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks and woods, in ſavage view, behind.

§ 54. *The firſt Feats of a young Eagle.* Rowe.

——So the Eagle, [Jove,
That bears the thunder of our grandſire
With joy beholds his hardy youthful offſpring
Forſake the neſt, to try his tender pinions
In the wide untrack'd air; till, bolder grown,
Now, like a whirlwind on a ſhepherd's fold,
He darts precipitate, and gripes the prey;
Or fixing on ſome dragon's ſcaly hide,
Eager of combat, and his future feaſt,
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain
Wreathing his ſpiry tail.

§ 55. *The true End of Education.* Rowe.

And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous knowledge;
And wiſdom early planted in thy ſoul, [ſions,
That thou might'ſt know to rule thy fiery paſ-
To bind their rage, and ſtay their headlong courſe;
To bear with accidents, and every change
Of various life; to ſtruggle with adverſity;
To wait the leiſure of the righteous gods,
Till they, in their own good appointed hour,
Shall bid thy better days come forth at once,
A long and ſhining train; till thou, well pleas'd,
Shalt bow, and bleſs thy fate, and ſay the Gods are juſt.

§ 55. *Filial Piety.* Mallet.

E'er ſince reflection beam'd her light upon me,
You, Sir, have been my ſtudy. I have plac'd
Before mine eyes, in every light of life,
The father and the king. What weight of duty
Lay on a ſon from ſuch a parent ſprung;
What virtuous toil to ſhine with his renown,
Has been my thought by day, my dream by night:
- - - - - - - - - -
But firſt and ever neareſt to my heart
Was this prime duty, ſo to frame my conduct
Tow'rd ſuch a father, as, were I a father,

My soul would wish to meet with from a son,
And may reproach transmit my name abhorr'd
To latest time—if ever thought was mine
Unjust to filial reverence, filial love!

§ 57. *The same.* THOMSON.

HAVE I then no tears for thee, my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years
Thy tenderness for me? an eye still beam'd
With love? A brow that never knew a frown?
Nor a harsh word thy tongue! Shall I for these
Repay thy stooping venerable age
With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour?
It must not be!—thou first of angels! come,
Sweet filial piety! and firm my breast:
Yes! let one daughter to her fate submit,
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy.

§ 58. *Bad Fortune more easily borne than good.* ROWE.

WITH such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous for-
Is to deserve that fortune.—In adversity [tune,
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tempest;
But in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.

§ 59. *Despair never to be indulged.* PHILIPS.

THO' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair:
When prest by dangers, and beset by foes,
The gods their timely succour interpose;
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.

§ 60. *A Friend to Freedom can never be a Traitor.* THOMSON.

——HE who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sove-
reigns foe; [it,
No! 'Tis the wretch who tempts him to subvert
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
Who best deserves that name; he is a worm
That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

§ 61. *Description of a Hag.* OTWAY.

IN a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,
I spied a wither'd hag, with age grown double;
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red,
Cold palsy shook her head, her hand seem'd
wither'd,
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remants of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcase from the cold:
So there was nothing of apiece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different colour'd rags, black, red, white,
yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

§ 62. *Happiness the inseparable Companion of Virtue.* ROWE.

——TO be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men, because they're
better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings: the blest know none of
this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind, [ness.
And find the height of all their heaven is good-

§ 63. *Honour superior to Justice.*

HONOUR, my lord, is much too proud to
catch
At every slender twig of nice distinctions.
These for the unfeeling vulgar may do well:
But those whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.

§ 64. *In what Manner Princes ought to be taught.* MALLET.

LET truth and virtue be their earliest teachers;
Keep from their ear the syren-voice of flattery,
Keep from their eye the harlot-form of vice,
Who spread in every court their silken snares,
And charm but to betray. Betimes instruct
Superior rank demands superior worth; [them,
Pre-eminence of valour, justice, mercy:
But chief, that, though exalted o'er mankind,
They are themselves but men—frail suffering
dust;
From no one injury of human lot
Exempt; but fever'd by the same heat, chill'd
By the same cold, torn by the same disease, [gar,
That scorches, freezes, racks, and kills the beg-

§ 65. *True End of Royalty.* MALLET.

——O WITNESS, Heaven!
Whose eye the heart's profoundest d[illegible]
explores,
That if not to perform my regal task;
To be the common father of my people,
Patron of honour, virtue and religion;
If not to shelter useful worth, to guard
His well-earn'd portion from the sons of rapine;
And deal out justice with impartial hand;
If not to spread on all good men thy bounty,
The treasures trusted to me, not my own;
If not to raise anew our English name,
By peaceful arts, that grace the land they bless,
And generous war to humble proud oppressors:
Yet more, if not to build the public weal
On that firm base, which can alone resist
Both time and chance, fair liberty and law;
If I for these great ends am not ordain'd—
May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England.

§ 66.

§ 66. *The real Duty of a King.* Rowe.

——'Tis true, I am a king:
Honour and glory too have been my aim:
But tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet could I choose to fix my fame by peace,
By justice, and by mercy; and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind:
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I sway,
Or forfeit of my honour.

§ 67. *Character of a good King.* Thomson.

——Yes, we have lost a father!
The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on mortals,
And seldom found amidst these wilds of time,
A good, a worthy king!—Hear me, my Tancred!
And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.
'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue.
He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his children;
The good exalted, and depress'd the bad: [ed
He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn reject-
Their smooth advice, that only means themselves,
Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness;
Well knowing that a people in their rights
And industry protected; living safe
Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws;
Encourag'd in their genius, arts, and labours;
And happy each as he himself deserves,
Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
They will for him provide: their filial love
And confidence are his unfailing treasury,
And every honest man his faithful guard.

§ 68. *The Guilt of bad Kings.* Mallet.

When those whom Heaven distinguishes o'er millions,
And show'rs profusely pow'r and splendour on them, [they,
Whate'er th' expanded heart can wish; when
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or, worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
Is there a wretch they rule so base as they?
Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heaven,
And of perfidious robbery to man!

§ 69. *The true End of Life.* Thomson.

Who, who would live, my Narva, just to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the still returning round
Of life's mean offices, and sickly joys?
But in the service of mankind to be
A guardian god below; still to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raise us o'er the groveling herd,
And make us shine for ever—that is life.

§ 70. *The same.* S. Johnson.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being.
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

§ 71. *A Lion overcome by a Man.* Lee.

The prince in a lone court was plac'd,
Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore
A pair of gantlets.
At last, the door of an old lion's den
Being drawn up, the horrid beast appear'd:
The flames which from his eye shot glaring red,
Made the sun start, as the spectators thought,
And round them cast a day of blood and death:
The prince walk'd forward: the large beast descried
His prey; and with a roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him: but Lysimachus,
Starting aside, avoided his first stroke
With a slight hurt, and, as the lion turn'd,
Thrust gantlet, arm and all, into his throat:
Then with Herculean force tore forth by the roots
The foaming, bloody tongue; and, while the savage,
Faint with the loss, sunk to the blushing earth,
To plow it with his teeth, your conqu'ring soldier [pieces.
Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to

§ 72. *Character of an excellent Man.* Rowe.

——How could my tongue
Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise!
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy
And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble!
Thou art the man, in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next Heaven, I trust.

§ 73. *Virtue the only true Source of Nobility.* Thomson.

I tell thee, then, whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating. Such have risen,
Sprung from the dust, or where had been our honours?
And such, in radiant bands, will rise again
In yon immortal city; that, when most
Depress'd by fate, and near apparent ruin,
Returns, as with an energy divine, [her.
On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from

§ 74. *The happy Effects of Misfortune.* Thomson.

—If misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
Ev'n wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

§ 75. *A Description of the Morning.* Otway.

With'd morning's come; and now upon the plains,
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day:
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits:
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up;
And, looking tow'rds the neighbouring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow:
The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

§ 76. *Another.* Lee.

From amber shrouds I see the morning rise;
Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies;
And now the city emmets leave their hive,
And rousing hinds to cheerful labour drive;
High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,
And nature smiles upon the mountain brow;
The joyful birds salute the sun's approach:
The sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach;
While from his car the dropping gems distil,
And all the earth, and all the heavens, do smile.

§ 77. *The charming Notes of the Nightingale.* Lee.

Thus, in some poplar shade, the nightingale
With piercing moans does her lost young bewail:
Which the rough hind observing, as they lay
Warm in their downy nest, had stol'n away:
But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
Sings all the night, tho' all her songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable strain.

§ 78. *The same.* Rowe.

So when the spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warms the pregnant nightingale to build;
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood,
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow:
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the grove no more;
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

§ 79. *A worthless Person can claim no Merit from the Virtues of his Ancestors.* Rowe.

Were honour to be scann'd by long descent
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest; and recount,
Among my fathers, names of ancient story,
Heroes and godlike patriots, who subdued
The world by arms and virtue.
But that be their own praise:
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myself an undeserver.

§ 80. *The Love of our Country the greatest of Virtues.* Thomson.

His only blot was this: that, much provok'd,
He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country:
And lo! the righteous gods have now chastis'd him
Ev'n by the hands of those for whom he fought.
Whatever private views and passions plead,
No cause can justify so black a deed:
These, when the angry tempest clouds the soul,
May darken reason, and her course controul;
But, when the prospect clears, her startled eye
Must from the treach'rous gulph with horror fly,
On whose wild wave, by stormy passions tost,
So many helpless wretches have been lost.
Then be this truth the star by which we steer:
Above ourselves our country shall be dear.

§ 81. *The same.* W. Whitehead.

Learn hence, ye Romans! on how sure a base
The patriot builds his happiness; no stroke,
No keenest, deadliest, shaft of adverse fate
Can make his generous bosom quite despair,
But that alone by which his country falls.
Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,
And nature suffer when our children bleed:
Yet still superior must that hero prove,
Whose first, best passion is his country's love.

§ 82. *In what Philosophy really consists.* Thomson.

—Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes, or idle speculations.
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light
To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,
And

And teach them to reform and bless mankind.
All policy but hers is false and rotten;
All valour not conducted by her precepts
Is a destroying fury sent from hell,
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

§ 83. *Scipio restoring the captive Princess to her Royal Lover.* THOMSON.

——WHAT with admiration [ble virgin,
Struck every heart, was this:—A no-
Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
Was mark'd the gen'ral's prize. She wept and [eye,
blush'd,
Young, fresh, and blooming like the morn. An
As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
Of purest white. A secret charm combin'd
Her features, and infus'd enchantment through
Her shape was harmony.—But eloquence [them;
Beneath her beauty fails; which seem'd on pur-
By nature lavish'd on her, that mankind [pose
Might see the virtue of a hero tried
Almost beyond the stretch of human force.
Soft as she pass'd along, with downcast eyes,
Where gentle sorrows swell'd, and now and then
Dropp'd o'er her modest cheek a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languish'd, and hard war
Felt more than pity. Ev'n their chief himself,
As on his high tribunal rais'd he sat,
Turn'd from the dangerous sight, and chiding
His officers, if by this gift they meant [ask'd
To cloud his virtue in its very dawn?
- - - - - - - -
She, question'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears, and blushes broken, told her tale.
But when he found her royally descended,
Of her old captive parents the sole joy;
And that a hapless Celtiberian prince,
Her lover, and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His lost dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender soul; sudden the heart
Of this young, conqu'ring, loving, godlike Ro-
Felt all the great divinity of virtue. [man
His wishing youth stood check'd, his tempting
pow'r
Restrain'd by kind humanity.—At once
He for her parents and her lover call'd.
The various scene imagine: how his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant;
While stretch'd below the trembling suppliants
Rack'd by a thousand mingling passions, fear, [lay
Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief;
Anxiety, and love, in every shape;
To these as different sentiments succeeded,
As mixt emotions; when the man divine
Thus the dread silence to the lover broke:
"We both are young, both charm'd. The right
"of war
"Has put thy beauteous mistress in my pow'r;
"With whom I could in the most sacred ties
"Live out a happy life: but know that Romans
"Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer.
"Then take her to thy soul; and with her take
"Thy liberty and kingdom. In return
"I ask but this:—when you behold these eyes
"These charms, with transport, be a friend to
"Rome."

§ 84. *The Blessings of Peace.* THOMSON.

——O BEAUTEOUS peace!
Sweet union of a state! what else but
thou
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people?
I bow, Lord Constable, beneath the snow
Of many years; yet in my breast revives
A youthful flame. Methinks I see again
Those gentle days renew'd, that bless'd our isle
Ere by this wasteful fury of division,
Worse than our Ætna's most destructive fires,
It dissolated sunk. I see our plains
Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest;
Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy ports
With cheerful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh;
Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla blow. [vale,
Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each
Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.

§ 85. *Providence.* THOMSON.

——THERE is a pow'r
Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world,
That guides its motions, from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependance.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting thro' the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.

§ 86. *Prudence.* THOMSON.

——LET us
Act with cool prudence, and with
manly temper,
As well as manly firmness.
'Tis godlike magnanimity to keep, [clear,
When most provok'd, our reason calm and
And execute her will, from a strong sense
of what is right, without the vulgar aid
Of heat and passion, which, tho' honest, bear us
Often too far.

§ 87. *Description of Ships appearing at a Distance, and approaching the Shore.* DRYDEN.

Guiom. AS far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, something, methought,
did rise
Like blueish mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and thus mov'd tow'rds
the shore:
The object I could first distinctly view,
Was tall, straight trees, which on the water flew:
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could
blow;
And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding seas!

Montezuma. What divine monſters, O ye gods!
are theſe,
That float in air, and fly upon the ſeas?
Came they alive, or dead, upon the ſhore?
Guiom. Alas! they liv'd too ſure: I heard
them roar:
All turn'd their ſides, and to each other ſpoke:
I ſaw their words break out in fire and ſmoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
And theſe the younger brothers of the ſky:
Deaf with the noiſe, I took my haſty flight;
No mortal courage can ſupport the fright.

§ 88. *Virtue preferable to Rank.* Rowe.

What tho' no gaudy titles grace my birth;
Titles, the ſervile courtier's lean reward!
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatneſs gives to ſlaves and ſycophants:
Yet Heaven, that made me honeſt, made me more
Than e'er a king did, when he made a lord.

§ 89. *Deſcription of an ancient Cathedral.* Congreve.

——'Tis dreadful! How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whoſe ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made ſtedfaſt and immoveable!
Looking tranquillity; it ſtrikes an awe
And terror to my aching ſight! The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And ſhoot a chilneſs to my trembling heart.

§ 90. *Deſcription of a Triumph.* Lee.

——He comes, and with a port ſo proud,
As if he had ſubdued the ſpacious world:
And all Sinope's ſtreets are fill'd with ſuch
A glut of people, you would think ſome god
Had conquer'd in their cauſe, and them thus rank'd,
That he might make his entrance on their heads!
While from the ſcaffolds, windows, tops of houſes,
Are caſt ſuch gaudy ſhow'rs of garlands down,
That ev'n the crowd appear like conquerors.
And the whole city ſeems like one vaſt meadow
Set all with flow'rs, as a clear heaven with ſtars.
Nay, as I have heard, ere he the city enter'd,
Your ſubjects lin'd the way for many furlongs;
The very trees bore men: and as our God,
When from the portal of the eaſt he dawns,
Beholds a thouſand birds upon the boughs,
To welcome him with all their warbling throats.
And prune their feathers in his golden beams;
So did your ſubjects, in their gaudy trim,
Upon the pendant branches ſpeak his praiſe.
Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,
Did rob the crying infants of the breaſt,
Pointing Ziphares out, to make them ſmile; [ers,
And climbing boys ſtood on their father's ſhoulAnſwering their ſhouting ſires with tender cries,
To make the concert up of general joy.

§ 91. *A Shepherd's Life happier than a King's.* Hill.

Th' unbuſied ſhepherd, ſtretch'd beneath the hawthorn,
His careleſs limbs thrown out in wanton eaſe,
With thoughtleſs gaze peruſing the arch'd heavens, [him,
And idly whiſtling while his ſheep feed round
Enjoys a ſweeter ſhade than that of canopies
Hemm'd in by cares, and ſhook by ſtorms of treaſon.

§ 92. *Virtue its own Reward.* Rowe.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleas'd with doing good,
Tho' the ungrateful ſubjects of their favours
Are barren in return. Virtue does ſtill
With ſcorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject ſouls do good, and hope reward.
Above the worthleſs trophies man can raiſe,
She ſeeks not honour, wealth, nor airy praiſe,
But, with herſelf, herſelf the goddeſs pays.

§ 93. *No Difficulties inſuperable to the Prudent and Brave.* Rowe.

The wiſe and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: ſloth and folly
Shiver and ſhrink at ſight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impoſſibility they fear.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

IN POETRY.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

SENTIMENTAL, LYRICAL, AND LUDICROUS:

CONSISTING OF

ODES, Sonnets, Claſſical Songs, Ancient and Modern Ballads, Comic Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, various amuſing little Poems, Prologues, and Epilogues.

§'1. L'ALLEGRO. MILTON.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackeſt Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell, [wings,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous
And the night-raven ſings;
There, under ebon ſhades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian deſert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphroſyne
And by men heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two ſiſter Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as ſome ſages ſing)
The frolic wind that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh-blown roſes waſh'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair;
Haſte thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed ſmiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides:
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And, if I give the honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And ſinging, ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the ſkies,
Till the dapple dawn doth riſe;
Then to come, in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the ſweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before:
Oft liſt'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill:
Some time walking, not unſeen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe,

And

And ev'ry ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whilſt the landſcape round it meaſures;
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray;
Mountains, on whoſe barren breaſt
The lab'ring clouds do often reſt;
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Tow'rs and battlements it ſees,
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney ſmokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrſis met,
Are at their ſavoury dinner ſet
Of herbs, and other country meſſes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dreſſes;
And then in haſte her bow'r ſhe leaves,
With Theſtylis to bind the ſheaves;
Or, if the earlier ſeaſon lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs ſound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a ſunſhine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd and pull'd, ſhe ſaid,
And by the fryer's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging goblin ſweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
When, in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flail hath threſh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And, ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength;
And crop full out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt cock his mattin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Tow'red cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend:
There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſk, and antique pageantry;
Such ſights as youthful poets dream
On ſummer eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If Jonſon's learned ſock be on,
Or ſweeteſt Shakſpeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out.
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwiſting all the chains that tie
The hidden ſoul of harmony;
That Orpheus' ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elyſian flow'rs, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite ſet free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
Theſe delights, if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

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§ 2. IL PENSEROSO. Milton.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly, without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the ſun-beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams,
The fickle penſioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddeſs ſage and holy!
Hail, divineſt Melancholy!
Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, ſtaid Wiſdom's hue;
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem
Prince Memnon's ſiſter might beſeem;
Or that ſtarr'd Ethiop queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauty's praiſe above
The Sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended;
Yet thou art higher far deſcended:
Thee bright-hair'd Veſta long of yore
To ſolitary Saturn bore;
His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain).
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſteadfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gait,

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song:
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfeu sound
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may out-watch the Bear
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or else the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage

But, O sad Virgin, that thy pow'r
Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that Heaven doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

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§ 3. LYCIDAS. Milton.

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year;
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhime.
He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse.
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Tow'rd heaven's descent had slop'd his westring wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change! now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays,
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weaning herds that graze;
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
Ah me, I fondly dream! [done?
Had ye been there—for what could that have
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist'ring foil
Set off to th' world; nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes.
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd ev'ry gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippodates their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire! went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massey keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain.

Enow

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold [least
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs! [sped;
What recks it them? What need they? They are
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smites no more.
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied show'rs,
And purple all the ground with vernal flow'rs,
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white-pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flow'r that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid' lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead;
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Thro' the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompence, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood. [rills,
Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and
While the still morn went out with sandals grey,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

§ 4. *Virtue, Wisdom, and Contemplation.* MILTON.

VIRTUE could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

§ 5. *Meditation and Beauty.* MILTON.

MUSING Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.

§ 6. *Chastity.* MILTON.

SHE that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage, fierce bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost.

That

That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time,
No goblin, or ſwart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or ſhall I call
Antiquity from the old ſchools of Greece
To teſtify the arms of chaſtity?
Hence had the huntreſs Dian' her dread bow,
Fair ſilver-ſhafted queen, for ever chaſte,
Wherewith ſhe tam'd the brinded lioneſs
And ſpotted mountain pard, but ſet at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her ſtern frown, and ſhe was queen o' th' woods.
What was the ſnaky-headed Gorgon ſhield,
That wiſe Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone,
But rigid looks of chaſte auſterity,
And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
With ſudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is ſaintly Chaſtity,
That, when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear,
Till oft converſe with heavenly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the ſoul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal: but when luſt,
By unchaſte looks, looſe geſtures, and foul talk,
But moſt by lewd and laviſh act of ſin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The ſoul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till ſhe quite loſe
The divine property of her firſt being.
Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp
Oft ſeen in charnel vaults, and ſepulchres,
Ling'ring and ſitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itſelf by carnal ſenſuality
To a degenerate and degraded ſtate.

§ 7. *Philoſophy.* Milton.

How charming is divine Philoſophy!
Not harſh, and crabbed, as dull fools ſuppoſe,
But muſical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets,
Where no crude ſurfeit reigns!

§ 8. *True Liberty.* Milton.

——————True Liberty
Is loſt, which always with right reaſon dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reaſon in man obſcur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate deſires
And upſtart paſſions catch the government
From reaſon, and to ſervitude reduce
Man, till then free.

§ 9. *Proweſs of Body and Mind.* Milton.

Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the ſpirits of juſt men, long oppreſs'd,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might,
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppreſſor,
The brute and boiſt'rous force of violent men,
Hardy and induſtrious to ſupport
Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to purſue
The righteous, and all ſuch as honour truth!
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats;
With plain heroic magnitude of mind,
And celeſtial vigour arm'd,
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them uſeleſs, while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, ſurpris'd,
Loſe their defence, diſtracted and amaz'd.

§ 10. *On Shakeſpeare.* Milton.

What needs my Shakeſpeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled ſtones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtarry-pointing pyramid?
Dear ſon of memory! great heir of fame! [name?
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thyſelf a live-long monument.
For whilſt to th' ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring art
Thy eaſy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Thoſe Delphic lines with deep impreſſion took,
Then thou our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with too much conceiving;
And ſo ſepulchred in ſuch pomp doth lie,
That kings for ſuch a tomb would wiſh to die.

§ 11. *Song: On May Morning.* Milton.

Now the bright morning ſtar, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the eaſt, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowſlip, and the pale primroſe.
Hail, bounteous May, that doſt inſpire
Mirth, and youth, and warm deſire!
Woods and groves are of thy dreſſing,
Hill and dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early ſong,
And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

§ 12. *Virtue and Evil.* Milton.

Virtue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd:
Yea, even that which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory;
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt,
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſettled to itſelf,
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble.

§ 13. *Patience.* MILTON.

MANY are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ [sought,
With studied argument, and much persuasion
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with th' afflicted, in his pangs, their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

§ 14. *Sonnet: On his deceased Wife.* MILTON.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, tho' pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclin'd, [night.
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my

§ 15. *Spirits.* MILTON.

——SPIRITS, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

§ 16. *Pain.* MILTON.

——WHAT avails
Valour or strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with Pain,
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine;
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils! and, excessive, overturns
All patience.

§ 17. *Hypocrisy.* MILTON.

NEITHER man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, thro' heaven and earth:
And oft tho' Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity [ill
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no
Where no ill seems.

§ 18. *The Lady reproving Comus.* MILTON.

I HATE when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted, base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous
Against the sun-clad pow'r of Chastity, [words
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast not ear, nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That have so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence, thize,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympa-
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

§ 19. *Sonnet to the Nightingale.* MILTON.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; oh if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the muse, or love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

§ 20

§ 20. *Echo: A Song.* MILTON.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph! that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
Oh if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

VARIOUS DESCRIPTIONS FROM SPENSER.

§ 21. *Adonis's Garden.*

BUT were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightful garden grows
Should happy be, and have immortal bliss:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes,
And sweet love gentle fits emongst them throws.
Without fell rancour, or fond jealousie;
Frankley each paramour his leman knows,
Each bird his mate; ne any does envie
Their goodly merriment, and gay felicitie.

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Right in the middest of that paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whoes round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle-trees did rise,
Whose shadie boughs sharp steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop;
But, like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gumes did drop,
That all the ground with precious dewle dight,
Threw forth most dainty odours, and most sweet delight!

And, in the thickest covert in that shade,
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
But of the trees own inclination made,
Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,
With wanton ivie-twine entail'd athwart,
And eglantine and caprisole emong,
Fashion'd above within her inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could thro' them throng,
Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transform'd of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramoure,
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the wat'ry shore;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late;
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see Amintas' wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets verse hath given endless date.

§ 22. *Affections.*

HOw great a toil to stem the raging flood,
When beauty stirs the mass of youthful blood!
When the swoln veins with circling torrents rise,
And softer passions speak thro' wishing eyes!

The voice of reason's drown'd; in vain it speaks,
When hasty anger dyes the gloomy cheeks;
And vengeful pride hurries the mortal on
To deeds unheard, and cruelties unknown.

Then 'gan the Palmer thus: Most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weak and wan,
But soon, through sufferance, growe to fearfull end;
Whiles they are weak, betimes with them contend:
For when they once to perfect strength do growe,
Strong warres they make, and cruel battry bend
'Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrowe:
Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, this 'squire have laid thus lowe.

Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, do thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and jealousy a weed;
Grief is a flood, and love a monster fell;
The fire of sparke, the weed of little seed,
The flood of drops, the monster filth did breed:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus decay;
The sparks soon quench, the springing seed out-weed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away;
So shall wrath, jealousy, grief, love, die and decay.

§ 23. *Ambition.*

A ROUT of people there assembled were,
Of every sort or nation under sky,
Which with great uprore preassed, to draw near
To th' upper part, where was advanced hie
A stately seat of soveraigne majestie,
And thereon sate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
That never earthly prince in such array
His glory did enchaunce, and pompous pride display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seem to be
That her broad beauties beam great brightness threw
Thro' the dim shade, that all men there might see:
Yet was not that same her own native hew,
But wrought by art; and counterfeited shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'less, more heavenly faire in deed and view
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crimes withall.

There, as in glist'ring glory she did sit,
She held a great gold-chain ylinked well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that preasse did round about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine thereby

To

To climb aloft, and others to excell;
That was Ambition, rash desire to stie,
And ev'ry link thereof a step of dignitie.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close should'ring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for base reward;
And all, by wrong ways, for themselves prepar'd.
Those that were up themselves, kept others lowe;
Those that were lowe themselves, held others hard,
Ne suffer'd them to rise, or greater growe;
But every one did strive his fellow down to throwe.

O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raigne!
Who nether dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor laws of men, that common weals containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wild beasts restraine,
Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtaine.
No faith so firm, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may enduren long.

§ 24. *Anguish.*

What equal torment to the griefe of minde,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkinde,
And nourisheth her own consuming smart?
What medicine can any leache's art
Yield such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?

§ 25. *Arbour.*

And over him, art striveing to compaire
With nature, did an arbour green dispred,
Framed with wanton ivie, flowering faire,
Thro' which the fragrant eglantine did spred
His pricking armes, entayl'd with roses red,
Which dainty odours round about him threw;
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That, when mild Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breathe out bounteous smells, and painted colours shew.

§ 26. *Avarice.*

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap a heap of coin he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade, [waide.
And right and wronge ylike in equall ballance

At last he came into a gloomie glade, [light,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heaven's
Whereas he sitting found, in secret shade,
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivill wight,
Of griesly hew, and foul ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoake was tann'd, and eyes were blear'd;
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight;
His coale-black hands did seem to have been sear'd [clawes appear'd.
In smithe's fire-speting forge, and nails like

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistring gloss, darkened with filthy dust,
Well it appeared to have been of old
A work of rich entaile, and curious mould,
Woven with anticks, and wild imagery;
And in his lap a mass of coine he told,
And turn'd up-side down, to feed his eye,
And covetous desire, with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay, on every side,
Great heaps of gold, that never could be spent;
Of which, some were ore not purifide
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingots, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten monument;
But most were stampt, and in their metall bare
The antick shapes of kings and Cæsars strange and rare.

§ 27. *Bashfulness.*

The whiles, the fairie knight did entertaine
Another damsel of that gentle crew,
That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
But that too oft she chang'd her native hue.
Strange was her tire, and all her garments blue,
Close round about her tuckt, with many a plight:
Upon her fist, the bird that shunneth view,
And keeps in coverts close from living wight,
Did sit, as if asham'd how rude Dan did her dight.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone, with rosie red,
The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did die,
And her became as polish'd ivorie,
Which cunning craftsman's hand hath overlaid
With fair vermillion, or pure lastery.
Great wonder had the knight to see the maid
So strangely passioned, and to her gently said;

Fair damsell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
That either me too bold yee weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare,
That in the secret of your heart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not devise,
I will (if please you it discrue) assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answer'd nought, but more abasht for shame,
Held down her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flushing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion marr'd her modest grace,

That Guyon marvail'd at her uncouth caſe:
Till Alma him beſpake, Why wonder yee,
Fair ſir, at that which you ſo much imbrace?
She is the fountaine of your modeſtee;
You ſhame-fac'd are, but Shame-fac'dneſs itſelf is ſhee.

Another.

And next to her ſate goodly Shame-fac'dneſs;
Ne ever durſt her eyes from ground up-reare,
Ne ever once did look up from her dreſs,
As if ſome blame of evill ſhe did feare,
That in her cheek made roſes oft appeare.

§ 28. *Beauty.*

NOUGHT is there under heaven's wide hollowneſs
That moves more dear compaſſion of mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedneſs
By envy's ſnares, or fortune's freaks unkind:
I, whether lately thro' her brightneſs blind,
Or thro' allegiance and faſt fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierc'd with ſo great agony,
When ſuch I ſee, that all for pity I could die.

Eftſoons there ſtepped forth
A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weed,
That ſeem'd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her ſtately portance, borne of heavenly birth.

Her face ſo fair, as fleſh it ſeemed not,
But heavenly portraict of bright angels hiew,
Clear as the ſky, withouten blame or blot,
Thro' goodly mixture of complexions dew,
And in her cheeks the vermill' red did ſhew
Like roſes in a bed of lillies ſhed,
The which ambroſial odours from them threw,
And gazers ſenſe with double pleaſure fed,
Able to heal the ſick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above, at th' heavenly Maker's light,
And darted fiery beams out of the ſame,
So paſſing pearceant, and ſo wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the raſh beholders of their ſight:
In them the blinded God his luſtful fire
To kindle oft aſſay'd, but had no might;
For, with dread majeſty, and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched baſe deſire.

Nought under heaven ſo ſtrongly doth allure
The ſenſe of man, and all his mind poſſeſs,
As beauty's love baît, that doth procure
Great warriors of their rigour to repreſs,
And mighty hands forget their manlineſs,
Drawn with the pow'r of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden treſs,
That can with melting pleaſance mollify
Their harden'd hearts, enur'd to blood and cruelty.

So whilome learn'd that mighty Jewiſh ſwain,
Each of whoſe locks did match a man of might,
To lay his ſpoils before his leman's train:
So alſo did the great Cetean knight,
For his love's ſake, his lion's ſkin undight:
And ſo did warlike Anthony neglect
The world's whole rule, for Cleopatra's ſight.
Such wond'rous pow'r has women's fair aſpect,
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.

§ 29. *Boar.*

AND then two boars with rankling malice met,
Their goary ſides, freſh bleeding, fiercely fret,
Till breathleſs both, themſelves aſide retire,
Where foaming wroth their cruel tuſks they whet, [reſpire;
And trample th' earth the while they may
Then back to fight again, new breathed and entire.

§ 30. *Bower of Bliſs.*

THENCE paſſing forth, they ſhortly do arrive
Whereat the Bower of Bliſs was ſituate;
A place pick'd out by choice of beſt alive,
That nature's work by art can imitate;
In which whatever in this worldly ſtate
Is ſweet and pleaſing unto living ſenſe,
Or that may daintieſt fantaſie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful diſpenſe,
And made there to abound with laviſh affluence.

Goodly it was encloſed round about,
As well their enter'd gueſts to keep within,
As thoſe unruly beaſts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin:
Nought fear'd their force that fortilage to win,
But wiſdom's powre and temperance's might,
By which the mightieſt things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of ſubſtance light,
Rather for pleaſure than for battery or fight.

It framed was of pretious yvory,
That ſeem'd a work of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous hiſtorie
Of Jaſon and Medæa was ywrit;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
His goodly conqueſt of the golden fleece,
His falſed faith, and love to lightly flit,
The wondred Argo, which invent'rous peece
Firſt thro' the Euxian ſeas bore all the flow'r of Greece.

Ye might have ſeen the frothy billowes fry
Under the ſhip, as thorough them ſhe went,
That ſeemed waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were ſent:
And other where the ſnowy ſubſtance ſprent,
With vermell-like the boyes bloud therein ſhed,
A piteous ſpectacle did repreſent;
And otherwhiles with gold beſprinkeled,
It ſeem'd th' enchanted flame which did Creüſa wed.

All this and more might in this goodly gate
Be read; that ever open ſtood to all

Which

Which thither came; but in the porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing more than natural,
That travellers to him seem'd to entice;
His looser garments to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

The foe of life, that good envies to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall,
Through guileful semblaunce which he makes
He of this gardin had the governall, [us see,
And Pleasure's porter was devis'd to be,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitie.

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spatious plaine on ev'ry side
Strow'd with pleasaunce, whose faire grassie ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride,
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morne.

Thereto the heavens always joviall,
Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffer'd storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the milde air with season moderate
Gently attempred and dispos'd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome smell.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
Of Rhodopè, on which the nymph that bore
A giant-babe, her selfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempè, where of yore
Faire Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
When-ever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of muses faire;
Or Eden, if that aught with Eden mote compare.

Till that he came unto another gate,
No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight
With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a porch with rare devise,
Archt over head with an embracing vine, [tice
Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to en-
All passers by to taste their lushious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered:
Some deep empurpled as the hyacint,
Some as the rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like faire emeraudes not yet ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weak boughes, with so rich load oppresst,
Did bow adown as over-burthened.

There the most dainty paradise on ground,
It self doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plentiously abound,
And none does others happiness envie:
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hie,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing place,
The trembling groves, the crystall running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which wrought it all appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonness ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striveing each the other to undermine,
Each the other's worke more beautify;
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet diversitie,
This garden to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channell running, one might see;
Most goodly it with pure imageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seem'd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whiles others did themselves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all, of purest gold, was spred
A trayle of ivie in his native hew:
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight that did not well advised view,
Would surely deem it to be ivie true:
Low his lascivious armes adowne did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe,
Which drops of crystall seem'd for wantonness to weepe.

Infinite streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright
That seem'd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

And all the margent round about was set
With shady lawrell-trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billows bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.

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§ 31. *Bower of Proteus.*

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mighty rock, 'gainst which doe rave
The roring billoes in their proud disdaine;

That with the angry working of the wave,
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seems rough mason's hand, with engine keen,
Had long while laboured it to engrave:
There was his wonne, ne living wight was seen,
Save an old nymph, hight Panope, to keep it clean.

§ 32. *Bull.*

As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bait,
When rancour doth with rage him once begore,
Forgets with warie ward them to await,
But with his dreadful horns them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads down in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing out disdaine,
That all the forest quakes to hear him roar.

Another.

As two fierce bulls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the herd, meet with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the plaine:
So these two champions to the ground were feld.

Another.

Like a wild bull, that being at a bay,
Is baited of a mastiff and a hound,
And a curre-dog, that do him sharp assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most the curre, barking with bitter sound,
And creeping still behind, doth him incomber,
That in chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellows like the thunder.

§ 33. *Calumny.*

It is a monster bred of hellish race,
Then answer'd he, which often had annoy'd
Good knights and ladies true, and many elfe destroy'd.
Of Cerberus whylome he was begot,
And fell Chimæra in her darksome den,
Through foule commixture of his filthy blot,
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
Till he to perfect ripeness grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
Ill fore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

§ 34. *Cannon.*

As when the devilish iron engine wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramm'd with bullet round ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thund'ring noise, and all the aire doth choke,
That none can breathe, nor see, nor hear at will,
Thro' smouldry cloud of duskish stinking smoke
That th' only breath him daunts who hath escapt his stroke.

§ 35. *Charity.*

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easy to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated, chast in work and will;
Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arraied still.

A multitude of babes about her hang,
Plying their sports, that joy'd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whilst they were weak and young,
But thrust them forth still, as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tire of gold, [fair,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous
Whoes passing price uneath was to be told;
And by her side there sate a gentle pair
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chaire.

§ 36. *Concord.*

But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish virtue, and fast friendship breedes; [does increase,
Weake she makes strong, and strong things
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds.
Brave be her warres, as honourable deedes,
By which she triumphs over ire and pride,
And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.

§ 37. *Contemplation.*

There they doe find that godly aged sire,
With snowy locks adown his shoulders shed,
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.
Each bone might through his body well be read,
And every sinew seen through his long fast:
For nought he car'd, his carcasse long unfed;
His mind was full of spiritual repast,
And pyn'd his flesh, to keep his body lowe and chaste.

§ 38. *Cupid.*

Like a Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruel bowe away,
And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill
The world with wondrous spoils and bloudie prey:
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, graces three;
The goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herself through sleep beguil'd to be,
The whiles the other ladies mind their merry glee.

First, she him sought in court where most he used
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found, which sore accused
His falsehood, and with foule infamous blot,
His cruel deeds and wicked wiles did spot:

Ladies

Ladies and lords she every-where mote hear
Complaining, how with his empoysned shot
Their woful hearts he wounded had whyleare,
And so had left them languishing 'twixt hope and feare.

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
And every one did ask, did he him see;
And every one her answer'd, and too late
He had him seen, and felt the crueltie
Of his sharp darts, and hot artillerie;
And every one threw forth reproaches rife
Of his mischievous deeds, and said, that hee
Was the disturber of all civil life,
The enemie of peace, and author of all strife.

Then in the country she abroad him sought,
And in the rural cottages enquired;
Where also many plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedless hearts with love had fired,
And false venim thorough their veines inspired;
And eke the gentle shepheard swaines, which fate
Keeping their fleecie flocks, as they were hired:
Shee sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

And at the upper end of the faire towne,
There was an altar built of precious stone,
Of passing value, and of great renowne,
On which there stood an image all alone,
Of massie gold, which with his own light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours than the proud pavone
Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her dicolour'd bow she spreads thro' heaven bright.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fist
A mortal bow and arrowes keen did hold,
With which he shot at random when he list:
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold
(Ah, man! beware how thou those darts behold).
A wounded dragon under him did lye,
Whoes hideous tayle his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through eyther eye,
That no man forth could draw, ne no man remedy.

Next after her, the winged god himself
Came riding on a lyon ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he had awhile unbind,
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
Faire dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which seen he much rejoyceth in his cruel mind.

Of which full proud, himself up-rearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdaine;
And did survey his goodly company:
And marshalling the evil ordered traine, [straine,
With that the darts which his right hand did
Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,
And clapt on high his coloured wings twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho' binding him againe, his way he forth did take.

§ 39. *Danger.*

With him went Danger, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of a beares skyn, that him more dreadful made:
Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need
Strange horror, to deform his grielly shade;
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was: this mischiefe, that mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatened to invade,
With th' other he his friends meant to enwrap;
For, whom he could not kill, he practis'd to entrap.

Another.

But in the porch did ever more abide
An hideous giant, dredful to behold,
That stopt the entrance with his spatious stride;
And with the terror of his countenance bold,
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

His name was Danger, dreaded over all,
Who day and night did watch and duly ward,
From fearful cowards entrance to forstall,
And faint-heart fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortune's faire award:
For, oftentimes, faint hearts at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scar'd;
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from faire hope, withouten further triall.

Yet many doughty warriors, often tride
In greater perills to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternness of his look abide;
But soon as they his countenance behold,
Began to faint, and feel their courage cold.
Again, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards known, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stooping lowe, or stealing of the kaies.

§ 40. *Day-break.*

By this, the northern waggoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast star,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandering are:
And chearful Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phœbus' fiery carre
In haste was climbing up the eastern hill;
Full envious that night so long his room did fill

§ 41. *Death.*

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudie dide,

Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct, and straire as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde;
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they
did tine.

As pale and wan as ashes was his look,
His body lean and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered as a dried rook,
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake;
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's scull, that seem'd a gastly
sight.

§ 42. *Defamation.*

Him in a narrow place he overtook,
And fierce assailing forc't him turn againe;
Sternly he turn'd again, when he him strooke
With his sharp steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good peck within the utmost brim,
All set with iron teeth with ranges twaine,
That terrified his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus, grisly grim.

And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry;
And some of bears, that groynd continually;
And some of tygers that did seem to gren
And snar at all that ever passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortal men,
That spake reproachfully, not caring where nor
when.

And then amongst were mingled here and
there
The tongues of serpents, with three forked stings,
That spat out poison, and bore bloudy gere
At all that came within his ravenings,
And spake licentious words, and hateful things,
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne Cesars spared he a whit, nor kings,
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

§ 43. *Desire.*

And him beside marcht amorous Desire,
Who seem'd of riper years than th' other
swaine;
Yet was that other swaine the elder syre,
And gave him being, common to them twaine:
His garment was disguised very vaine,
And his embroidered bonet sate awry;
'Twixt both his hands flew sparkes he close did
straine,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soon they life conceiv'd, and forth in
flames did fly.

§ 44. *Detraction.*

The other nothing better was than she;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kind,
But in bad manner they did disagree;
For, what-so Envie good or bad did find,
She did conceale and murder her own mind;
But this, whatever evil she conceaved,
Did spread abroad, and throw in th' open wind.
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was men's good names to
have bereaved.

For whatsoever good by any said,
Or done, she heard, she would strait-waies invent
How to deprave, or slanderously upbraid,
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companys frequent,
To hark what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked
sort.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eke, and make it worse by telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was near to Envy, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hagg, and Envy's self excelling
In mischiefe: for, her self she only vext:
But this same, both herself and others eke perplext.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foaming with poyson round about her gills,
In which her cursed tongue (full sharp and
short)
Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whom so she wills:
A discase in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she little spinnes, but spils,
And paines to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw among the good, when others had
disprad

§ 45. *Discord.*

Firebrand of hell, first tin'd in Phlegeton,
By thousand furies, and from thence out-
thrown,
Into this world, to work confusion,
And sett it all on fire (by force unknown),
Is wicked Discord, whose small sparkes once
blowne,
None but a god, or godlike man, can slake:
Such as was Orpheus, that when strife was grown
Amongst those famous impes of Greece, did take
His silver harp in hand, and shortly friends them
make.

§ 46. *Discord's House.*

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There whereas all plagues and harmes abound,
Which punish wicked men, that walk amiss;
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes environd round,
That none the same way may out-win;
Yet many wayes to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven walles were hung
With ragged monuments of times fore-past,
Of which, the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes, and broken scepters plac't,
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't,
Dishevered spears, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great cittys ransackt, and strong castles ras't,
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some reliques did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
For memory of which, on high there hong
The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
For which the three faire goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
Of Alexander, and his princes five,
Which shar'd to them the spoiles which he had got alive.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell,
And of the bloody feast, which sent away
So many centaures drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides' furie fell:
And of the dreadful discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to out-rage fell,
That each of life sought other to deprive,
All mindless of the golden-fleece which made them strive.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnatural;
Some of deare lovers, foes perpetual;
Witness their broken bands there to be seen,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres dispoiled all;
The monuments whereof there byding been,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and green.

Such was the house within; but all without
The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,
Which she herself had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evil words, and factious deedes;
Which when to ripeness due they growen are,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
The which most often end in blood-shed and in warre.

And those same cursed seedes do also serve
To her for bread, and yield a living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Thro' mischievous debate, and deadly feood,
That she may suck their life, and drink their blood,
With which she from her childhood had been fed,
For she at first was born of hellish brood,
And by infernal furies nourished, [read.
That by her monstrous shape might easily be

Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrary ways entended,
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be;
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked words that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speak, and both contended;
And as her tongue, so was her heart decided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchless eares deformed and distort,
Fil'd with false rumors, and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report.
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplac't; that when th' one forward gode,
The other back retired, and contrary trode.

Likewise unequal were her handes twaine;
That one did reach, the other pusht away;
The one did make, the other marr'd againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered many a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay.
For all her study was, and all her thought,
How she might overthrowe the thing that concord wrought.

So much her mallice did her might surpass,
That even th' Almighty self she did maligne
Because to man so merciful he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her self was of his grace indigne:
For all this world's faire workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chain quite to divide,
With which it blessed concord hath together tide.

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§ 47. *Dolphin.*

As when a dolphin and a sele are met,
In the wide champian of the ocean plaine,
With cruel chaufe their courages they whet,
The masterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadful battaile 'twixt them to darraine:
They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the sea (disturbed with their traine)
Doth frie with some above the surges hore,
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprore.

§ 48. *Doubt.*

NEXT after him went Doubt, yclad
In a discolour'd cote of strange disguise,
That at his back a brode cappucio had,
And sleeves dependant Albanese wise:
He lookt askew with his mistrustful eyes,
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avise,
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard thereon he lay.

Another.

That was to weet, the porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Doubt, he had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, and th' other backward bent;
Therein resembling Janus auncient,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whoes cause did not appeare.

§ 49. *Dungeon.*

DEEP in the bottom of an huge great rocke
The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barrs, nor brazen lock
Did need to guard from force, or secret theft
Of all her lovers, which would have her reft.
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and roar'd
As they the clift in pieces would have cleft:
Besides, ten thousand monsters, foule abhor'd,
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

§ 50. *Eagle.*

LIKE to an eagle in his kingly pride,
Soaring through his wide empire,
To weather his broad sayles; by chance hath spide
A goshaulk, which hath seized for her share
Upon some fowle, that should her feast prepare:
With dreadful force he flies at her belive,
That with his souce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

Another.

As when Jove's harnes-bearing bird from high,
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdaine,
The stone-dead quarrey fals so forcibly,
That it rebounds against the lowlie plaine,
A second fall redoubling back againe.

§ 51. *Ease.*

PROCEEDING to the midst he still did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand
In signe of silence, as to hear a play,
By lively actions he began bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he back retired soft away:
And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

§ 52. *Envy.*

AND next to him malicious Envie rode,
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous toad,
That all the poyson run about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad,
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosom secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his tail up ties
In many folds, and mortal sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heaps of gold with griple covetise,
And grudged at the great felicity
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less, that any like did use:
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse:
So every good to bad he doth abuse;
And eke the verse of famous poet's wit
He does back-bite, and spightful poyson spues
From leprous mouth, on all that ever writ:
Such on vile Envy was, that first in rowe did sit.

Another.

The one of them, that elder did appear,
With her dull eyes did seem to look askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foul haire
Hung loose and loathsomely: thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew
And all her bones might thro' her cheeks be read;
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blue:
And as she spake, therewith she slavered;
Yet spake she seldome, but thought more the less she said.

Her hands were foule and dirty, never waisht
In all her life, with long nailes over-raught,
Like puttocks clawes, with th' one of which she scracht
Her cursed head, although it itched nought;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed, and gnawed hungerly,
As that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her jawes one might descry
The bloudy gore and poison dropping lothsomely.

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby;
Whoes nature is to grieve, and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen praise worthily:
Whoes sight to her is greatest cross may fall,

And

And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall.
For when she wanteth other things to eat,
She feeds on her own maw unnatural, [meat;
And of her own foul entrailes makes her
Meat fit for such a monster's monstrous diat.

And if she hapt of any good to hear,
That had to any body happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for felnes, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harm that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's loss great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gained a great stake.

§ 53. *Error.*

This is a wandring wood, this Error's den;
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate.
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Half like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other half did woman's shape retaine,
Most lothsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile disdaine.

As she lay upon the dirtie grownd,
Her huge long taile her den all over-spread,
Yet was in knots and many boughs upwound,
Pointed with mortal sting. Of her there bred
A thousand young ones, and she daily fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundry shape, yet all ill-favoured:
Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

§ 54. *Excess.*

But young Perissa was of other mind,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sister's kind;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flow'd above the bank,
And in excess exceeded her own might;
In sumptuous tire she joy'd herself to prank;
But of her love to lavish, little have she thank.

Another.

Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in faire weedes, but foule disordered,
And garments loose, that seem'd unmeet for womanhood.
In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whoes sappy liquor with that fulnes swell'd,
Into her cup she scruz'd, with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach,
That so faire wine-press made the wine more sweet;
Thereof she us'd to give to drink to each,
Whome passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise, all strangers goodly so to greet.

§ 55. *Faith.*

Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her crystal face, [sight,
That could have daz'd the rash beholder's
And round her head did shine like heaven's light.

She was arraid all in lily white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fill'd up to the height,
In which a serpent did himself enfold,
That horror made to all, that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A book that was both sign'd and seal'd with blood,
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood.

§ 56. *Falcon.*

——————As a falcon faire
That once has failed of her souse full neare,
Remounts again into the open aire,
And unto better fortune does herself prepare.

Another.

As when a falcon hath with nimble flight
Flown at a flush of ducks, foreby he broke,
The trembling brood dismaid with dreadful sight
Of death, the which them almost overtook,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying look,
Amongst the flags and covert round about.

Another.

As when a cast of falcons make their flight
At an hernesshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whiles they strike at him with heedless might,
The warie fowl his bill doth backward wring;
On which she first, whoes force her first doth bring,
Her self quite through the body doth engore,
And falleth down to grownd like senseless thing;
But th' other not so swift as she before,
Fails of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

§ 57. *Fancy.*

Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,
That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
A man in yeares, yet fresh as mote appeare,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharp stairing eyes,
That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view
Mote deem him borne with ill-disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne sate in the house of agonies.

Another.

The first was Fancy, like a lovely boy,
Of rare aspect, and beauty without peare;
Matchable eyther to that impe of Troy,
Whom Jove did love, and chose his cup to beare,
Or

Or the ſame dainty lad, that was ſo deare
To great Alcides, that when as he did hide,
He wailed woman-like with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wide
He fill'd with Hylas' name, the nymphes eke
Hylas cride.

His garment neither was of ſilk nor ſay,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the ſun-burnt Indians do array
Their tawny bodies in their proudeſt plight:
As thoſe ſame plumes, ſo ſeem'd he vain and light,
That by his gate might eaſily appeare:
For ſtill he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mov'd ſtill here and there.

§ 58. *Fear.*

NEXT him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himſelf not ſafe enough thereby,
But fear'd each ſhadow moving to and fro;
And his own armes' when glitt'ring he did ſpy,
Or claſhing heard, he faſt away did fly,
As aſhes pale of hue, and wingy-heel'd;
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,
'Gainſt whom he always bent a brazen ſhield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

§ 59. *Ship.*

AS when a ſhip that flies fair under ſaile,
And hidden rock eſcaped hath unawares,
That lay in wait her wrack to bewaile,
The mariner yet half amazed ſtares
At peril paſt, and yet it doubt ne dares
To joy at his fool-happy over ſight.

Another.

As a tall ſhip toſſed in troublous ſeas,
Whome raging winds, threating to make the prey
Of the rough rocks, do diverſly diſeaſe,
Meets two contrary billows by the way,
That her on either ſide do ſore aſſay,
And boaſt to ſwallow her in greedy grave;
She, ſcorning both their ſpights, does make wide way,
And with her breaſt breaking the foamy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her ſelf doth ſave.

§ 60. *Feeling.*

BUT the firſt troupe moſt horrible of hue,
And fierce of force, was dreadful to reporte:
For ſome like ſnails, ſome did like ſpiders ſhew,
And ſome like ugly urchins, thick and ſhort;
They cruelly aſſailed that firſt fort,
Armed with darts of ſenſuall delight,
With ſtings of carnall luſt, and ſtrong effort
Of feeling pleaſure, with which day and night
Againſt that ſame firſt bulwark they continued fight.

§ 61. *Fire.*

LIKE as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long been underkept and down ſuppreſt,
With murmurous diſdain doth inly rave,
And grudge in ſo ſtreight priſon to be preſt,
At laſt breakes forth with furious unreſt,
And ſtrives to mount unto his native ſeat;
All that earſt it hinder and moleſt, [heat,
It now devours with flames and ſcorching
And carries into ſmoake with rage and horror great.

§ 62. *Firſt Age.*

THE antique world, in his firſt flowing youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace;
But with glad thanks, and unreproved truth,
The gifts of ſoveraigne bounty did embrace:
Like angels life was then man's happy caſe;
But later ages pride (like corn-fed ſteed)
Abus'd her plenty, and fat-ſwoln encreaſe,
To all licentious luſt, and gan exceed [need.
The meaſure of her meane, and natural firſt

Then gan a curſed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great grandmother with ſteele to wound,
And the hid treaſures in her ſacred tombe
With ſacrilege to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and ſilver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge deſire
And pompous pride eſtſoones he did compound,
Then avarice gan through his veines to inſpire
His greedy flames, and kendle life-devouring fire.

§ 63. *Flood.*

AS he that ſtrives to ſtop a ſuddein flood,
And in ſtrong bankes his violence encloſe,
Forceth his ſwell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflowe the fruitful plaine,
That all the country ſeems to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne,
The woful huſbandman doth loud complaine,
To ſee his whole yeares labour loſt ſo ſoon,
For which to God he made ſo many an idle boon.

§ 64. *Fury.*

BUT Fury was full ill apparelled
In rags, that naked nigh ſhe did appeare,
With ghaſtfull lookes and dreadfull drery head,
For from her back her garments ſhe did teare,
And from her head oft rent her ſnarled haire:
In her right hand a fire-brand ſhe did toſſe
About her head, ſtill roaming here and there;
As a diſmayed deere in chace emboſt,
Forgetful of his ſafety hath his right way loſt.

§ 65. *Giant.*

————His monſtrous enemy
With ſturdy ſteps came ſtalking in his ſight,
An hideous giant horrible and hie,

That

That with his talneſs ſeem'd to threat the ſky;
The ground eke groned under him for dreed;
His living like ſaw never living eye,
Ne durſt behold; his ſtature did exceed [ſeed.
The height of three the talleſt ſons of mortal

§ 66. *Gluttony.*

And by his ſide rode loathſome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthy ſwine,
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatneſs ſwollen were his eyne:
And like a crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he ſwallowed up exceſſive feaſt,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine;
And all the way, moſt like a brutiſh beaſt,
He ſpewed up his gorge, that all did him deteaſt.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heat,
And on his head an ivy girlond had,
From under which faſt trickled down the ſweat:
Still as he rode he ſomewhat did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing cann,
On which he ſupt ſo oft, that on his ſeat
His drunken corſe he ſcarce upholden can,
In ſhape and life more like a monſter than a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to ſtirre or go;
Not meet to be a councel to a king,
Whoes minde in meat and drink was drowned ſo;
Full of diſeaſe was his carcaſſe blue,
And a dry dropſy thro' his fleſh did flow,
Which by miſdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the ſecond of that crew.

§ 67. *Greedineſs.*

That is the Gulfe of Greedineſs, they ſay,
That deep engorgeth all this world's prey:
Which having ſwallowed up exceſſively,
He ſoon in vomit up again doth lay,
And belcheth forth his ſuperfluitie,
That all the ſeas for fear doe ſeem away to fly.

§ 68. *Grief.*

Next him went Grief and Fury matcht yfere;
Griefe, all in ſable ſorrow fully clad,
Down-hanging his dull head with heavy cheere,
Yet inly being more than ſeemly ſad:
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinced people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they had,
In wilful languor and conſuming ſmart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

§ 69. *Griffon.*

As when a griffon ſeized on his prey,
A dragon fierce encountreth in his flight:
Thro' wildeſt ayre making his idle way,
That would his rightful ravine rend away;
With hedious horrour, both together ſmight,
And ſouce ſo ſore, that they the heavens affray.
The wiſe ſouthſayer ſeeing ſo ſad a ſight, [fight.
The amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortal

§ 70. *Grove.*

Into that foreſt farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleaſant glade
With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods, which did the valley ſhade,
And like a ſtately theatre it made,
Spreading itſelf into a ſpatious plaine,
And in the midſt a little river plaid [plaine
Emongſt the pumyſtones, which ſeem'd to
With gentle murmur that his courſe they did reſtraine.

Enforc't to ſeek ſome covert nigh at hand,
A ſhady grove not farre away they ſpide,
That promis't ayde the tempeſt to withſtand:
Whoes ſofty trees yclad with ſummer's pride,
Did ſpread ſo broad that heaven's light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any ſtarre:
And all within were paths and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harboure, that them ſeemes; ſo in they entred are.

§ 71. *Harmony.*

Eftſoones they heard a moſt melodious ſound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty eare,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradiſe, be heard elſewhere:
Right hard it was for wight that did it heare,
To read what manner muſick that mote be:
For all that pleaſing is to living eare,
Was there conſorted in one harmonie,
Birds, voices, inſtruments, windes, waters,—all agree.

The joyous birds, ſhrouded in chearful ſhade,
Their notes unto the voyce attempred ſweet;
The angel call ſoft treambling voyces made
To the inſtruments divine reſpondence meet:
The ſilver ſounding inſtruments did meet
With the baſe murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall, with difference diſcreet,
Now ſoft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind lowe anſwering to all.

§ 72. *Hearing.*

The ſecond bulwarke was the hearing ſenſe,
'Gainſt which the ſecond troupe aſſignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in ſtrange difference,
Some having heads like harts; ſome like to ſnakes,
Some like wild bores late rous'd out of the breakes,
Slandrous reproches, and foule infamies,
Leaſings, backbitings, and vain-glorious crakes.
Bad counſels, prayſes, and falſe flatteries,
All thoſe againſt that fort did bend their batteries.

§ 73. *Hermitage.*

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale hard by a foreſt ſide,
Farre from reſort of people that did paſs
In travell to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chappell edified,
Wherein the hermit duly went to ſay
His holy things each morn and even tide:
Thereby a cryſtal ſtreame did gently play,
Which from a ſacred fountain welled forth away.

He thence led me into this hermitage,
Letting his ſteeds to graze upon the green;
Small was his houſe, and like a little cage,
For his own turne, yet inly neat and clean,
Deckt with green boughes, and flowers gay be ſeene;
Therein he them full faire did entertaine,
Not with ſuch forged ſhowes, as fitter beene
For courting fools that courtiſies would faine,
But with entire affection, and appearance plaine.

§ 74. *Hippolitus.*

Hippolytus a jolly huntſman was,
That wont in charot chaſe the foaming boar;
He all his peers in beauty did ſurpaſs,
But lady's love, as loſs of time, forbore;
His wanton ſtepdame loved him the more.
But when ſhe ſaw her offer'd ſweet refuſed,
Her love ſhe turn'd to hate, and him before
His father fierce, of treaſon falſe accuſed,
And with her jealous terms his open ears abuſed.

Who all in rage his ſea-god ſire beſought
Some curſed vengeance on his ſon to caſt;
From ſurging gulph two monſters ſtraight were brought,
With dread whereof his chaſing ſteeds aghaſt
Both charot ſwift and huntſman overcaſt;
His goodly corps on ragged clifts yrent
Was quite diſmembred, and his members chaſt
Scattred on every mountaine, as he went,
That of Hippolytus was left no monument.

§ 75. *Honour.*

Whoſo in pompe of proud eſtate (quoth ſhe)
Does ſwim, and bathes himſelf in courtly blis,
Does waſt his daies in darke obſcurity
And in oblivion ever buried is;
Where eaſe abounds, it's eaſie to doe amiſs;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot ſo eaſie miſs.
Abroad in arms, at home in ſtudious kind,
Who ſeekes with painefull toile, ſhall honour ſooneſt find.

In woods, in waves, in wars ſhe wonts to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,
Unto her happy manſion attaine:
Before her gate high God did ſweat ordaine,
And wakeful watches ever to abide;
But eaſie is the way, and paſſage plaine
To Pleaſures's palace; it may ſoon be ſpide,
And day and night her doors to all ſtand open wide.

§ 76. *Hope.*

With him went Hope in rank, a handſome mayd,
Of chearful look, and lovely to behold;
In ſilken ſamile ſhe was light arraid,
And her faire locks were woven up in gold;
She always ſmil'd, and in her hande did hold
An holy water ſprinkle dipt in deawe,
In which ſhe ſprinkled favours manyfold,
On whome ſhe liſt, and did great liking ſhewe;
Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

Another.

Her youngeſt ſiſter, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blue, that her beſeemed well,
Not all ſo chearful ſeemed ſhe of ſight,
As was her ſiſter; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguiſh in her heart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a ſilver anchor lay,
Whereon ſhe leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to Heaven as ſhe did pray,
Her ſtedfaſt eyes were bent, ne ſwarved other way.

§ 77. *Hydra.*

Orlike the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine,
That great Alcides whylome over-threw,
After that he had labour'd long in vaine,
To crop his thouſand heads, the which ſtill new
Forth budded, and in greater numbers grew,

Another.

Such own it was, as that renowned ſnake
Which great Alcides in Stremona ſlew,
Long foſter'd in the filth of Lerna lake,
Whoſe many heads out-budding ever new,
Did breed him endleſs labour to ſubdue.

§ 78. *Hypocrite.*

At length they chanc't to meet upon the way
An aged ſire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie graie,
And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he ſeem'd, and very ſagely ſad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in ſhewe, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breaſt, as one that did repent.

§ 79. *Idleneſs.*

Of which the firſt, that all the reſt did guide,
Was ſluggiſh Idleneſs, the nurſe of ſin;
Upon a ſlothful aſs he choſe to ride,
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
Like to an holy monk the ſervis to begin.

And in his hand a porteſſe ſtill he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red;
For of nevotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in ſleep, and moſt of his days dead,

Scarce

Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the waine was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himself he did esloine,
And greatly shunned manly exercise
For every work he challenged essoine,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless riotise:
By which he grew to grievous maladie;
For in his lustless limbs through evil guise
A shaking feaver raign'd continually:
Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

§ 80. *Ignorance.*

At last, with creeping crooked pace, forth came
An old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary steps both to and fro;
For his eye-sight him failed long ago:
And on his arme a bunch of keys he bore,
The which, unused, rust did over-growe:
Those were the keys of every inward dore:
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace:
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead;
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster-father of the giant dead,
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

§ 81. *Inconstancy.*

For those same islands, seeing now and then,
Are not firme land, or any certein wonne,
But straggling plots; which to and fro do ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The Wandring Islands: therefore do them shonne;
For they have oft drawn many a wandring wight
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

Yet well they seem to him, that farre doth view,
Both faire and fruitful, and the ground dispred
With grassie green of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaves unparelled,
Are deckt with blossoms dyed in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unsure.

§ 82. *Incontinence.*

The wanton lady with her lover rose,
Whose sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose.

Upon a bed of roses she was laid,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arraid, or rather disarraid,
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might be:
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets which oft we woven see
Of scorched dew, do not in th' air more lightly flee.

§ 83. *Lechery.*

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged haire,
And whaley eyes (the signe of jealousie)
Was like the person self whom he did beare;
Who rough, and black, and filthy did appeare,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye;
Yet he of ladys oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O! who does know the bent of woman's fantasie?

In a green gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthiness,
And in his hand a burning heart did bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fangleness:
For he was false, and fraught with fickleness,
And learned had to love with secrett lookes,
And well could dance and sing with ruefulness,
And fortunes tell, and read in loveing bookes,
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hooks.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tied to law,
But joy'd weak women's hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyal loves he might them move;
Which lewdness fill'd him with reproachful paine
Of that foul evill which all men reprove;
That rots the marrow and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

§ 84. *Life.*

O why doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their days unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soon expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still awaite,
Tossing themselves like a boat amid the maine
That every hour they knock at deathes gate?
And he that happy seemes, and least in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth plaine.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:
Ah see, who so faire thing dost faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
All see thy virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peep forth with bashful modestie,
That fairer seems, the less you see her may;
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

So

So passeth in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady, and many a paramoure:
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.

§ 85. *Lion.*

Like as a lion that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunter's toyle, doth rage and roare,
In royal heart disdaining to be thrall:
But all in vaine; for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, tho' it grieve him sore.

Another.

Like as a lion, whoes imperial powre
A proud rebellious unicorn defies,
T' avoid the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne sought of his enemies,
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

§ 86. *Love.*

O sacred fire that burnest mightily
In living brests, ykindled first above,
Emongst th' eternal spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pour'd into men, which men call love;
Not that same which doth base affections move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame;
But that sweet fit, that does true beauty love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest dame,
Whence spring all noble deeds, and never-dying fame.

Well did antiquitie a god thee deeme,
That ever mortal minds has so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatal purpose of divine foresight
Thou dost effect in destined descents,
Through deep impression of thy secret might;
And stirredst up the heroes high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

Wondrous it is to see in diverse mindes,
How diversly Love doth his pageants play,
And shews his power in variable kinds:
The baser wit, whoes idle thoughts alway,
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensual desire,
And in lewd sloth to wast its careless day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth uncomely idleness
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleness,
Ever to creep into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
It lets not scarce this prince to breath at all,
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call.

§ 87. *Madness.*

With hundred iron chains he did him bind,
And hundred knotts that did him sore constraine:
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grinde,
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyn, whom bloudy strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire;
And more for ranke despight, then for great paine,
Shak't his long locks, colour'd like copper wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

§ 88. *Mastiff.*

Like as a mastiffe, having at a bay
A salvage bull, whoes cruel hornes do threat
Desperate danger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get;
The whilst the beast doth rage and loudly roar.

§ 89. *Mediocrity.*

Of second sister, who did far excel
The other two; Medina was her name,
A sober, sad, and comely courteous dame;
Who rich array'd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honourable wise,
Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie,
Ne in her speech, ne in her haviour,
Was lightness seene, or looser vanitie,
But gratious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthful years:
Her golden locks she roundly did uptie
In brayded trammells, that no looser hares
Did out of order stray about her dainty eares.

Betwixt them both the fair Medina sate,
With sober grace, and goodly cariage:
With equall measure she doth moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward pair she ever would asswage,
When they would strive due reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would accourage,
And of her plenty adde unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and her self in heed.

§ 90. *Mercy.*

They, passing by, were guided by degree
Unto the presence of that gratious queen:
Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
And

And might of all men royally be ſeene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and ſheene;
Adorned all with gemmes of endleſs price,
As either might for wealth have gotten been,
Or could be fram'd by workman's rare device;
And all emboſt with lyons and with flowre de lice.

And over all her cloth of ſtate was ſpred,
Not of rich tiſſew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought elſe that may be richeſt red,
But like a cloud, as likeſt may be told,
That her broad ſpreading wings did wide unfold;
Whoſe ſkirts were bordered with bright ſunny beames,
Gliſtring like gold, amongſt the plights enrold,
And here and there ſhooting forth ſilver ſtreames, [glittering gleames.
Mongſt which crept the little angels thro' the
Seemed thoſe little angels did uphold
The cloth of ſtate, and on their purpled wings
Did bear the pendants, thro' their nimbleſs
Beſides a thouſand more of ſuch, as ſings [bold,
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompaſſed the throne, on which ſhe ſate:
She angel-like, the heir of ancient kings
And mighty conquerors, in royal ſtate,
Whilſt kings and Cæſars at her feet did them proſtrate.

Thus ſhe did ſit in ſovereign majeſtie,
Holding a ſceptre in her royal hand,
The ſacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had bleſt her happy land,
Maugre ſo many foes which did withſtand.
But at her feet her ſword was likewiſe layd,
Whoes long reſt ruſted the bright ſteely brand,
Yet when as foes enforc't, or friends ſought ayde, [maide.
She could it ſternly draw, that all the world diſ-
And round about before her feet there ſate
A beautie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly ſeem'd t' adorne her royal ſtate,
All lovely daughters of high Jove, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in love's delight,
Upon the righteous Themis: thoſe they ſay
Upon Jove's judgment-ſeat waite day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the world's decay, [ſtay.
They do his anger calme, and cruel vengeance
They alſo doe, by his divine permiſſion,
Upon the thrones of mortal princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remiſſion
To ſuppliants through frailtie which offend;
Thoſe did upon Marcillæ's throne attend:
Juſt Dice, wiſe Eunomie, mild Eirene;
And them amongſt, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance, in garments clene,
And ſacred Reverance, yborne of heavenly ſtrene.

Some clerkes doe doubt in their deviceful art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten, mercy, be of juſtice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate.
This will I wote, that ſure ſhe is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almighties everlaſting ſeat
She firſt was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

For if that virtue be of that great might,
Which from juſt verdict will for nothing ſtart,
But to preſerve inviolated right,
Oft ſpoils the principal to ſave the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That ſeekes to ſave the ſubject of her ſkill,
Yet never doth for doom of right depart:
As it is greater praiſe to ſave, than ſpill;
And better to reforme, than to cut off the ill.

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§ 91. *Minerva.*

Like as Minerva, being late return'd
From ſlaughter of the giants conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whoſe wide noſetrils burn'd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with his ſpear, down tumbled dead
From top of Hemus, by him heaped hie,
Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty head,
And her Gorgonian ſhield gins to untie
From her left arme, to reſt in glorious victorie.

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§ 92. *Morning.*

At laſt fair Heſperus, in his higheſt ſky
Had ſpent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light.
Then up he roſe, and clad him haſtily;
The dwarfe him brought his ſteed: ſo both away did fly.

Another.

Now when the roſy-finger'd morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithon's ſaffron bed,
Had ſpred her purple robe thro' deawy aire,
And the high hills Titan diſcovered,
The royal virgin ſhook her drowſy head.

Another.

At laſt, the golden oriental gate
Of greateſt heaven gan to open faire,
And Phœbus freſh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dancing forth, ſhaking his deawy heare:
And hurles his gliſteringbeamsthro' gloomy aire.

Another.

Soon as the fiery ſtreakes with purple beames
Diſperſe the ſhadowes of the miſty night,
And Titan playing on the eaſterne ſtreames,
Gan cleare the deawy aire with ſpringing light:
So ſoon as day, forth dawning from the eaſt,
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,
And early calling forth both man and beaſt,
Commanded them their daily workes renew.

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§ 93. *Mountain.*

It was an hill plac't in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchleſs height, that ſeem'd th' earth to diſdaine,

In

In which all trees of honour ſtately ſtood,
And did all winter as in ſummer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in the lowly branches ſung aloud,
And in their tops the ſoaring haukedid towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in majeſty and powre.

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flood
His ſilver waves did ſoftly tumble down,
Unmarr'd with ragged moſs or filthy mud;
Ne mote wild beaſts, ne mote the ruder clowne
There to approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But nymphs and faeries by the bankes did ſit,
In the wood ſhade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noiſome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a ſpatious plaine
Did ſpread itſelf, to ſerve to all delight,
Either to dance, when they to dance would faine,
Or elſe to courſe about their baſes light:
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleaſure might
Deſired be, or thence to baniſh bale:
So pleaſantly the hill, with equal height,
Did ſeem to overlook the lowly vale,
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

§ 94. *Mutability.*

Such is the weakneſs of all mortall hope;
So fickle is the ſtate of earthly things,
That ere they come into their aimed ſcope,
They fall ſo ſhort of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter ſorrowings,
Inſtead of comfort which we ſhould embrace:
This is the ſtate of Cæſars and of kings.
Let none therefore that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky caſe.

§ 95. *Night.*

Where grieſly Night, with viſage deadly ſad,
That Phœbus' chearfull face durſt never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad.
She finds forth comeing from her darkſome mew,
Where ſhe all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the door her iron charot ſtood,
Already harneſſed for journey new;
And cole-black ſteeds yborne of helliſh brood,
That on their naſty bits did champ, as they were wood.

By this, eternall lamps, where-with high Jove
Doth light the world, were half yſpent,
And the moiſt daughters of huge Atlas ſhove
Into the ocean deep to drive their wearie drove,
Now when as all the world in ſilence deep
Yſhrowded was, and every mortal wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly ſleep.

Night, thou foule mother of annoyance ſad,
Siſter of heavy death, and nurſe of woe,
Which was begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutiſh ſhape, thruſt downe to hell below,
Where, by the grim floud of Cocytus ſlowe,
That dwelling is Herebus' black hous,
(Black Herebus, thy huſband, is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou ungracious,
Half of thy days doeſt lead in horrour hedeous.

What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee,
The world in his continual courſe to keep,
That doeſt all things deface, ne letteſt ſee
The beautie of his work? Indeed in ſleep
The ſlothful body doth love to ſteep
His luſtleſs limbs, and drowne his baſer mind,
Doth praiſe thee oft, and oft from Stygian deep
Calls thee his goddeſs, in his errour blind,
And great dame Nature's hand-maid chearing every kind.

But well I wote, that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurſe of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old ſmarts;
Inſtead of reſt, thou lendeſt rayling tears,
And dreadful viſions, in the which alive,
The dreary image of ſad Death appears:
So from the warie ſpirite thou doſt drive
Deſired reſt, and men of happineſs deprive.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye,
Light-ſhunning theft, and trayterous intent,
Abhorred bloudſhed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and danger iminent:
Foule horror, and eke helliſh dreriment:
All theſe (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe ſhunne, for fear of being ſhent:
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdneſs love, doe hate the light to ſee.

For day diſcovers all diſhoneſt wayes,
And ſheweth each thing as it is indeed;
The prayſes of high God he fair diſplayes,
And his large bounty rightly doth areed,
Days bleſſed children be the bleſſed ſeed,
Which darkneſs ſhall ſubdue, and heaven wine
Truth is his daughter, he her firſt did breed,
Moſt ſacred virgin, without ſpot or ſin:
Our life is day; but death with darkneſs doth begin.

Now gan the humid vapour ſhed the ground
With pearly dew, and the earth's gloomy ſhade
Did dim the brightneſs of the welkin round,
That every bird and beaſt awarned made
To ſhrowd themſelves, while ſleep their ſenſes did invade.

§ 96. *Occaſion.*

And him behind, a wicked hagg did ſtalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy diſarray;
Her other leg was lame, that ſhe no'te walk,
But on a ſtaff her feeble ſteps did ſtay;
Her locks, that loathly were, and hoary grey,
Grew all afore, and looſely hung unroll'd;
But all behind was bald, and worn away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold,
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles old.

And ever as ſhe went, her tongue did walk
In foul reproach, and terms of vile deſpight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talk,
To heap more vengeance on that wretched wight.

Some-

Sometimes she raught him stones, wherewith to smite,
Sometimes her staff, tho' it her own leg were,
Withouten which she could not go upright;
Ne evil means she did forbeare, [reare.
That might him move to wrath, and indignation

§ 97. *Palace of Sleep.*

To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire:
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
And lowe, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is; there Thetys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
In silver dew his ever drouping head,
Whiles sad night over him her mantle black doth spread.
Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd with burnish'd ivory,
The other all with silver over-cast;
And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
By them the spright doth pass in quietly, [deep
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned
In drowsie fit he finds: of nothing he takes keep.
And more to lull him in his slumbers soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever drizling raine upon the loft, [sound
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone:
No other noise, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard: but careless quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternal silence, farre from enemies.

§ 98. *Tyger.*

As when two tygers, pinch'd with hunger's rage,
Have by good fortune found some beast's fresh spoyle,
On which they ween their famin to asswage,
And gaine a feastful guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out, do stir up strife-full broyle,
And cruell battel 'twixt themselves do make.
Whiles neither lets the other touch the spoyle,
But either 'sdeignes with other to partake.

Another.

As when a tyger and a lyoness
Are met a spoyling of some hungry prey,
Both challenge it with equal greediness:
But first the tyger clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore, loth to loos her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond:
To which the lyon strongly doth gainsay,
That she to hunt the beast first took in hond:
And therefore ought it have, where ever she it found.

§ 99. *Winds.*

——Like as a boist'rous wind, [been hid,
Which in th' earth's hollow caves hath long
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element against her kind
To move, and tremble as it were aghast,
Untill that it an issue forth may find,
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land and seas, and sky doth overcast.

§ 100. *Sun.*

As when two Suns appear in th' azure sky,
Mounted in Phœbus' chariot fierie bright:
Both darting forth faire beames to each man's eye,
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
All that behold such strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing nature's work, nor what toweene,
Are wrapt with wonder and with rare affright.

§ 101. *Phaeton.*

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus' fairest childe,
That did presume his father's fierie waine,
And flaming mouthes of steeds unwonted wild,
Thro' highest heaven with weaker hand to raine,
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
While flashing beams doe daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the wilkin way most beaten plaine,
And wrapt with whirling wheels enflame the skyen [shine.
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to

§ 102. *Sight.*

The first troupe was a monstrous rabblement
Of fowle misshapen wights, of which somewere
Headed like owls, with beakes uncomely bent,
Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,
And every one of them had lynces eyes,
And every one did bowe and arrowes beare.
All those were lawless lusts, corrupt envies,
And covetous aspects, all cruel enemies.

Those same against the bulwarke of the fight
Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respit day nor night,
But soon as Titan gan his head exault,
And soon again as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engines they against it bent:
That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault;
But two than all more huge and violent,
Beauty and money, they that bulwark sorely rent.

§ 103. *Slander.*

So when that forest they had passed well,
A little cottage farre away they spide,
To which they drew, ere night upon them fell;
And entering in, found none therein abide,
But an old woman sitting there beside,
Upon the ground, in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her scattered wide,

Gnawing her nayles for felneſs and for ire,
And thereout ſucking venoin to her parts intire.

A foule and loathly creature ſure in ſight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no leſs:
For ſhee was ſtuft with rancour and deſpight
Up to the throat; that oft with bitterneſs
It forth would break, and guſh in great exceſs,
Pouring our ſtreames of poyſon and of gall,
Gainſt all that truth or virtue doe profeſſe:
Whome ſhe with leeſings lewdly did miſcall,
And wickedly back-bite: her name men Slander call.

Her nature is, all goodneſs to abuſe,
And cauſeleſs crimes continually to frame;
With which ſhe guiltleſs perſons may accuſe,
And ſtealeaway the crowne of their good name:
Ne ever knight ſo bold, ne ever dame
So chaſt and loyall liv'd, but ſhe would ſtrive
With forged cauſe them falſely to defame:
Ne ever thing was done ſo well alive,
But ſhe with blame would blot, and of due praiſe deprive.

Her words were not as common words are ment,
T'expreſs the meaning of the inward minde:
But noiſome breath, and poys'nous ſpirit ſent
From inward parts, with cancar'd malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with blaſt of bitter winde;
Which paſſing thro' the eares, would pierce the heart,
And wound the ſoul it ſelf with grief unkind:
For, like the ſtings of aſpes, that kill with ſmart,
Her ſprightful words did prick and wound the inner part.

§ 104. *Storm.*

Hee cryde, as rageing ſeas are wont to rore,
When wintry ſtorme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
The rolling billows beat the ragged ſhore,
As they the earth would ſhoulder from her ſeat,
And greedy gulf does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the bluſtering breathren boldly threat,
To move the world from off his ſtedfaſt henge,
And boyſtrous battell make, each other to avenge

Another.

Like to a ſtorm that hovers under ſkie
Long here and there, and round about doth flie,
At length breaks down in raine, and haile, and ſleet, [dry;
Firſt from one coaſt, till nought thereof be
And then another, till that likewiſe fleet: [weet.
And ſo from ſide to ſide, till all the world be

§ 105. *Superſtition.*

Where that old woman day and night did
Upon her beades devoutly penitent; [pray
Nine hundred Pater-noſters every day, [to ſay,
And thrice nine hundred Aves ſhe was wont
Ann to augment her painefull penance more,
Thrice every week in aſhes ſhe did ſit,
And next her wrinkled ſkin rough ſackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did faſt from any bit.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he ſtroke;
And the third time, out of an hidden ſhade,
There forth iſſued from under the altar ſmoake
A dreadful fend, with foul deformed look,
That ſtretcht it ſelf, as it had long lain ſtill;
That her long taile and feathers ſtrongly ſhook,
That all the temple did with terror fill;
Yet him nought terrified, that feared nothing ill.

An huge great beaſt it was, when it in length
Was ſtretched forth, that nigh fill'd all the place,
And ſeem'd to be of infinite great ſtrength;
Horrible, hideous, and of helliſh race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna baſe,
Or other like infernall furies kind:
For of a maide ſhe had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurk behind,
The better to beguile whom ſhe ſo fond did find.

Thereto the body of a dog ſhe had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedineſs;
A lyon's clawes with power and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what ſo ſhe can oppreſs;
And dragon's taile, whoes ſting without redreſs
Full deadly wounds, when ſo it is empight;
An eagle's wings for ſcope, and ſpeedineſs,
That nothing may eſcape her ravening might,
Whereto ſhe ever liſt to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulneſs and deformitie
Unto that monſter, whom the Theban knight
The father of that fatal progeny,
Made kill herſelf for very heart's deſpight,
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever looſe, but ſuffred deadly doole:
So alſo did this monſter uſe like ſlight
To many a one, which came into her ſchool,
Whom ſhe did put to death, deceived like a fool.

§ 106. *Suſpicion.*

But he was foule, illl-favour'd, and grim,
Under his eye-brows looking ſtill aſcaunce;
And ever as Diſſemblance laught on him,
He lowr'd on her with dangerous eye-glance,
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did never reſt in place,
But walkt each way for fear of hid miſchance,
Holding a lattice ſtill before his face, [paſs.
Thro' which he ſtill did peep as forward he did

§ 107. *Venus.*

Right in the midſt the goddeſſe ſelf did ſtand,
Upon an altar of ſome coſtly maſſe,
Whoes ſubſtance was uneath to underſtand;
For neither precious ſtones, nor durefull braſſe,
Nor ſhining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But yet more rare and precious to eſteeme,
Pure in aſpect, and like to chryſtall glaſs;
Yet glaſs was not, if one did rightly deem;
But being faire and brittle, likeſt glaſs did ſeeme.

But

But it in ſhape and beauty did excell
All other idols which the heathen adore;
Farre paſſing that, which by ſurpaſſing ſkill
Phidias did make in Paphos iſle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke that life for-lore
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer ſhined,
But covered with ſlender veile afore,
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a ſnake, whoes head and taile were faſt combined.

The cauſe why ſhe was covered with a veile,
Was hard to know, for that her prieſts the ſame
From people's knowledge labour'd to conceale
But ſooth it was not ſure for womaniſh ſhame,
Nor any blemiſh which the worke mote blame;
But for (they ſay) ſhe had both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She ſire and mother is herſelf alone,
Begets, and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

And all about her neck and ſhoulders flew
A flock of little loves, and ſports and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whoes ſhapes ſeem'd not like to terreſtrial boyes,
But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;
The whilſt their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their elder brother; he enjoys
The wide kingdome of love with lordly ſway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar ſcatter'd lay
Great ſorts of lovers pitioufly complaining,
Some of their loſs, ſome of their love's delay,
Some of their pride, ſome paragons diſdaining,
Some fearing fraude, ſome fraudulently fayning,
As ever one had cauſe of good or ill.

§ 108. *Temple of Venus.*

The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The queen of beauty, and of love the mother,
There worſhipped of every living wight;
Whoſe goodly workmanſhip farre paſt all other
That ever were on earth, all were they ſet together.
Not that ſame famous temple of Diane,
Whoes height all Epheſus did over-ſee, [fane,
And which all Aſia ſought with vows pro-
One of the world's ſeven wonders ſaid to be,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wiſe king of Jurie framed,
With endleſs coſt to be the Almighty's ſee;
Nor all that elſe thro' all the world is named
To all the heathen gods, might like to this be clamed.

I, much admiring that ſo goodly frame,
Unto the porch approacht, which open ſtood,
But therein ſat an amiable dame,
That ſeem'd to be of very ſober mood,
And in her ſemblant ſhew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tire; for on her head a crown
She wore, much like unto a Daniſk hood,
Poudred with pearl and ſtone; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adowne.
On either ſide of her two young men ſtood,
Both ſtrongly arm'd, as fearing one another,
Yet were they brethren both of half the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrary natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate,
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
Yet was the younger ſtronger in his ſtate
Than th' elder, and him maſtred ſtill in all debate.

Nath'leſs that dame ſo well them tempred both
That ſhe them forced hand to join in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereof full loth,
And turn'd his face away as he did ſtand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band.
Yet ſhe was of ſuch grace and vertuous might, [ſtand,
That her commandment he could not with-
But bit his lips for felonous deſpight,
And gnaſht his iron tuſks at that diſpleaſing ſight.

Concord ſhe cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of bleſſed Peace, and Friendſhip true;
They both her twins, both born of heavenly ſeed,
And ſhe herſelf likewiſe divinely grew; [ſhew:
The which right well her works divine did
For ſtrength, and wealth, and happineſs ſhe lends
And ſtrife, and war, and anger, does ſubdue:
Of little, much, of foes ſhe maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds ſweet reſt and quiet ſends.

By her the heaven is in his courſe contained,
And all the world in ſtate unmoved ſtands,
As their Almighty Maker firſt ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Elſe would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devour the aire, and hell them quite,
But that ſhe holds them with her bleſſed hands
She is the nurſe of pleaſure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right

Into the inmoſt temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankenſenſe I found,
And odours riſing from the altars flame;
Upon an hundred marble pillers round,
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crowns, and chains, and girlonds gay,
A thouſand precious gifts worth many a pound,
The which ſad lovers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was ſtrew'd with flowers as freſh as May.

An hundred altars round about were ſet,
All flaming with their ſacrifices fire,
That with the ſteme thereof the temple ſwet,
Which roul'd in cloudes, to heaven did aſpire,
And in them bore true lovers vows entire:
And eke an hundred brazen cauldrons bright
To bathe in joy and amorous deſire,

Every which was to a damzell hight;
For all the prieſts were damzells, in ſoft linnen dight.

§ 109. *Wrath.*

AFTER that varlet's fight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine faſt pricking Guion ſpide
One in bright arms embattailed full ſtrong,
That as the ſunny beams doe glance and glide
Upon the trembling wave, ſo ſhined bright,
And round about him threw forth ſparkling fire,
That ſeemed him to enflame on every ſide:
His ſteed was bloody red, and ſomed ire,
When with the maiſtring ſpur he did him roughly ſtire.

Approaching nigh he never ſtaid to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,
But prickt ſo fierce, that underneath his feet
The ſmouldring duſt did round about him ſmoke,
Both horſe and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairely couching his ſteel-headed ſpear,
Him firſt ſaluted with a ſturdy ſtroke.

And him beſide rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lyon, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandiſheth about his head;
His eyes did hurle forth ſparkles fiery red,
And ſtared ſtern on all that him beheld,
As aſhes pale of hue, and ſeeming dead:
And on his dagger ſtill his hand he held,
Trembling thro' haſty rage, when choler in him ſwell'd.

His ruffin raiment all was ſtain'd with blood
Which he had ſpilt, and all to rage yrent,
Thro' unadviſed raſhneſs woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement;
But when the furious fit was overpaſt,
His cruel facts he often would repent,
Yet, wilful man, he never would forcaſt,
How many miſchiefs ſhould enſue his heedleſs haſt!

Full many miſchiefs follow cruel Wrath;
Abhorred bloudſhed, and tumultuous ſtrife,
Unmanly murther, and unthrifty ſcath,
Bitter deſpight, with rancour's rufty knife,
And fretting grief, the enemy of life,
And theſe and many evils more haunt ire,
The ſwelling ſplene, and phrenzy raging rife,
The ſhaking palſey, and St. Francis' fire,
Such one was Wrath, the laſt of this ungodly tire.

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

§ 110. *Dueſſa weeping over her Enemy, compared to a Crocodile; and a Deſcription of Night.*

AS when a weary traveller, that ſtrays [Nile.
By muddy ſhore of broad ſeven-mouthed
Unweeting of the perilous wand'ring ways,
Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,
Which in falſe grief hiding his harmleſs guile
Doth weep full ſore, and ſheddeth tender tears:
The fooliſh man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is ſwallow'd up unwares,
Forgetful of his own, that minds anothers cares.

So wept Dueſſa until even tide, [light:
That ſhining lamps in Jove's high houſe were
Then forth ſhe roſe, ne longer would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' heathen knight
In ſlumb'ring ſwoon nigh void of vital ſpright,
Lay cover'd with enchanted cloud all day:
Whom when ſhe found, as ſhe him left in plight
To wail his woful caſe, ſhe would not ſtay, [way,
But to the eaſtern coaſt of heaven makes ſpeedy
Where grieſly Night, with viſage deadly ſad,
That Phœbus cheerful face durſt never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth coming from her darkſome mew,
Where ſhe all day did hide her hated hue:
Before the door her iron chariot ſtood,
Already harneſſed for journey new;
And eole-black ſteeds yborn of helliſh brood,
That on their rufty bits did champ as they were wood.

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And all the while ſhe ſtood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never ceaſe to bay,
As giving warning of th' unuſual ſound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark grieſly look them much diſmay.
The meſſenger of death, the ghaſtly owl,
With dreary ſhrieks did alſo her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howl
At her abhorred face, ſo filthy and ſo foul.

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——On every ſide them ſtood
The trembling ghoſts with ſad amazed mood,
Chattering their iron teeth, and ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes; and all the helliſh brood
Of fiends infernal flock'd on every ſide,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durſt ride.

§ 111. *Deſcription of Luciſera's Palace.*

A STATELY palace built of ſquared brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whoſe walls were high, but nothing ſtrong nor thick,
And golden foil all over them diſplay'd;
That pureſt ſky with brightneſs they diſmay'd:
High lifted up were many lofty tow'rs,
And goodly galleries far over-laid,
Full of fair windows, and delightful bow'rs;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And ſpake the praiſes of the workman's wit;
But full great pity, that ſo fair a mold
Did on ſo weak foundation ever ſit;
For on a ſandy hill, that ſtill did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of heaven ſhaked it;
And all the hinder parts, that few could ſpy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

§ 112.

§ 112. *Lucifera ascending her Coach.*

SUDDAIN upriseth from her stately place
The royal dame, and for her coach doth call!
All hurlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes: her brightness broad doth blaze
The heaps of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze: [amaze.
Her glorious glittering light doth all men's eyes
So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb,
Adorned all with gold, and garlands gay,
That seem'd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in royal rich array,
Great Juno's golden chair, the which they say
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Jove's high house thro' heaven's brass-paved way,
Drawn of fair peacocks that excel in pride,
And full of Argus' eyes their tails dispredden wide.

§ 113. *Description of Prince Arthur in his Habiliments of War.*

UPON the top of all his lofty crest,
A bunch of hairs discolour'd diversly
With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly dress,
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity,
Like to an almond tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little blast that under heaven is blown.

§ 114. *Description of Diana with her Nymphs, returned from the Chace, and preparing to bathe.*

SHORTLY unto the wasteful woods she came,
Whereat she found the goddess and her crew,
After late chace of their embrued game
Sitting beside a fountain in a rew,
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat,
And soil, which did deform their lively hue;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.
She having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlac'd
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lank loins ungirt, and breasts unbrac'd,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden locks that late in tresses bright
Embreeded were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders long undight,
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinkled light.
Soon as she Venus saw behind her back,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpris'd;
And wox half wroth against her damsels slack,
That had not her thereof before advis'd,
But suffer'd her so carelessly disguis'd
Be overtaken. Soon her garments loose
Upgathering in her bosom she compris'd,
Well, as she might, and then the goddess rose:
Whilst all her nymphs did like a girlond her enclose.

§ 115. *Description of a Garden.*

EFTSOONS they heard a most delicious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear;
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that mote be,
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony; [agree.
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all
The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
Th' angelical, soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

§ 116. *Description of the Garden of Adonis.*

THERE is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime;
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruits load:
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad

§ 117. *Devastation which Time makes in this Garden.*

GREAT enemy to it, and all the rest
That in the garden of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time; who, with his scythe addrest,
Does mow the flow'ring herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings.
Where they do wither, and are foully marr'd:
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings [gard,
Beats down both leaves and buds without re-
Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.

§ 118. *Description of Jupiter.*

So having said he ceas'd, and with his brow,
His black eye-brow, whose doomful dreaded
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow, [beck
And even the highest pow'rs of heaven to check
Made sign to them in their degrees to speak.
- - - - - - - - -
——With that he shook
His nectar-dewed locks, with which the skies,
And all the world beneath, for terror quook,
And eft his burning leven-brond in hand he took.

§ 119. *Guyon conducted by Mammon through a Cave under Ground, to see his Treasure.*

AT length they came into a larger space
That stretch'd itself into an ample plain,
Thro' which a beaten broad high-way did trace,
That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly reign;

By that way's side there sat infernal Pain,
And fast-beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On the other side in one consort there sate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might.
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie, [eye.
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living

And over them sad Horror, with grim hue,
Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
Whilst sad Celeno, sitting on a cliff,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That heart of flint asunder would have rift;
Which having ended, after him she flieth swift.

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§ 120. *Description of Despair, and her Speech.*

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carion carcasses doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owl,
Shrieking his baneful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl:
And all about it wand'ring ghosts did wail and howl.

And, all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged been,
Whose carcasses were scatter'd on the green,
And thrown about the cliffs. Arrived there
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teen,
Would fain have fled, ne durst approachen near:
But th' other forc'd him stay, and comforted in fear.

The darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His greasy locks, long growing and unbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face: thro' which his hollow eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapp'd abouts:
And him beside there lay upon the grass
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood, [flood.
And made an open passage for the gushing

Which piteous spectacle, approving true
The woeful tale that Trevisan had told,
When as the gentle Red Cross knight did view,
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge before his blood were cold;
And to the villain said: Thou damned wight!
The author of this fact, we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine own blood to price his blood, here shed in sight.

What frantic fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doom to give?
What justice ever other judgment taught,
But he should die, who merits not to live?
None else to death this man despairing drive
But his own guilty mind deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

Who travels by the weary wand'ring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meets a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him over-past,
Or free his feet, that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man! that grieves at neighbour's good;
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast;
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?

He there does now enjoy eternal rest, [crave,
And happy ease, which thou dost want and
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas, [please.
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly

The knight much wonder'd at his sudden wit,
And said: The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong or shorten it:
The soldier may not move from watchful sted,
Nor leave his stand, until his captain bed.
Who life did limit by almighty doom
(Quoth he) knows best the terms established;
And he that 'points the centinel in his room,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droom.

Is not his deed, whatever thing is done,
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
To die again? All ends that was begun;
Their times in his eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state,
Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence, nor why.

The

The longer life, I wote the greater sin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment;
All those great battles which thou boasts to win,
Thro' strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent:
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough thy evil life forespent?
For he that once hath miss'd the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth stray.

Then do no further go no further stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensuen may:
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands more, do make a loathsome life.

Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true balance thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight that dared warlike deed
More luckless disadventures did amate:
Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late
Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call:
And tho' good luck prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou mayst happen fall.

Why then dost thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy days forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
High heaped up with huge iniquity,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy face with perjury,
And sold thyself to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thyself defil'd?
Is not he just that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and bears an equal eye?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impiety?
Is not his law, Let every sinner die?
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be done,
Is it not better to do willingly,
Than linger till the glass be all out-run?
Death is the end of woes. Die soon, O Fairy's son.

The knight was much enmoved with this speech,
That as a sword's point through his heart did pierce,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all that he did rehearse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly pow'rs it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rhimes,
That oftentimes he quak'd, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement when the miscreant
Perceived him to waver weak and frail,
With trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soul assail:
To drive him to despair, and quite to quail,
He shew'd him painted in a table plain,
The damned ghosts, that do in torments wail,
And thousand fiends that do them endless pain
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remain.

The sight whereof so throughly him dismay'd,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighty's law:
Then 'gan the villain him to over-craw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bade him choose what death he would desire:
For death was due to him that had provok'd God's ire.

But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it in his hand; his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of aspin green,
And troubled blood thro' his pale face was seen
To come and go; with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been:
At last resolv'd to work his final smart,
He lifted up his hand, that back again did start.

Which when as Una saw, through every vein
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swoon: but soon reliev'd again,
Out of his hand she snatch'd the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said: Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight!
What meanest thou by this reproachful strife?
Is this the battle which thou vaunt'st to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

Come, come away, frail, silly, fleshy wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne deviliish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despair, that chosen art?
Where justice grows, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurs'd hand-writing doth deface:
Arise, sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed place.

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the earl beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtle sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himself, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not work himself thereby;
For thousand times he so himself had dress'd,
Yet nathless it could not do him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

FAIRFAX's TASSO.

§ 121. *Description of the Vision conjured up by Alecto.*

A MURDER'D body huge beside him stood,
Of head and right-hand both but lately spoil'd;
The left-hand bore the head, whose visage good
Both pale and wan, with dust and gore defil'd,

Yet ſpake, tho' dead; with thoſe ſad words the blood
Forth at his lips in huge abundance boil'd—
Fly, Argillon, from this falſe camp fly far,
Whoſe guide a traitor, captains murd'rers are.

§ 122. *Image of Armida and Attendants, enraged at Rinaldo's hewing down the Myrtle to diſſolve the Charm.*

He* lift his brand; nor car'd, tho' oft ſhe pray'd,
And ſhe her form to other ſhape did change;
Such monſters huge, when men in dreams are laid,
Oft in their idle fancies roam and range:
Her body ſwell'd, her face obſcure was made;
Vaniſh'd her garments rich, and veſtures ſtrange;
A gianteſs before him high ſhe ſtands,
Arm'd, like Briareus, with an hundred hands:

With fifty ſwords, and fifty targets bright,
She threaten'd death, ſhe roar'd, ſhe cried, and fought;
Each other nymph, in armour likewiſe dight,
A Cyclops great became; he fear'd them nought,
But on the myrtle ſmote with all his might,
Which groan'd, like living ſouls to death nigh brought;
The ſky ſeem'd Pluto's court, the air ſeem'd hell,
Therein ſuch monſters roar, ſuch ſpirits yell.

Lighten'd the heaven above, the earth below
Roared aloud: that thunder'd, and this ſhook:
Bluſter'd the tempeſts ſtrong; the whirlwinds blow;
The bitter ſtorm drove hail-ſtones in his look;
But yet his arm grew neither weak nor ſlow,
Till low to earth the wounded tree down bended:
Nor of that fury heed or care he took,
Then fled the ſpirits all, the charms all ended.

§ 123. *Deſcription of Armida's wonderful Parrot.*

With party-colour'd plumes, and purple bill,
A wondrous bird among the reſt there flew,
That in plain ſpeech ſung love-lays loud and ſhrill;
Here Leden was like human language true;
So much ſhe talk'd, and with ſuch wit and ſkill,
That ſtrange it ſeemed, how much good ſhe knew:
Her feather'd fellows all ſtood huſh to hear;
Dumb was the wind, the waters ſilent were.

The gentle budding roſe, quoth ſhe, behold,
That firſt ſcant peeping forth with virgin beams,
Half ope, half ſhut, her beauties doth unfold
In its fair leaves, and, leſs ſeen, fairer ſeems,
And after ſpreads them forth more broad and bold,
Then languiſheth, and dies in laſt extremes;
Nor ſeems the ſame that decked bed and bow'r
Of many a lady late and paramour.
So, in the paſſing of a day, doth paſs
The bud and bloſſom of the life of man,
Nor e'er doth flouriſh more; but, like the graſs
Cut down, becometh wither'd, pale, and wan:
Oh, gather then the roſe, while time thou haſt;
Short is the day, done when it ſcant began;
Gather the roſe of Love, while yet thou mayſt,
Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd.

She ceas'd; and, as approving all ſhe ſpoke,
The choir of birds their heavenly tune renew;
The turtles ſigh'd, and ſighs with kiſſes broke;
The fowls to ſhades unſeen by pairs withdrew:
It ſeem'd, the laurel chaſte, and ſtubborn oak,
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,
It ſeem'd, the land, the ſea, and heaven above,
All breath'd out fancy ſweet, and ſigh'd out love.

GLOVER's LEONIDAS.

§ 124. *Leonidas's Addreſs to his Countrymen.*

——————He alone
Remains unſhaken. Riſing he diſplays
His godlike preſence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, join'd
With ſtrength Herculean. On his aſpect ſhines
Sublimeſt virtue, and deſire of fame,
Where juſtice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguiſhable ſpark, which fires
The ſouls of patriots; while his brow ſupports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he roſe, and thus addreſs'd the throng:

Why this aſtoniſhment on ev'ry face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labour thro' the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitleſs were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The diſtant ſummit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our paſſage. But in vain
His blackeſt frowns and terrors he aſſumes
To ſhake the firmneſs of the mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That, wanting liberty, ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happineſs in vain.
Then ſpeak, O Sparta, and demand my life;
My heart exulting, anſwers to thy call,
And ſmiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal luſtre, is a bleſſing Heaven
Selects from all the choiceſt boons of fate,
And with a ſparing hand on few beſtows.

§ 125. *Leonidas's Anſwer to the Perſian Ambaſſador.*

Return to Xerxes; tell him, on this rock
The Grecians, faithful to their poſt, await
His choſen myriads; tell him, thou haſt ſeen
How far the luſt of empire is below
A free-born mind: and tell him, to behold
A tyrant humbled, and by virtuous death
To ſeal my country's freedom, is a good
Surpaſſing all his boaſted pow'r can give.

* Rinaldo.

§. 126.

§ 126. *Pathetic Farewel of Leonidas to his Wife and Family.*

I SEE, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
Has ever known the prevalence of love,
E'er prov'd a father's fondness, as this hour;
Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
Was once my heart insensible to thee.
How had it stain'd the honours of my name
To hesitate a moment, and suspend
My country's fate, till shameful life preferr'd
By my inglorious colleague left no choice.
But what in me were infamy to shun,
Not virtue to accept! Then deem no more
That, of my love regardless, or thy tears,
I haste uncall'd to death. The voice of fate,
The gods, my fame, my country, bid me bleed.
O thou dear mourner! wherefore streams afresh
That flood of woe? Why heaves with sighs renew'd
That tender breast? Leonidas must fall.
Alas! far heavier misery impends
O'er thee and these, if soften'd by thy tears
I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heaven
Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondness. Has my heart
E'er known a pause of love, or pious care?
Now shall that care, that tenderness, be prov'd
Most warm and faithful. When thy husband dies
For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.
Should I, thus singled from the rest of men,
Alone entrusted by th' immortal gods
With pow'r to save a people, should my soul
Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield
To sorrow and to shame; for thou must weep
With Lacedæmon, must with her sustain
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
Thy sons behold now worthy of their names,
And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom must pine
In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of liberty no more.
On their own virtue, and their father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illustrious shall they rise,
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy.
Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow:
Ceas'd for a moment; soon again to stream.
For now, in arms before the palace rang'd,
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's presence; then her griefs renew'd.
Too great for utt'rance, intercept her sighs,
And freeze each accent on her falt'ring tongue.
In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.
His soul no longer struggles to confine
Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe,
Amid his children, who inclose him round,
He stands indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears, when thus, with lifted eyes,
Address'd to Heaven: Thou ever-living Pow'r,
Look down propitious, sire of gods and men!
And to this faithful woman, whose desert
May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace.
And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race!
But since that spirit I from thee derive,
Now bears me from them to resistless fate,
Do thou support their virtue! Be they taught,
Like thee, with glorious labour life to grace,
And from their father let them learn to die!

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§ 127. *Characters of Teribazus and Ariana.*

AMID the van of Persia was a youth
Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,
Not for wide pastures travers'd o'er with herds,
With bleating thousands, or with bounding steeds,
Not yet for pow'r, nor splendid honours, fam'd.
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine,
And thro' the paths of science had he walk'd
The votary of wisdom. In the years
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
Of Zoroaster; then his tow'ring soul
High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd,
And from the lofty Babylonian fane
With learn'd Chaldæans trac'd the mystic sphere;
There number'd o'er the vivid fires that gleam
Upon the dusky bosom of the night.
Nor on the sands of Ganges were unheard
The Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs,
While, as attention wonder'd, they disclos'd
The pow'rs of nature; whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe or flow'r, or healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
Or, in the purer element of fire.
The fertile plains where great Sesostris reign'd,
Mysterious Egypt, next the youth survey'd,
From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile
Precipitates his waters to the sea,
Which far below receives the sevenfold stream.
Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he stray'd; nor pass'd
Miletus by, which once enraptur'd heard
The tongue of Thales; nor Priene's walls,
Where wisdom dwelt with Bias; nor the seat
Of Pittacus, along the Lesbian shore.
Here too melodious numbers charm'd his ears,
Which flow'd from Orpheus, and Musæus old,
And thee, O father of immortal verse!
Mæonides, whose strains thro' ev'ry age
Time with his own eternal lip shall sing.
Back to his native Susa then he turn'd
His wand'ring steps, His merit soon was dear
To Hyperanthes, generous and good;
And Ariana, from Darius sprung
With Hyperanthes, of th' imperial race
Which rul'd th' extent of Asia, in disdain
Of all her greatness, oft an humble ear
To him would bend, and listen to his voice.
Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd
Admiring.

Admiring. Soon was admiration chang'd
To love, nor lov'd he sooner than despair'd.
But unreveal'd and silent was his pain;
Not yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
Nor shunn'd resort: but o'er his sorrows cast
A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame
Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd.

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§ 128. *Ariana and Polydorus come by Night into the Persian Camp.*

In sable pomp, with all her starry train,
The night assum'd her throne. Recall'd from war,
Her long-protracted labours Greece forgets,
Dissolv'd in silent slumber; all but those,
Who watch'd th' uncertain perils of the dark,
An hundred warriors: Agis was their chief.
High on the wall intent the hero sat,
As o'er the surface of the tranquil main
Along its undulating breast the wind
The various din of Asia's host convey'd,
In one deep murmur swelling in his ear:
When, by the sound of footsteps down the pass
Alarm'd, he calls aloud: What feet are those,
Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock?
With speed reply, nor tempt your instant fate.
He said: and thus return'd a voice unknown:
Not with the feet of enemies we come,
But crave admittance with a friendly tongue.
The Spartan answers: Thro' the midnight shade
What purpose draws your wand'ring steps abroad?
To whom the stranger: We are friends to Greece,
And to the presence of the Spartan king
Admission we implore. The cautious chief
Of Lacedæmon hesitates again:
When thus, with accents musically sweet,
A tender voice his wond'ring ear allur'd:
O gen'rous Grecian, listen to the pray'r
Of one distress'd! whom grief alone hath led
In this dark hour to these victorious tents,
A wretched woman, innocent of fraud.
The Greek descending thro' th' unfolded gates
Upheld a flaming brand. One first appear'd
In servile garb attir'd; but near his side
A woman graceful and majestic stood;
Not with an aspect rivalling the pow'r
Of fatal Helen, or the wanton charms
Of love's soft queen; but such as far excell'd
Whate'er the lily blending with the rose
Paints on the cheek of beauty, soon to fade;
Such as express'd a mind which wisdom rul'd,
And sweetness temper'd, virtue's purest light
Illumining the countenance divine;
Yet could not sooth remorseless fate, nor teach
Malignant fortune to revere the good;
Which oft with anguish rends the spotless heart
And oft associates wisdom with despair.
In courteous phrase began the chief humane:
Exalted fair, who thus adorn'st the night,
Forbear to blame the vigilance of war,
And to the laws of rigid Mars impute,
That I thus long unwilling have delay'd
Before the great Leonidas to place
This your apparent dignity and worth.
He spake; and gently to the lofty tent
Of Sparta's king the lovely stranger guides.
At Agis' summons, with a mantle broad
His mighty limbs Leonidas infolds,
And quits his couch. In wonder he surveys
Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence aw'd;
Her eye submissive to the ground inclin'd
With veneration of the god-like man.
But soon his voice her anxious dread dispell'd,
Benevolent and hospitable thus:
Thy form alone, thus amiable and great,
Thy mind delineates, and from all commands
Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
By what relentless destiny compell'd,
Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread:
Rehearseth' afflictions whence thy virtue mourns.
On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose,
Like day's first dawn upon the twilight pale,
And, wrapt in grief, these words a passage broke:
If to be most unhappy, and to know
That hope is irrecoverably fled;
If to be great and wretched, may deserve
Commiseration from the good, behold,
Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
Behold, descended from Darius' loins,
Th' afflicted Ariana, and my pray'r
Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain!
First, that I lov'd the best of human race,
By nature's hand with ev'ry virtue form'd,
Heroic, wise, adorn'd with ev'ry art,
Of shame unconscious does my heart reveal.
This day in Grecian arms conspicuous clad
He fought, he fell. A passion long conceal'd
For me, alas! within my brother's arms
His dying breath resigning, he disclos'd.
—Oh I will stay my sorrows! will forbid!
My eyes to stream before thee, and my heart,
Thus full of anguish, will from sighs restrain!
For why should thy humanity be griev'd
With my distress, and learn from me to mourn
The lot of nature, doom'd to care and pain!
Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,
To seek his body in the heaps of slain.
Thus to the Spartan sued the regal maid,
Resembling Ceres in majestic woe,
When supplicant at Jove's resplendent throne,
From dreary Pluto, and th' infernal gloom,
Her lov'd and lost Proserpina she sought.
Fix'd on the weeping queen with stedfast eyes,
Laconia's chief these tender thoughts recall'd:
Such are thy sorrows, O for ever dear!
Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore
My everlasting absence!—then inclin'd
His head, and sigh'd; nor yet forgot to charge
His friend, the gentle Agis, thro' the straits
The Persian princess to attend and aid.
With careful steps they seek her lover's corse.
The Greeks remember'd, where by fate repress'd
His arm first ceas'd to mow their legions down;
And from beneath a mass of Persian slain

Soon

Soon drew the hero, by his armour known.
To Agis' high pavilion they resort.
Now, Ariana, what transcending pangs
Thy soul involv'd! what horror clasp'd thy heart!
But love grew mightiest; and her beauteous limbs
On the cold breast of Teribazus threw
The grief-distracted maid. The clotted gore
Deform'd her snowy bosom. O'er his wounds
Loose flow'd her hair, and bubbling from her eyes
Impetuous sorrow lav'd the purple clay,
When forth in groans her lamentations broke:
O torn for ever from my weeping eyes!
Thou, who despairing to obtain her heart,
Who then most lov'd thee, didst untimely yield
Thy life to fate's inevitable dart
For her, who now in agony unfolds
Her tender bosom, and repeats her vows
To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own
Now clasps thy breast insensible and cold.
Alas! do those unmoving ghastly orbs
Perceive my gushing anguish? Does that heart,
Which death's inanimating hand hath chill'd,
Share in my suff'rings, and return my sighs?
——O bitter unsurmountable distress!
Lo! on thy breast is Ariana bow'd,
Hangs o'er thy face, unites her cheek to thine,
Not now to listen with enchanted ears
To thy persuasive eloquence, no more
Charm'd with the wisdom of thy copious mind!
She could no more: invincible despair
Suppress'd her utt'rance. As a marble form
Fix'd on the solemn sepulchre, unmov'd,
O'er some dead hero, whom his country lov'd,
Bends down the head with imitated woe;
So paus'd the princess o'er the breathless clay,
Intranc'd in sorrow. On the dreary wound,
Where Dithyrambus' sword was deepest plung'd,
Mute for a space and motionless she gaz'd;
Then with a look unchang'd, nor trembling hand,
Drew forth a poniard, which her garment veil'd,
And, sheathing in her heart th' abhorred steel,
On her slain lover silent sinks in death.

SONNETS, by SMITH.

§ 129. *To the Moon.*

QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night!
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Releas'd by death, to thy benignant sphere;
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
O! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling scene!

§ 130. *On the Departure of the Nightingale.*

SWEET poet of the woods—a long adieu!
Farewel, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the 'night's dull ear.'
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest,
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird, who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow, and to love!

§ 131. *Written at the Close of Spring.*

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flow'r which she had nurs'd in dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and hare-bell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.—
Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new ouds and flow'rs shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness—no second Spring?

§ 132. *Should the lone Wanderer.*

SHOULD the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours
And tho' his path thro' thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose, or woodbine's gadding flow'rs; [tree,
Weaving gay wreaths, beneath some sheltering
The sense of sorrow he awhile may lose;
So have I sought thy flow'rs, fair Poesy!
So charm'd may way with Friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come:
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb;
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.

§ 133. *To Night.*

I LOVE thee, mournful sober-suited night,
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light,
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
In deep depression sunk, th' enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell th' embosom'd grief, however vain,

To

To ſullen ſurges and the viewleſs wind,
Tho' no repoſe on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee, cheerleſs as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom th' exhausted heart
Is calm, tho' wretched; hopeleſs, yet reſign'd:
While to the winds and waves its ſorrows given,
May reach—tho' lost on earth—the ear of Heaven!

§ 134. *To Tranquillity.*

In this tumultuous ſphere, for thee unfit,
How ſeldom art thou found—Tranquillity!
Unleſs 'tis when with mild and downcast eye
By the low cradles thou delight'st to ſit
Of ſleeping infants, watching the ſoft breath,
And bidding the ſweet ſlumberers eaſy lie;
Or ſometimes hanging o'er the bed of death,
Where the poor languid ſufferer hopes to die.
O beauteous ſiſter of the halcyon peace!
I ſure ſhall find thee in that heavenly ſcene
Where care and anguiſh ſhall their power reſign;
Where hope alike and vain regret ſhall ceaſe:
And Memory, lost in happineſs ſerene,
Repeat no more—that miſery has been mine!

§ 135. *Written in the Churchyard at Middleton in Suſſex.*

Press'd by the Moon, mute arbitreſs of tides,
While the loud equinox its pow'r combines,
The ſea no more its ſwelling ſurge confines,
But o'er the ſhrinking land ſublimely rides.
The wild blast, riſing from the western cave,
Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed;
Tears from their graſſy tombs the village dead,
And breaks the ſilent ſabbath of the grave!
With ſhells and ſea-weed mingled, on the ſhore,
Lo! their bones whiten in the frequent wave;
But vain to them the winds and waters rave;
They hear the warring elements no more:
While I am doom'd, by life's long storm oppreſt,
To gaze with envy on their gloomy reſt.

§ 136. *Written at Penſhurſt, in Autumn* 1788.

Ye tow'rs ſublime, deſerted now and drear,
Ye woods, deep ſighing to the hollow blast,
The muſing wanderer loves to linger near,
While History points to all your glories paſt:
And ſtartling from their haunts the timid deer,
To trace the walks obſcur'd by matted fern,
Which Waller's ſoothing lyre were wont to hear,
But where now clamours the diſcordant hern!
The ſpoiling hand of Time may overturn
Theſe lofty battlements, and quite deface
The fading canvas whence we love to learn
Sydney's keen look, and Sacharilſa's grace;
But fame and beauty ſtill defy decay,
Sav'd by th' historic page, the poet's tender lay!

§ 137. *Elegy.*

'Dark gathering clouds involve the threat-
'ening ſkies,
'The ſea heaves conſcious of th' impending gloom,
'Deep hollow murmurs from the cliffs ariſe;
'They come—the Spirits of the Tempeſt come!
'O! may ſuch terrors mark th' approaching
'night
'As reign'd on that theſe ſtreaming eyes deplore!
'Flaſh, ye red fires of heaven, with fatal light,
'And with conflicting winds, ye waters, roar!
'Loud and more loud, ye foaming billows, burſt!
'Ye warring elements, more fiercely rave!
'Till the wide waves o'erwhelm the ſpot accurſt
'Where ruthleſs Avarice finds a quiet grave!'

Thus with claſp'd hands, wild looks, and ſtreaming hair,
While ſhrieks of horror broke her trembling ſpeech,
A wretched maid, the victim of deſpair,
Survey'd the threatening ſtorm and deſert beach.
Then to the tomb where now the father ſlept
Whoſe rugged nature bade her ſorrows flow,
Frantic ſhe turn'd—and beat her breaſt and wept,
Invoking vengeance on the duſt below.

'Lo! riſing there above each humbler heap,
'Yon cypher'd ſtones *his* name and wealth re-
'late,
'Who gave his ſon, remorſeleſs, to the deep,
'While I, his living victim, curſe my fate.
'O my loſt love! no tomb is plac'd for thee,
'That may to ſtrangers' eyes thy worth impart;
'Thou haſt no grave but in the ſtormy ſea;
'And no memorial but this breaking heart.
'Forth to the world a widow'd wanderer
'driven,
'I pour to winds and waves th' unheeded tear,
'Try with vain effort to ſubmit to heaven,
'And fruitleſs call on him "who cannot
"hear."
'O might I fondly claſp him once again,
'While o'er my head th' infuriate billows pour,
'Forget in death this agonizing pain,
'And feel his father's cruelty no more!
'Part, raging waters! part, and ſhew beneath,
'In your dread caves, his pale and mangled form;
'Now, while the demons of deſpair and death
'Ride on the blaſt, and urge the howling ſtorm!
'Lo! by the lightning's momentary blaze,
'I ſee him riſe the whitening waves above,
'No longer ſuch as when in happier days
'He gave th' enchanted hours—to me and love!
'Such as when daring the enchafed ſea,
'And courting dangerous toil, he often ſaid,
'That every peril, one ſoft ſmile from me,
'One ſigh of ſpeechleſs tenderneſs, o'erpaid:
'But dead, diſfigur'd, while between the roar
'Of the loud waves his accents pierce mine ear,
'And ſeem to ſay—Ah, wretch! delay no more
'But come, unhappy mourner—meet me here.

'Yet,

'Yet, powerful fancy, bid the phantom ſtay,
'Still let me hear him!—'Tis already paſt;
'Along the waves his ſhadow glides away,
'I loſe his voice amid the deafening blaſt.

'Ah! wild illuſion, born of frantic pain!
'He hears not, comes not from his watery bed;
'My tears, my anguiſh, my deſpair are vain,
'Th' inſatiate ocean gives not up its dead.

''Tis not his voice! Hark! the deep thunders roll;
'Upheaves the ground; the rocky barriers fail;
'Approach, ye horrors that delight my ſoul,
'Deſpair, and Death, and Deſolation, hail!'

The ocean hears—th' embodied waters come,
Riſe o'er the land, and with reſiſtleſs ſweep
Tear from its baſe the proud aggreſſor's tomb,
And bear the injur'd to eternal ſleep!

§ 138. *Elegy to Pity.* ANON.

HAIL, lovely Pow'r! whoſe boſom heaves the figh,
When Fancy paints the ſcene of deep diſtreſs;
Whoſe tears ſpontaneous cryſtallize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the pow'r to bleſs.

Not all the ſweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with that figh compare:
Not dew-drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near ſo beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
No blood-ſtain'd traces mark thy blameleſs way,
Beneath thy feet no hapleſs inſect dies.

Come, lovely nymph! and range the meadwith me,
To ſpring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From ſecret ſnares the ſtruggling bird to free,
And ſtop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And Nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,
Let us, ſlow wandering where the current flows,
Save ſinking flies that float along the ſtream.

Or turn to nobler, greater taſks thy care,
To me thy ſympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in Friendſhip's griefs to bear a ſhare,
And juſtly boaſt the generous feeling heart.
Teach me to ſooth the helpleſs orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes aſſuage,
To Miſery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the ſure reſource of drooping age.

So when the genial ſpring of life ſhall fade,
And ſinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some ſoul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the cloſe of life's eventful day.

§ 139. *Extract from a Poem on his own approaching Death, by* MICHAEL BRUCE.

NOw ſpring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breaſt life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and ſhiv'ring in th' unconſtant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghoſt of what I was,
Beneath ſome blaſted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the ſilent moments as they paſs:

The winged moments, whoſe unſtaying ſpeed
No art can ſtop, or in their courſe arreſt;
Whoſe flight ſhall ſhortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that reſt.

Oft morning dreams preſage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true:
Led by pale ghoſts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpleſs wail, the ſhriek of woe;
I ſee the muddy wave, the dreary ſhore,
The ſluggiſh ſtreams that ſlowly creep below,
Which mortals viſit, and return no more.

Farewel, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with ſtill Silence reigns,
And the rank graſs waves o'er the cheerleſs ground.

There let me wander at the cloſe of eve,
When ſleep ſits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its buſy follies leave,
And talk with wiſdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me ſleep, forgotten, in the clay,
When Death ſhall ſhut theſe weary aching eyes.
Reſt in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the laſt morn ariſe.

§ 140. *Sonnet to Twilight.* MISS WILLIAMS.

MEEK Twilight! haſte to ſhroud the ſolar ray,
And bring the hour my penſive ſpirit loves;
When o'er the hill is ſhed a paler day,
That gives to ſtillneſs, and to night, the groves.
Ah! let the gay; the roſeate morning hail,
When, in the various blooms of light array'd,
She bids freſh beauty live along the vale,
And rapture tremble in the vocal ſhade:
Sweet is the lucid morning's op'ning flow'r,
Her choral melodies benignly riſe;
Yet dearer to my ſoul the ſhadowy hour,
At which her bloſſoms cloſe, her muſic dies:
For then mild nature, while ſhe droops her head,
Wakes the ſoft tear 'tis luxury to ſhed.

§ 141. *Sonnet to Expreſſion.* MISS WILLIAMS.

EXPRESSION, child of ſoul! I love to trace
Thy ſtrong enchantments, when the poet's lyre,
The painter's pencil, catch the vivid fire,
And beauty wakes for thee each touching grace!
But from my frighted gaze thy form avert,
When horror chills thy tear, thy ardent ſigh,
When phrenſy rolls in thy impaſſion'd eye,
Or guilt lives fearful at thy troubled heart;
Nor ever let my ſhudd'ring fancy hear
The waſting groan, or view the pallid look

Of

Of him the Muſes lov'd *, when hope forſook
His ſpirit, vainly to the Muſes dear— [breaſt
For charm'd with heavenly ſong, this bleeding
Mourns it could ſharpen ill, and give deſpair no
reſt!

142. *Sonnet to Hope.*
Miss Williams.

O, ever ſkill'd to wear the form we love!
To bid the ſhapes of fear and grief depart,
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay ſmile remove
The laſting ſadneſs of an aching heart;
Thy voice, benign enchantreſs! let me hear;
Say that for me ſome pleaſures yet ſhall bloom!
That fancy's radiance, friendſhip's precious tear,
Shall ſoften, or ſhall chaſe, misfortune's gloom.—
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with dear illuſions charm'd my eye!
O ſtrew no more, ſweet flatterer! on my way
The flow'rs I fondly thought too bright to die.
Viſions leſs fair will ſooth my penſive breaſt,
That aſks not happineſs, but longs for reſt!

§ 143. *Sonnet to the Moon.*
Miss Williams.

The glitt'ring colours of the day are fled—
Come, melancholy orb! that dwell'ſt with
night,
Come! and o'er earth thy wand'ring luſtre ſhed,
Thy deepeſt ſhadow and thy ſofteſt light.
To me congenial is the gloomy grove,
When with faint rays the ſloping uplands ſhine;
That gloom, thoſe penſive rays, alike I love,
Whoſe ſadneſs ſeems in ſympathy with mine!
But moſt for this, pale orb! thy light is dear,
For this, benignant orb! I hail thee moſt,
That while I pour the unavailing tear,
And mourn that hope to me, in youth is loſt!
Thy light can viſionary thoughts impart,
And lead the Muſe to ſooth a ſuff'ring heart.

§ 144. *The Baſtard.* Savage.

In gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muſe, exulting, thus her lay began:
Bleſt be the Baſtard's birth! through wondrous
ways
He ſhines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
He lives to build, not boaſt, a generous race:
No tenth tranſmitter of a fooliſh face.
His daring hope no ſire's example bounds;
His firſt-born lights no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a Baſtard's glowing name.
Born to himſelf, by no poſſeſſion led,
In freedom foſter'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his ſovereign choice control,
His body independent as his ſoul; [aim,
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no
Preſcrib'd no duty, and aſſign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded ſon, he ſtands alone,
His heart unbiaſs'd, and his mind his own.

O Mother, yet no Mother! 'tis to you
My thanks for ſuch diſtinguiſh'd claims are due.
You, unenſlav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championeſs for Freedom's ſacred cauſe,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral, and divine, [ſhore,
Diſcharg'd my graſping ſoul; puſh'd me from
And launch'd me into life without an oar.
What had I loſt, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to ſlight,
And coldly conſcious of a huſband's right,
You had faint drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life, by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd de-
And unconcurring ſpirits lent to fire, [fire,
I had been born your dull, domeſtic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The ſlave of pomp, a cypher in the ſtate;
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And ſlumb'ring in a ſeat by chance my own.
Far nobler bleſſings wait the Baſtard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as neceſſity, he ſtarts away,
Climbs againſt wrongs, and brightens into day.
Thus unprophetic, lately miſinſpir'd,
I ſung: gay flutt'ring hope my fancy fir'd;
Inly ſecure, through conſcious ſcorn of ill,
Nor taught by wiſdom how to balance will,
Raſhly deceiv'd, I ſaw no pits to ſhun,
But thought to purpoſe and to act were one;
Heedleſs what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now expos'd, and ſhrinking from diſtreſs,
I fly to ſhelter, while the tempeſts preſs;
My Muſe to grief reſigns the varying tone,
The raptures languiſh, and the numbers groan.
O Memory! thou ſoul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our paſſions o'er again!
Why doſt thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous ſmart to ev'ry blow?
Few are my joys; alas, how ſoon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'ſt me not:
While ſharp and numberleſs my ſorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'ſt and multiplieſt them all!
Is chance a guilt? that my diſaſtrous heart,
For miſchief never meant, muſt ever ſmart?
Can ſelf-defence be ſin?—Ah, plead no more!
What tho' no purpos'd malice ſtain'd thee o'er,
Had Heaven befriended thy unhappy ſide, [died.
Thou hadſt not been provok'd—or thou hadſt
Far be the guilt of homeſhed blood from all
On whom, unſought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me, through Pity's eye condemn'd to ſee!
Remembrance veils his rage, but ſwells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then, who knows, one
day, [way!
What ripening virtues might have made their
He might have liv'd till folly died in ſhame,
Till kindling wiſdom felt a thirſt for fame,

* Chatterton.

He

Hemight perhapshiscountry's friend haveprov'd;
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd;
Hemighthavesav'dsomeworthnowdoom'd to fall;
And I perchance, in him, have murder'd all.
O fate of late repentance, always vain!
Thy remedies but lull undying pain. [care
Where shall my hope find rest?—No mother's
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
Is it not thine to snatch some pow'rful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm?
Am I return'd from death, to live in pain?
Or would Imperial Pity save in vain?
Distrust it not—what blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother miscall'd, farewel!—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by, to you I ow'd;
Alone from strangers ev'ry comfort flow'd!
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic Mother of a kneeling State!
Queen of a people's heart who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

§ 145. *On the Recovery of a Lady of Quality from the Small-Pox.* Savage.

Long a lov'd fair had bless'd her consort's sight
With amorous pride, and undisturb'd delight;
Till death, grown envious, with repugnant aim
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim,
He summons each disease!—the noxious crew,
Writhing in dire distortions, strike his view!
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise!
It drives, ignipotent through every vein,
Hangs on the heart and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims!
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire,
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering fire.
Here stands her consort, sore with anguish press'd,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.
The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waning fair.
Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay.
While these revolve, tho' mute each Muse appears,
Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon great Phœbus listening bends,
On the ninth noon each voice in prayer ascends—
Great God of light, of song, and physic's art,
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue claim thy care,
And thine own bounty 's almost rivall'd there.
Each paus'd: the god assents. Would death advance?
Phœbus unseen arrests that threatening lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
And quickening earth imbibes salubrious beams;
Each balmy plant increase of virtue knows,
And art inspir'd with all her patron glows.
The charmer's opening eye kind hope reveals,
Kind hope her consort's breast enlivening feels
Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with relumin'd fire.
As Health's auspicious pow'rs gay life display,
Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

§ 146. *Ode to Pity.* Collins.

O thou, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Illissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild * Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head;
To him thy cell was shewn:
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,

* A river in Sussex.

Allow'd

Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waſte the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a Britiſh ſhell!

§ 147. *Ode to Fear.* Collins.

Thou, to whom the world unknown
With all its ſhadowy ſhapes is ſhown;
Who ſeeſt appall'd th' unreal ſcene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near.
I know thy hurried ſtep, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I ſtart, like thee diſorder'd fly;
For, lo, what monſters in thy train appear!
Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the rigid ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep;
And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghaſtly train can ſee,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earlieſt Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muſe addreſs'd her infant tongue
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard * who firſt invok'd thy name,
Diſdain'd in Marathon its pow'r to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's ſteel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary ſteps to trace,
Where thou and furies ſhar'd the baleful grove?
Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' inceſtuous Queen †
Sigh'd the ſad call her ſon and huſband heard,
When once alone it broke the ſilent ſcene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering pow'r inſpir'd each mournful line;
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the ſcene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou, who ſuch weary length haſt paſt,
Where wilt thou reſt, mad nymph, at laſt?
Say, wilt thou ſhrowd in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in ſome hollow'd ſeat,
'Gainſt which the big waves beat,
Heardrowning ſeamen's cries in tempeſts brought!
Dark pow'r, with ſhuddering meek ſubmitted thought,
Be mine, to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad;
When ghoſts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whoſe ſpirit moſt poſſeſs'd
The ſacred ſeat of Shakſpeare's breaſt!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions ſpoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel;
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree;
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

* Æſchylus.

§ 148. *Ode to Simplicity.* Collins.

O thou, by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and ſweetly ſtrong;
Who firſt on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliеſt child,
Thy babe, and Pleaſure's nurs'd the pow'rs of ſong!
Thou, who with hermit heart
Diſdain'ſt the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'ſt a decent maid,
In attic robe array'd,
O chaſte, unboaſtful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings flow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephiſus deep,
Who ſpread his wavy ſweep
In warbled wand'rings round thy green retreat,
On whoſe enamell'd ſide,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O ſiſter meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy ſober aid and native charms infuſe!
The flow'rs that ſweeteſt breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still aſk thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none eſteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;
But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

† Jocaſta.

No

No more, in hall or bow'r,
The paſſions own thy pow'r.
Love, only Love, her forceleſs numbers mean;
For thou haſt left her ſhrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bleſs the ſervile ſcene.

Though taſte, though genius bleſs
To ſome divine exceſs,
Faint 's the cold work till thou inſpire the whole;
What each, what all ſupply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canſt raiſe the meeting ſoul!

Of theſe let others aſk,
To aid ſome mighty taſk,
I only ſeek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might ſound
To maids and ſhepherds round,
And all thy ſons, O Nature, learn my tale.

§ 149. *Ode on the Poetical Character.* COLLINS.

As one, if, not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted Bard,
(Him whoſe ſchool above the reſt
His loveliеſt Elfin queen has bleſs'd),
One, only one unrivall'd fair *
May hope the magic girdle wear,
At ſolemn tournay hung on high,
The wiſh of each love-darting eye:
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unſeen, ſome hovering hand,
Some chaſte and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whiſper'd ſpell had burſt the ſtarting band,
It left unbleſt her loath'd diſhonour'd ſide;
Happier, hopeleſs fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divineſt name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The ceſt of ampleſt pow'r is given,
To few the godlike gift aſſigns.
To gird their bleſt prophetic loins,
And gaze her viſion wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
The band, as fairy legends ſay,
Was wove on that creating day
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented ſky, this laughing earth,
And dreſs'd with ſprings, and foreſts tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthuſiaſt woo'd,
Himſelf in ſome diviner mood,
Retiring, ſate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his ſapphire throne,
The whiles, the vaulted ſhrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to ſound,
Now ſublimeſt triumph ſwelling;
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And ſhe from out the veiling cloud
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy ſubject life was born.
The dangerous paſſions kept aloof,
Far from the ſainted growing woof:
But near it ſat ecſtatic Wonder,
Liſtening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in ſunny veſt array'd,
By whoſe the Tarſol's eyes were made;
All the ſhadowy tribes of mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted pow'rs,
Who feed on heaven's ambroſial flow'rs.
Where is the Bard whoſe ſoul can now
Its high preſuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him deſign'd?
High on ſome cliff to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude acceſs, of proſpect wild,
Where tangled round the jealous deep,
Strange ſhades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its ſprings unlock;
While on its rich-ambitious head
An Eden, like his own, lies ſpread,
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which a Milton lay; his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh ſphier'd in heaven its native ſtrains could hear: [hung:
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle ſhades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aſpiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding ſteps purſue;
In vain—ſuch bliſs to one alone
Of all the ſons of ſoul was known,
And Heaven and Fancy, kindred pow'rs,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inſpiring bow'rs,
Or curtain'd cloſe ſuch ſcene from every future view.

§ 150. *Ode. Written in the Year 1746.* COLLINS.

How ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom ſhall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

§ 151. *Ode to Mercy.* COLLINS.

STROPHE.

O THOU, who ſitt'ſt a ſmiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful ſide,

* Florimel. See Spencer. Leg. 4.

Gentleſt of ſky-born forms, and beſt ador'd:
Who oft with ſongs, divine to hear,
Winn'ſt from his fatal graſp the ſpear,
And hid'ſt in wreaths of flowers his bloodleſs ſword?
Thou who, amidſt the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy boſom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who ſinks to ground:
See, Mercy, ſee, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy ſhrine my country's genius ſtands,
And decks thy altar ſtill, tho' pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,
And ruſh'd in wrath to make our iſle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy ſweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blaſted road, [away.
And ſtopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage
I ſee recoil his ſable ſteeds,
That bore him ſwift to ſavage deeds;
Thy tender melting eyes they own,
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain ſhewn,
Where Juſtice bars her iron tow'r,
To thee we build a roſeate bow'r,
Thou, thou ſhalt rule our queen, and ſhare our monarch's throne.

§ 152. *Ode to Liberty.* COLLINS.

STROPHE.

WHO ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life
The youths whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue ſhedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view!
What new Alceus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword in myrtles dreſt, [ing,
At Wiſdom's ſhrine awhile its flame conceal-
(What place ſo fit to ſeal a deed renown'd?)
Till ſhe her bright teſt lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O Goddeſs, in that feeling hour,
When moſt its ſounds would court thy ears,
Let not my ſhell's miſguided pow'r
E'er draw thy ſad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy face,
With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell,
Puſh'd by a wild and artleſs race,
From off its wide ambitious baſe,
When Time his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke,
And all the blended work of ſtrength and grace,
With many a rude repeated ſtroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thouſand fragments broke.

EPODE.

Yet, ev'n where'er the leaſt appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midſt the ſcatter'd ſtates around,
Some remnants of her ſtrength were found:
They ſaw, by what eſcap'd the ſtorm,
How wondrous roſe her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty maſter pour'd his ſoul;
For ſunny Florence, ſeat of art,
Beneath her vines preſerv'd a part,
Till they whom ſcience lov'd to name
(O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Piſa's olive ſhade!
See ſmall Marino joins the theme,
Though leaſt, not laſt in thy eſteem.
Strike, louder ſtrike, th' ennobling ſtrings
To thoſe whoſe merchant ſons, were kings;
To him who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleaſure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian meaſure,
Nor e'er her former pride relate
To ſad Liguria's bleeding ſtate.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I ſeek
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak,
(Where when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer, heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled:)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With thoſe * to whom thy ſtork is dear;
Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd;
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'ſt the ſtrain,
One holier name alone remains:
The perfect ſpell ſhall then avail,
Hail, Nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the meaſure vaſt of thought,
The works the wizard Time has wrought,
The Caul, 'tis held of antique ſtory,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverſe ſtrand †;
No ſea between, nor cliff ſublime and hoary,
He paſs'd with unwet feet though all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they ſay,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfiſh mountains rounding;
Till all the banded weſt at once 'gan riſe,
A wide wild ſtorm ev'n Nature's ſelf confounding,
Withering her giant ſons with ſtrange uncouth ſurpriſe,

* The Dutch: among whom there are very ſevere penalties for thoſe who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almoſt all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are ſaid to entertain a ſuperſtitious ſentiment, that if the whole ſpecies of them ſhould become extinct, they ſhould loſe their liberties.

† This tradition is mentioned by ſeveral of our old hiſtorians. Some naturaliſts too have endeavoured to ſupport the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correſpondent diſpoſition of the two oppoſite coaſts. I do not remember that any poetical uſe has been hitherto made of it.

This

This pillar'd earth, so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne.
And see, like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on every side— [main,
Mona *, once bid from those who search'd the
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight, who checks the western tide—
For thee consenting heaven has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last abode.

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
'Midst the green navel of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing Goddess, stood!
There oft the painted natives feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward-rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-tressy Dane,
Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided cloud that lie,
Paving the light embroider'd sky:
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model still remains.
Their happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe dress,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Here their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.
How may the poet now unfold
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn, delighted and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majestic, through the mix'd design;
The secret builder knew to choose
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;
There on the wall the Patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And grav'd with some prophetic rage
Read Albion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmost altar stand!
Now sooth her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain.
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
Ev'n Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:
Before whose breathing bosom's balm
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm.
Her let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore:
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair;
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around—
O, how supremely art thou blest!
Thou, Lady, thou shalt rule the west.

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§ 153. *Ode to a Lady, on the Death of Colonel Charles Ross, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written in May* 1745. COLLINS.

While, lost to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day;
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of cheerful May;

The thoughts which musing pity pays;
And fond remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave,
His country's vows shall bless the grave
Where'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aëriel forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head;
And, fallen to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

The warlike deed of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave the fainted rest;
And, half reclining on his spear,
Each wond'ring chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish the avenging fight.

But, lo! where sunk, in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,

* There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a Mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and fear, rife at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted treſſes madly ſpread,
To every ſod which wraps the dead
She turns her joyleſs eyes.
Ne'er ſhall ſhe leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph burſting round
Proclaim her reign reſtor'd:
Till William ſeek the ſad retreat,
And bleeding at her ſacred feet
Preſent the fated ſword.

If, weak to ſooth ſo ſoft an heart,
Theſe pictur'd glories nought impart
To dry thy conſtant tear;
If yet, in Sorrow's diſtant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou ſee'ſt him lie,
Wild war inſulting near:

Where'er from time thou court'ſt relief,
The Muſe ſhall ſtill, with ſocial grief,
Her gentleſt promiſe keep:
Ev'n humble Harting's cottage vale
Shall learn the ſad repeated tale,
And bid her ſhepherds weep.

§ 154. *Ode to Evening.* Collins.

If aught of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong.
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſooth thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales;

O nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd ſun
Sits in yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-ey'd bat
With ſhort ſhrill ſhriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,

As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim borne in heedleſs hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,

Whoſe numbers ſtealing thro' thy darkening vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-ſtar ariſing ſhows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp,
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who ſlept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhening dew; and, lovelier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet,
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.

Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blaſtering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide
Views wilds and ſwelling floods,
And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.

While ſpring ſhall pour his ſhow'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!
While Summer loves to ſport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, ſmiling Peace,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

§ 155. *Ode to Peace.* Collins.

O thou, who bad'ſt thy turtles bear
Swift from his graſp thy golden hair,
And ſought'ſt thy native ſkies:
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his ſtorms ariſe!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic ſway,
Our youth ſhall fix ſome feſtive day,
His ſullen ſhrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'ſt the turning ſpheres,
What ſounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy bleſt return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes upbind!
O riſe, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The Britiſh lion, Goddeſs ſweet,
Lies ſtretch'd on earth to kiſs thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy tranſient ſmile,
But come to grace thy weſtern iſle,
By warlike Honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her ſons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

§ 156. *The Manners. An Ode.* Collins.

Farewel, for clearer ken deſign'd,
The dim-diſcover'd tracts of mind:
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My ſilent ſearch in vain requir'd!
No more my ſail that deep explores,
No more I ſearch thoſe magic ſhores,
What regions part the world of ſoul,
Or whence thy ſtreams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round ſuch fairy field,
Some pow'r impart the ſpear and ſhield,
At which the wizard paſſions fly,
By which the giant follies die!
Farewel the porch, whoſe roof is ſeen
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green
Where Science, prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
By Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy dreſt,

Comes

Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!
Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, Observance, more invite;
O thou! who lov'st that ampler range
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
And, with her mingled sons allied,
Throw'st the prattling page aside:
To me in converse sweet impart
To read in man the native heart.
To learn where Science sure is found,
From nature as she lives around:
And gazing oft her mirror true
By turns each shifting image view!
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverse the lessons taught before,
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school;
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
Had bless'd this social science most.
Retiring hence to thoughtless cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the cheerful task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask
Behold, before her musing eyes,
The countless Manners round her rise,
While, ever varying as they pass,
To some Contempt applies her glass:
With these the white-rob'd maids combine,
And those the laughing satyrs join!
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the passions nurs'd, I greet
The comic sock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Briton's favour'd isle alone,
Me too amidst thy band admit,
There where the young-eyed healthful Wit,
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy side.
By old Miletus *, who so long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song;
By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern shades;
By him † whose knight's distinguish'd name
Refin'd a nation's lust of fame;
Whose tales e'en now, with echoes sweet,
Castilia's Moorish hills repeat;
Or him ‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore,
Who drew the sad Sicilian maid
By virtues in her sire betray'd:
O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal!
Let some retreating Cynic find
Those off-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree
To rove thy sceneful world with thee!

§ 157. *The Passions. An Ode for Music.*
COLLINS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, rejoic'd:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound:
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd burstin from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state!

* Alluding to the Milesian Tales, some of the earliest romances. † Cervantes.
‡ Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1746.

Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes uprais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And dashing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole,
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtream with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an aſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd ſiſters, and their chaſte-eyed queen,
Satyrs and ſylvan boys, were ſeen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown exerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leap'd up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.
Laſt came Joy's ecſtatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſs'd,
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk-awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtic round;
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.
O Muſic, ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of pleaſure, wiſdom's aid!
Why, Goddeſs, why to us denied,
Lay'ſt thou thy ancient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r
You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r;
Thy mimic ſoul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording ſiſter's page—
'Tis ſaid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of ſound—
O, bid our vain endeavours ceaſe,
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece,
Return in all thy ſimple ſtate,
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

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§ 158. *An Epiſtle, addreſſed to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakſpeare's Works.*

COLLINS.

WHILE, born to bring the Muſe's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;
While, nurs'd by you, ſhe ſees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd, o'er his honour'd tomb:
Excuſe her doubts, if yet ſhe fears to tell
What ſecret tranſports in her boſom ſwell;
With conſcious awe ſhe hears the critic's fame,
And bluſhing hides her wreath at Shakſpeare's name.
Hard was the lot thoſe injur'd ſtrains endur'd,
Unown'd by ſcience, and by years obſcur'd.
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing ſighs confeſs'd
A fix'd deſpair in every tuneful breaſt.
Not with more grief th' afflicted ſwains appear,
When wint'ry winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering froſts the ruin'd ſeats invade
Where Peace reſorted, and the graces play'd.
Each riſing art by juſt gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muſe alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with nobleſt pomp her earlieſt ſtage.
Preſerv'd through time, the ſpeaking ſcenes impart
Each changeful wiſh of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
Or paint the curſe that mark'd the Theban's reign*;
A bed inceſtuous, and a father ſlain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the ſad tale, and own another's woe.
To Rome remov'd, with wit ſecure to pleaſe,
The comic ſiſters keep their native eaſe.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almoſt excell'd!
But every Muſe eſſay'd to raiſe in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic ſtrain;
Ilyſſus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly ſoil.
As arts expir'd, reſiſtleſs Dulneſs roſe; [foes,
Goths, Prieſts, or Vandals—all were learning's
Till † Julius firſt recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Cosmo own'd them in th' Etrurian ſhade.
Then, deeply ſkill'd in love's engaging theme,
The ſoft Provencal paſs to Arno's ſtream:
With graceful eaſe the wanton lyre he ſtrung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he ſung.
The gay deſcription could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.
But heaven, ſtill various in its works, decreed
The perfect boaſt of time ſhould laſt ſucceed.
The beauteous union muſt appear at length
Of Tuſcan fancy and Athenian ſtrength:
One greater Muſe Eliza's reign adorn,
And ev'n a Shakſpeare to her fame be born;

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.

† Julius II. the immediate predeceſſor of Leo X.

Yet,

Yet, ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No second growth the western isle could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.
Of softer mold the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name,
With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought that warms the female mind;
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His * every strain the Smiles and Graces own;
But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
Th' unrivall'd picture of his early hand.
With † gradual steps, and slow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance;
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold and just in all she drew.
Till late Corneille, with ‡ Lucan's spirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free strain, as Roman and he inspir'd,
And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.
But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call, I view with glad surprise
Majestic forms of mighty monarch's rise.
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
And laurell'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honours and so soon to die!
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
The time shall come when Glo'ster's heart shall bleed,
In life's last hours, with horror of the deed:
When dreary visions shall at last present
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent;
Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive spear.
Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusion of the chanted mind.
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dress'd by her hand, the woods and valleys smile,
And spring diffusive decks th' enchanted isle.
O, more than all in powerful genius blest,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
There native music dwells in all the lays.
O, might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive picture to adopt thine aid,
What wondrous draughts might rise from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a distant age!
Methinks e'en now I view some free design,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:
Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
—And see, where § Anthony, in tears approv'd
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they press, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.
But ‖ who is he whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel.
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall,
(So heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
Hang on his knees, and prostrate on the plain!
Touch'd on the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The sons affection in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise,
Rage grasps the sword, while pity melts the eyes.
Thus, generous Critic, as thy bard inspires,
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires;
Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string:
Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careless kind)
By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, just to nature, own thy forming hand.
So spread o'er Greece, the harmonious whole unknown,
Ev'n Homer's numbers' charm'd by parts alone;
Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters cast on every shore:
When, rais'd by fate, some former Hanmer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundless mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

---

§ 159. *Dirge in Cymbeline, sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.*

COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.
No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;

* The characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.

† About the time of Shakspeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.

‡ The favourite author of the elder Corneille. § See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar

‖ Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's Dialogue on the Odyssey.

But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hour
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

---

§ 160. *Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson.* COLLINS.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave:
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp * shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening † spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep:

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year!

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view;
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O vales and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

---

§ 161. *Verses written on a Paper which contained a piece of Bride-Cake.* COLLINS.

Ye curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By search prophane shall find this hallow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
Nor dare a theft, for love and pity's sake!

This precious relic, form'd by magic pow'r,
Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,
The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art;
Fears, sighs, and wishes of th' enamour'd breast,
And pains that please, are mix'd in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's isle;
And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,
The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent;
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward god, hath sworn, while these remain,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear;
And cheerful Hope, so oft invok'd in vain,
With fairy songs shall sooth his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to friendship's gentle side,
And fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O much entreated leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive day,
Consents at length to bring me short delight;
Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note usurp the night.

* The Harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.
† Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond church.
‡ Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.

§ 162.

§ 162. *To a Mouſe, on turning her up in her Neſt with the Plough, November* 1785. BURNS.

WEE, ſleeck it, cowrin, tim'rous beaſtie,
O, what a pannic's in thy breaſtie!
Thou need na ſtart awa ſae haſty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chaſe thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle!*

I'm truly ſorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's ſocial union,
An' juſtifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee ſtartle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal!*

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beaſtie, thou maun live!
A *daimen-icker* in a *thrave*
'S a ſma' requeſt;
I'll get a bleſſing wi' the lave,
An' never miſs 't!

Thy wee bit *houſie*, too, in ruin!
Its ſilly wa's the wins are ſtrewing;
An' naething, now, to big a new ane
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's wind, enſuing,
Baith ſnell and keen!

Thou ſaw the field laid bare and waſte,
An' weary winter coming faſt,
An' cozie here, beneath the blaſt,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, craſh! the cruel *coulter* paſt
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' ſtibble
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou 's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But houſe or hald,
To thole the winter's ſleety dribble,
An cranreuch cauld!

But, Mouſie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foreſight* may be vain:
The best-laid ſchemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art bleſt, compar'd wi' *me!*
The preſent only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward caſt my e'e
On proſpects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna *ſee*,
I *gueſs* an' *fear*.

---

§ 163. *To a Mountain Daiſy, on turning one down with the Plough, in April* 1786. BURNS.

WEE, modeſt, crimſon-tipped flow'r,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun cruſh amang the ſtoure
Thy ſlender ſtem:
To ſpare thee now is paſt my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem!

Alas! its no thy neebor ſweet
The bonie *lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' ſpreckl'd breast,
When upwards ſpringing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east:

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the ſtorm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High ſheltering woods an' wa's maun ſhield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or ſtane,
Adorns the hiſtie *ſtibble-field*,
Unſeen, alane.

There in thy ſcanty mantle clad,
Thy ſnawie boſom ſunward ſpread,
Thou lifts thy unaſſuming head
In humble guiſe;
But now the *ſhare* up tears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artleſs maid,
Sweet *flowret* of the rural ſhade!
By love's ſimplicity betray'd,
And guiltleſs trust,
Till ſhe, like thee, all ſoil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of ſimple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckleſs ſtarr'd!
Unſkilful he to note the card
Of *prudent lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *ſuffering Worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has ſtriv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Miſ'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry ſtay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, ſink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'ſt the Daiſy's fate,
That fate is thine—no diſtant date:
Stern ruin's *plough-ſhare* drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, cruſh'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

---

§ 164. *An Eſſay upon unnatural Flights in Poetry.* LANSDOWNE.

As when ſome image of a charming face,
In living paint, an artist tries to trace,
He carefully conſults each beauteous line,
Adjusting to his object his deſign;
We praiſe the piece, and give the painter fame,
But as the bright reſemblance ſpeaks the dame:
Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind; [ſhewn,
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are
And Nature is their object to be drawn:
The written picture we applaud or blame
But as the juſt proportions are the ſame.

Who,

Who, driven with ungovernable fire,
Or void of art, beyond these bounds aspire,
Gigantic forms and monstrous births alone
Produce, which Nature shock'd disdains to own.
By true reflection I would see my face,
Why brings the fool a magnifying glass?
" But poetry in fiction takes delight,
" And, mounting in bold figures out of sight,
" Leaves Truth behind in her audacious flight:
" Fables and metaphors, that always lye,
" And rash hyperboles that soar so high,
" And ev'ry ornament of verse, must die."
Mistake me not: no figures I exclude,
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very same;
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's scorn,
But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn.
Important truths still let your fables hold,
And moral mysteries with art unfold:
Ladies and beaus to please, is all the task;
But the sharp critic will instruction ask.
As veils transparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear, when right applied;
When thro' the phrase we plainly see the sense,
Truth with such obvious meanings will dispense.
The reader what in reason's due believes,
Nor can we call that false which not deceives:
Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules controul'd;
Above the clouds, qut yet within our sight,
They mount with Truth, and make a tow'ring
Presenting things impossible to view, [flight:
They wander through incredible to true.
Falsehoods thus mix'd like metals are refin'd;
And Truth, like silver, leaves the dross behind.
Thus Poetry has ample space to soar,
Nor needs forbidden regions to explore;
Such vaunts as his, who can with patience read,
Who thus describes his hero when he 's dead—
" In heat of action slain, yet scorns to fall;
" But still maintains the war, and fights at—All?"
The noisy culverin, o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
And bursts, unaiming, in the rended sky;
Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
And nature suffers in the wild extreme.
The captive cannibal, oppress with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains;
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He bids defiance to the gaping crowd;
And spent at last, and speechless, as he lies,
With fiery glances mocks their rage, and dies.
This is the utmost stretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.
The Roman wit, who impiously divides
His hero and his gods to different sides,
I would condemn, but that, in spite of sense,
The admiring world still stands in his defence:
The gods permitting traitors to succeed,
Become not parties in an impious deed;
And, by the tyrant's murder, we may find
That Cato and the gods were of a mind.
Thus forcing truth with such preposterous praise,
Our characters we soften when we'd raise;
Like castles built by magic art in air,
That vanish at approach, such thoughts appear;
But, rais'd on truth by some judicious hand,
As on a rock they shall for ages stand.
Our king return'd, and banish'd peace restor'd,
The Muse ran mad to see her exil'd lord;
On the crack'd stage the Bedlam heroes roar'd,
And scarce could speak one reasonable word:
Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment stoop to rage;
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Complied to custom, but not err'd thro' choice.
Deem then the people's, not the writer's sin,
Almanzor's rage, and rants of Maximin;
That fury spent in each elaborate piece,
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.
Roscommon first, then Mulgrave rose, like light,
To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight;
With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds.
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aside:
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide.
Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
May from their lessons learn the road to fame;
But let the bold adventurer be sure
That ev'ry line the test of truth endure;
On this foundation may the fabric rise,
Firm and unshaken, till it touch the skies.
From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,
Abandon'd Truth seeks shelter in the grove;
Cherish, ye Muses, the forsaken fair, [derer,
And take into your train this beauteous wan-

§ 165. *To Mr. Spence, prefixed to the Essay on Pope's Odyssey.* Pitt.

'Tis done—restor'd by thy immortal pen,
The critic's noble name revives again;
Once more that great, that injur'd name we see
Shine forth alike in Addison and thee.
Like curs, our critics haunt the poet's feast,
And feed on scraps refus'd by ev'ry guest;
From the old Thracian *dog they learn'd the way
To snarl in want, and grumble o'er their prey:
As though they grudg'd themselves the joys they feel, [will.
Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd against their
Such their inverted taste, that we expect [lect.
For faults their thanks, for beauties their neg-
So the fell snake rejects the fragrant flow'rs,
And ev'ry poison of the field devours.
Like bold Longinus of immortal fame,
You read your poet with a poet's flame;
With his, your gen'rous raptures still aspire;
The critic kindles when the bard 's on fire.
But when some lame, some limping line demands
The friendly succour of your healing hands;
The feather of your pen drops balm around,
And plays and tickles, while it cures the wound.
While Pope's immortal labours we survey,
We stand all dazzled with excess of day,
Blind with the glorious blaze—to vulgar sight
'Twas one bright mass of undistinguish'd light;
But, like the tow'ring eagle, you alone
Discern'd the spots and splendors of the sun.

* Zoilus, so called by the ancients.

To

To point our faults, yet never to offend;
To play the critic, yet preserve the friend:
A life well spent, that never lost a day;
An easy spirit, innocently gay;
A strict integrity, devoid of art;
The sweetest manners, and sincerest heart;
A soul, where depth of sense and fancy meet;
A judgment brighten'd by the beams of wit—
Were ever yours: be what you were before,
Be still yourself; the world can ask no more.

§ 166. *The Enquiry. Written in the last Century.*

Amongst the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd:
"Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
"Where may I find my shepherdess?"
"Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this?
"In every thing that's good, she is;
"In yonder tulip go and seek,
"There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek;
"In yon enamell'd pansy by,
"There thou shalt have her curious eye;
"In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
"There wave the streamers of her blood;
"In brightest lilies that there stand,
"The emblems of her whiter hand;
"In yonder rising hill there smell
"Such sweets as in her bosom dwell:
"'Tis true," said he. And thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts an union;
But on a sudden all was gone.
With that I stopp'd. Said Love, "These be,
"Fond man, resemblances of thee;
"And as these flow'rs thy joy shall die,
"E'en in the twinkling of an eye;
"And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
"Like these short sweets that knit together."

§ 167. *The Diverting History of John Gilpin; shewing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.* Cowper.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the callender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, that's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane;
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again:

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true;

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But

But finding ſoon a ſmoother road
Beneath his well-ſhod feet,
The ſnorting beaſt began to trot.
Which gall'd him in his ſeat.

So, fair and ſoftly, John, he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop ſoon,
In ſpite of curb and rein.

So ſtooping down, as needs he muſt
Who cannot ſit upright,
He graſp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horſe, who never in that ſort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he ſat out,
Of running ſuch a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like ſtreamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At laſt it flew away.

Then might all people well diſcern
The bottles he had ſlung:
A bottle ſwinging at each ſide,
As hath been ſaid or ſung.

The dogs did bark, the children ſcream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry ſoul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he;
His fame ſoon ſpread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thouſand pound.

And ſtill as faſt as he drew near
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were ſhatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Moſt piteous to be ſeen,
Which made his horſe's flanks to ſmoke
As they had baſted been.

But ſtill he ſeem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd;
For all might ſee the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waiſt.

Thus all through merry Iſlington
Theſe gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Waſh
Of Edmonton ſo gay.

And there he threw the waſh about
On both ſides of the way,
Juſt like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild gooſe at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From balcony eſpied
Her tender huſband, wond'ring much
To ſee how he did ride.

Stop, ſtop, John Gilpin! here's the houſe—
They all at once did cry:
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:
Said Gilpin—So am I.

But yet his horſe was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a houſe
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow ſwift he flew,
Shot by an archer ſtrong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my ſong.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And ſore againſt his will,
Till at his friend's the callender's
His horſe at laſt ſtood ſtill.

The callender, amaz'd to ſee
His neighbour in ſuch trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accoſted him:

What news! what news! your tidings tell,
Tell me you muſt and ſhall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleaſant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the callender
In merry guiſe he ſpoke;

I came becauſe your horſe would come,
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will ſoon be here,
They are upon the road.

The callender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a ſingle word,
But to the houſe went in.

When ſtraight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worſe for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus ſhew'd his ready wit:
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs muſt fit.

But let me ſcrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And ſtop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry caſe.

Said John, It is my wedding day;
And all the world would ſtare,
If wife ſhould dine at Edmonton,
And I ſhould dine at Ware.

So turning to his horſe he ſaid,
I am in haſte to dine:
'Twas for your pleaſure you came here,
You ſhall go back for mine.

Ah

Ah luckleſs ſpeech, and bootleſs boaſt!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he ſpake a braying aſs
Did ſing moſt loud and clear;

Whereat his horſe did ſnort, as he
Had heard a lion lion roar;
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He loſt them ſooner than at firſt,
For why? they were too big.

Now Miſtreſs Gilpin, when ſhe ſaw
Her huſband poſting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth ſhe ſaid
That drove them to the Bell,
This ſhall be yours when you bring back
My huſband ſafe and well.

The youth did ride, and ſoon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to ſtop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted ſteed he frighted more,
And made him faſter run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went poſt-boy at his heels,
The poſt-boy's horſe right glad to miſs
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus ſeeing Gilpin fly,
With poſt-boy ſcamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry:

Stop thief! ſtop thief!—a highwaman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that paſs'd that way
Did join in the purſuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in ſhort ſpace;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And ſo he did, and won it too,
For he got firſt to town,
Nor ſtopp'd till where he firſt got up
He did again get down.

Now let us ſing, Long live the king.
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to ſee!

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§ 168. *An Evening Contemplation in a College; in Imitation of Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard.* DUNCOMBE.

THE curfew tolls the hour of cloſing gates;
With jarring ſound the porter turns the key;
Then in his dreary manſion ſlumb'ring waits,
And ſlowly, ſternly, quits it, though for me.

Now ſhine the ſpires beneath the paly moon,
And thro' the cloiſters peace and ſilence reign;
Save where ſome fidler ſcrapes a drowſy tune,
Or copious bowls inſpire a jovial ſtrain;

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where ſleeps a ſtudent in profound repoſe,
Oppreſs'd with ale, wide echoes thro' the gloom
The droning muſic of his vocal noſe.

Within thoſe walls, where through the glimmering ſhade
Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the college ſleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early pray'rs,
The noiſy ſervants rattling o'er their head,
The calls of buſineſs, and domeſtic cares, [bed.
Ne'er rouſe theſe ſleepers from their downy

No chattering females crowd their ſocial fire,
No dread have they of diſcord and of ſtrife;
Unknown the names of huſband and of ſire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they baſk'd beneath the ſunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight,
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
How ſmoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

O! let not temperance, too diſdainful, hear
How long their feasts, how long their dinners laſt:
Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous ſneer,
On theſe unmarried men reflections caſt!

The ſplendid fortune and the beauteous face
(Themſelves confeſs it, and their ſires bemoan)
Too ſoon are caught by ſcarlet and by lace;
Theſe ſons of ſcience ſhine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
If theſe no feats of gaiety diſplay,
Where thro' proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing vault
Melodious Fraſi trills her quavering lay.

Say, is the ſword well ſuited to the band?
Does broider'd coat agree with ſable gown?
Can Mechlin laces ſhade a churchman's hand?
Or learning's votaries ape the beaus of town?

Perhaps in theſe time-tottering walls reſide
Some who were once the darling of the fair,
Some who of old could taſtes and faſhions guide,
Control the manager, and awe the player.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind
With Rome's rich ſpoils and truth's exalted views,
Fir'd them with tranſports of a nobler kind,
And bade them ſlight all females—but the muſe.

Full many a lark, high towering to the ſky,
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;
Full many a ſtar, unſeen by mortal eye, [night.
With twinkling luſtre glimmers through the

Some future Herring, who, with dauntleſs breaſt,
Rebellion's torrent ſhall like him oppoſe,
Some mute, unconſcious Hardwicke here may reſt,
Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

From

From prince and people to command applause,
'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
And steer with steady course the helm of state—

Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines;
Forbids in Freedom's veil t' insult the throne;
Beneath her masque to hide the worst designs;

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind
With "pensions, taxes, marriages, and Jews;"
Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;
Content and happy in a single life,
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Ev'n now their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inclos'd by doors of glass in Doric style,
On polish'd pillars rais'd with bronzes deck'd,
They claim the passing tribute of a smile:

Oft are the author's names, tho' richly bound,
Mis-spelt by blundering binders' want of care;
And many a catalogue is strew'd around,
To tell the admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book?
Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,
And on those cases casts a lingering look?

Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require;
For Songs and Plays the voice of Beauty cries,
And Sense and Nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, with prying search, in future years,
Some antiquarian should enquire thy fate;

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
And say, "Each morn unchill'd by frosts he
"ran,
"With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,
"To reach the chapel ere the psalms began;

"There, in the arms of that lethargic chair,
"Which rears its old moth-eaten back so high,
"At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,
"And por'd upon the news with curious eye.

"Now by the fire engag'd in serious talk,
"Or mirthful converse, would he loitering
"stand
"Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,
"Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady
hand.

"One morn we miss'd him at the hour of pray'r,
"Nor in the hall, nor on his favourite green:
"Another came; nor yet within the chair,
"Nor yet at bowls or chapel was he seen.

"The next we heard that, in a neighbouring
"shire,
"That day to church he led a blushing bride,
"A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear
"Improv'd her beauty while the knot was tied.

"Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
"He roves enraptur'd thro' the fields of Kent;
"Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov'd,
"Read here the letter which he lately sent."

The Letter.

IN rural innocence secure I dwell,
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown:
Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
And social quiet marks me for her own.

Next to the blessings of religious truth,
Two gifts my endless gratitude engage—
A Wife, the joy and transport of my youth:
Now with a Son, the comfort of my age.

Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move;
Content with calm domestic life, where meet
The sweets of friendship, and the smiles of love.

---

§ 169. *The Three Warnings. A Tale.*

By Mrs. Thrale.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.
When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave—'You must, says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
'With you? and quit my Susan's side?
'With you? the hapless husband cried:
'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
'Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
'My thoughts on other matters go;
'This is my wedding-night, you know.'
What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
'Neighbour,' he said, 'farewel: no more
'Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
'And farther, to avoid all blame
'Of cruelty upon my name,
'To give you time for preparation,
'And fit you for your future station,
'Three several warnings you shall have,
'Before you're summon'd to the grave:
'Willing for once I 'll quit my prey,
'And grant a kind reprieve;

In

'In hopes you'll have no more to say,
'But, when I call again this way,
'Well pleas'd the world will leave.'
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace:
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus a long Life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
And all alone, he sate,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
'So soon, return'd! old Dobson cries.
'So soon, d' ye call it!' Death replies;
'Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;
'Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
'And you are now fourscore,'
'So much the worse the clown rejoin'd;
'To spare the aged would be kind;
'However, see your search be legal;
'And your authority—is 't regal?
'Else you are come on a fool's errand,
'With but a Secretary's warrant.
'Besides you promis'd me three Warnings,
'Which I have look'd for nights and mornings!
'But for that loss of time and ease,
'I can recover damages.'
'I know,' cries Death, 'that, at the best,
'I seldom am a welcome guest;
'But don't be captious, friend at least:
'I little thought you'd still be able
'To stump about your farm and stable;
'Your years have run to a great length;
'I wish you joy, tho', of your strength!'
'Hold,' says the farmer, 'not so fast!
'I have been lame these four years past.'
'And no great wonder,' Death replies:
'However, you still keep your eyes;
'And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
'For legs and arms would make amends.'
'Perhaps,' says Dobson, 'so it might,
'But latterly I've lost my sight.'
'This is a shocking story, faith;
'Yet there's some comfort still,' says Death:
'Each strives your sadness to amuse;
'I warrant you hear all the news.'
'There's none,' cries he; and if there were,
'I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay, then!' the spectre stern rejoin'd,
'These are unjustifiable yearnings;
'If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
'You have had your three sufficient Warnings.
'So come along, no more we'll part:'
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now, old Dobson turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

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§ 170. *The Cit's Country Box.* LLOYD.

Vos spere, et solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. HOR.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
'How all the country seems to smile!'
And as they slowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather:
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees;
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration:
'What signifies the loads of wealth,
'Without that richest jewel, health?
'Excuse the fondness of a wife,
'Who doats upon your precious life!
'Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
'Is more than human strength can bear:
'One may observe it in your face—
'Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
'And nothing can your health repair,
'But exercise and country air.
'Sir Traffic has a house, you know
'About a mile from Cheney-row:
'He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true;
'But not so warm, my dear, as you:
'And folks are always apt to sneer—
'One would not be out-done, my dear!'
Sir Traffic's name, so well applied,
Awak'd his brother-merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason;
And by th' approaching summer season
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his Country Box.
Some three or four miles out of town
(An hour's ride will bring you down)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road;
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it ev'ry day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.
Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White washing, painting, scrubbing past:

Hugging

Hugging themſelves in eaſe and clover,
With all the fuſs of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head!
'Well! to be ſure, it muſt be own'd,
'It is a charming ſpot of ground:
'So ſweet a diſtance for a ride,
'And all about ſo countryfied;
'T'would come but to a trifling price
'To make it quite a paradiſe!
'I cannot bear thoſe naſty rails,
'Thoſe ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
'Suppoſe, my dear, inſtead of theſe,
'We build a railing all Chineſe;
'Altho' one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis diſmal to be thus inclos'd;
'One hardly any objects ſees—
'I wiſh you'd fell thoſe odious trees.
'Objects continually paſſing by,
'Were ſomething to amuſe the eye;
'But to be pent within the walls,
'One might as well be at St. Paul's.
'Our houſe beholders would adore,
'Was there a level lawn before,
'Nothing its views to incommode,
'But quite laid open to the road';
'While every traveller, in amaze,
'Should on our little manſion gaze;
'And, pointing to the choice retreat,
'Cry, "That's Sir Thrifty's country-ſeat!"
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.
Bleſt age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoiſſeur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a ſingle word;
Tho', like the royal German dames,
Ie bears an hundred Chriſtian names—
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Gout,
Whim, Caprice, Je ne ſcais quoi, Virtû.
Which appellations all deſcribe
TASTE, and the modern taſteful tribe.
Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chineſe artiſts and deſigners,
Produce their ſchemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation.
The uſeful dome, which ſecret ſtood,
Emboſom'd in the yew tree's wood,
The traveller with amazement ſees
A temple Gothic or Chineſe,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And creſted with a ſprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent aſtride
A ditch of water, four feet wide,
With angels, curves and zig-zag lines.
From Halfpenny's exact deſigns;
In front a level lawn is ſeen,
Without a ſhrub upon the green;
Where Taſte would want its firſt great law,
But for the ſkulking, ſly ha-ha;
By whoſe miraculous aſſiſtance
You gain a proſpect to fields diſtance.
And now from Hyde-park Corner come
The gods of Athens and of Rome.
Here ſquabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumſy Graces;
Apollo there, with aim ſo clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever,
And there, without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.
The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own, that Thrifty has a taſte;
And Madam's female friends and couſins,
With common-council men by dozens,
Flock ev'ry Sunday to the ſeat,
To ſtare about them, and to eat.

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§ 171. *Report of an adjudged Caſe, not to be found in any of the Books.* COWPER.

BETWEEN Noſe and Eyes a ſtrange conteſt aroſe;
The ſpectacles ſet them unhappily wrong;
The point in diſpute was, as all the world knows
To which the ſaid ſpectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cauſe
With a great deal of ſkill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief baron Ear ſat to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely diſcerning.

In behalf of the Noſe, it will quickly appear,
And, your lordſhip, he ſaid, will undoubtedly find,
That the Noſe has had ſpectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to poſſeſſion time out of mind.

Then, holding the ſpectacles up to the court—
Your lordſhip obſerves they are made with a ſtraddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Noſe is; in ſhort
Deſign'd to ſit cloſe to it, juſt like a ſaddle.

Again would your lordſhip a moment ſuppoſe
('Tis a caſe that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the viſage or countenance had not a Noſe,
Pray who would or who could wear ſpectacles then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument ſhews,
With a reaſoning the court will never condemn,
That the ſpectacles plainly were made for the Noſe,
And the Noſe was as plainly intended for them.

Then ſhifting his ſide, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wiſe.

So his lordſhip decreed, with a grave ſolemn tone,
Deciſive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the Noſe put his ſpectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes ſhould be ſhut.

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§ 172. *On the Birth Day of Shakſpeare. A Canto. Taken from his Works.* BERENGER.

Natura Ipſa valére, et mentis viribus excitari, et quaſi quodam divino ſpiritu afflari.

——PEACE to this meeting!
Joy and fair time, health and good wiſhes:

Now

Now, worthy friends, the cauſe why we are met
Is in celebration of the day that gave
Immortal Shakſpeare to this favour'd iſle,
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er ſhe fram'd.
O thou divineſt Nature! how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In this thy ſon! form'd in thy prodigality,
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
Its very form and preſſure! When he ſpeaks
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed,
So voluble is his diſcourſe—gentle
As Zephyr blowing beneath the violet,
Not wagging its ſweet head—yet as rough
(His noble blood enchaf'd) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to th' vale.—'Tis wonderful
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame him
To loyalty, unlearn'd; honour, untaught;
Civility, not ſeen in others; knowledge
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſown. What a piece of work!
How noble in faculty! infinite in reaſon!
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every God did ſeem to ſet his ſeal!
Heaven has him now—yet let our idolatrous
Still ſanctify his relics; and this day [fancy
Stand aye diſtinguiſh'd in the kalendar
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time:
For, if we take him but for all in all,
We ne'er ſhall look upon his like again.

§ 173. *On the Invention of Letters.*

TELL me what Genius did the art invent,
The lively image of the voice to paint;
Who firſt the ſecret how to colour ſound,
And to give ſhape to reaſon, wiſely found;
With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught;
And how to draw the picture of a thought:
Who taught the hand to ſpeak, the eye to hear
A ſilent language roving far and near; [found,
Whoſe ſofteſt noiſe outſtrips loud thunder's
And ſpreads her accents thro' the world's vaſt round;
A voice heard by the deaf, ſpoke by the dumb,
Whoſe echo reaches long, long time to come;
Which dead men ſpeak, as well as thoſe alive—
Tell me what Genius did this art contrive.

§ 174. *The Anſwer.*

THE noble art to Cadmus owes its riſe
Of painting words, and ſpeaking to the eyes;
He firſt in wondrous magic fetters bound
The airy voice, and ſtopp'd the flying ſound;
The various figures, by his pencil wrought,
Gave colour form, and body to the thought.

§ 175. *On a Spider.*

ARTIST, who underneath my table
Thy curious texture haſt diſplay'd!
Who, if we may believe the fable,
Wert once a lovely blooming maid!

Inſidious, reſtleſs, watchful ſpider,
Fear no officious damſel's broom;
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And ſpread thy banners round my room.

Swept from the rich man's coſtly ceiling,
Thou 'rt welcome to my homely roof;
Here mayſt thou find a peaceful dwelling;
And undiſturb'd attend thy woof:

Whilſt I thy wondrous fabric ſtare at,
And think on hapleſs poet's fate;
Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
And rudely baniſh'd rooms of ſtate.

And as from out thy tortur'd body
Thou draw'ſt thy ſlender ſtring with pain;
So does he labour, like a noddy,
To ſpin materials from his brain:

He for ſome fluttering tawdry creature,
That ſpreads her charms before his eye;
And that's a conqueſt little better
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
Perhaps our deaths may better ſhew it—
'Tis ten to one but penury
Ends both the ſpider and the poet.

§ 176. *The Extent of Cookery.* SHENSTONE.

——Aliuſque et Idem.

WHEN Tom to Cambridge firſt was ſent,
A plain brown *bob* he wore,
Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
His reſolution flag;
He cheriſhes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the houſe;
And ſoon a Judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye *bobs!* ye *bags*, give place!
Full-bottoms, come inſtead!
Good Lord! to ſee the various ways
Of dreſſing—a *calf's-head.*

§ 177. *Slender's Ghoſt.* SHENSTONE.

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent.

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At duſk of eve, methought I ſpied
Poor Slender's ghoſt, that whimpering cried,
O ſweet! O ſweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards, give ear!
Who talk of amorous rage,
Who ſpoil the lily, rob the roſe;
Come learn of me to weep your woes!
O ſweet! O ſweet Anne Page!

Why ſhould ſuch labour'd ſtrains
Your formal Muſe engage?
I never dreamt of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breaſt, or pierc'd my heart,
But ſigh'd, O ſweet Anne Page!

And you, whoſe love-ſick minds
No medicine can aſſuage,
Accuſe the leech's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore,
O ſweet! O ſweet Anne Page!

And you, whoſe ſouls are held
Like linnets in a cage,
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my ſtrains:
O ſweet! O ſweet Anne Page!

And you, who *boaſt* or *grieve*,
What horrid wars ye wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye;
Yet mean as I do when I ſigh,
O ſweet! O ſweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit
Of ſhepherd, or of ſage!
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
Expreſſes all you have to ſay—
O ſweet! O ſweet Anne Page!

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§ 178. *Hamlet's Soliloquy imitated.* JAGO.

To *print*, or not to *print*—that is the queſtion.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or ſend a well-wrote copy to the preſs,
And, by diſcloſing, end them. To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to ſay we end
The head-ach, and a thouſand natural ſhocks
Of ſcribbling phrenſy—'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To print—to beam
From the ſame ſhelf with Pope, in calf well bound:
To ſleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's
the rub—
For to what claſs a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath ſhuffled off ſome paltry ſtuff,
Muſt give us pauſe. There's the reſpect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear th' impatient thirſt of fame,
The pride of conſcious merit, and, 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
Whenas himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and ſweat under a load of wit,
But that the tread of ſteep Parnaſſus' hill
(That undiſcover'd country, with whoſe bays
Few travellers return) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known and damn'd?
Thus critics do make cowards of us all;
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is ſicklied o'er with a pale manuſcript;
And enterpriſes of great fire and ſpirit
With this regard from Dodſley turn away,
And loſe the name of Authors.

§ 179. *To the Memory of George Lewis Langton, Eſq. who died on his Travels to Rome.* SHIPLEY.

Langton, dear partner of my ſoul,
Accept what pious paſſion meditates
To grace thy fate. Sad memory,
And grateful love and impotent regret,
Shall wake to paint thy gentle mind,
The wiſe good-nature, friendſhip delicate;
In ſecret converſe, native mirth
And ſprightly fancy, ſweet artificer
Of ſocial pleaſure; nor forgot
The noble thirſt of knowledge and fair fame
That led thee far through foreign climes
Inquiſitive: but chief the pleaſant banks
Of Tiber, ever-honour'd ſtream,
Detain'd thee viſiting the laſt remains
Of ancient art; fair forms exact
In ſculpture, columns, and the mould'ring bri[ck]
Of theatres. In deep thought wrapp'd
Of old renown, thy mind ſurvey'd the ſcenes
Delighted where the firſt of men
Once dwelt, familiar: Scipio, virtuous chief,
Stern Cato, and the patriot mind
Of faithful Brutus, beſt philoſopher.
Well did the generous ſearch employ [death
Thy blooming years by virtue crown'd, though
Unſeen oppreſs'd thee, far from home,
A helpleſs ſtranger. No familiar voice,
No pitying eye, cheer'd thy laſt pangs.
O worthy longeſt days! for thee ſhall flow
The pious ſolitary tear,
And thoughtful friendſhip ſadden o'er thine urn.

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§ 180. *The Brewer's Coachman.* TAYLOR.

Honeſt William, an eaſy and good-natur'd fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow.
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
No better e'er ſat on a box, to be ſure. [nurſes
His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or
Took that care of their babes that he took of his horſes.
He had theſe—ay, and fifty good qualities more,
But the buſineſs of *tippling* could ne'er be got o'er:
So his maſter effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
Now, William, ſays he, you ſee the plain caſe;
Had you drank as he does, you had kept a good place. [done ſo,
Drink water! quoth William—had all men
You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
They're ſoakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

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§ 181. *Ode on the Death of Matzel, a favourite Bullfinch. Addreſſed to Philip Stanhope, Eſq. (natural Son to the Earl of Cheſterfield) to whom the Author had given the Reverſion of it when he left Dreſden.* WILLIAMS.

Try not, my Stanhope, 'tis in vain,
To ſtop your tears, to hide your pain,

Or

Or check your honeſt rage:
Give ſorrow and revenge their ſcope,
My preſent joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.

Matzel's no more! Ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales, and doves,
Attend th' untimely bier;
Let every ſorrow he expreſs'd,
Beat with your wings each mournful breaſt,
And drop the nat'ral tear.

In height of ſong, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkins's claws he died—
But vengeance ſhall have way;
On pains and tortures I'll refine;
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine
His nine will ill repay.

For thee, my bird, the ſacred Nine,
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, ſhall join
In thy funereal verſe:
My painful taſk ſhall be to write
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
And hang it on thy hearſe.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn,
My bird, who never to return
Is fled to happier ſhades,
Where Leſbia ſhall for him prepare
The place moſt charming and moſt fair
Of all th' Elyſian glades.

There ſhall thy notes in cypreſs grove
Sooth wretched ghoſts that died for love;
There ſhall thy plaintive ſtrain
Lull impious Phædra's endleſs grief,
To Procris yield ſome ſhort relief,
And ſoften Dido's pain:

'Till Proſerpine by chance ſhall hear
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
And love thee with my love;
While each attendant ſoul ſhall praiſe
The matchleſs Matzel's tuneful lays,
And all her ſongs approve.

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§ 182. *To-morrow.* COTTON.

Pereunt et Imputantur.

TO-MORROW, didſt thou ſay?
Methought I heard Horatio ſay, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a ſharper, who ſtakes his penury
Againſt thy plenty—who takes thy ready caſh,
And pays thee nought but wiſhes, hopes, and promiſes,
The currency of ideots—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the eaſy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary regiſters of Time,
Unleſs perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wiſdom diſclaims the word, nor holds ſociety
With thoſe who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father; [leſs
Wrought of ſuch ſtuff as dreams are, and as baſe-
As the fantaſtic viſions of the evening.
But ſoft, my friend—arreſt the preſent moments;
For be aſſur'd they all are arrant tell-tales;
And tho' their flight be ſilent, and their path
Trackleſs, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They poſt to heaven, and there record thy folly.
Becauſe, tho' ſtation'd on the important watch,
Thou, like a ſleeping, faithleſs ſentinel,
Didſt let them paſs unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou ſlumb'redſt on the guard
Thou ſhalt be made to anſwer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt ſtand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Juſtice, who ſhall tell thy audit?
Then ſtay the preſent inſtant, dear Horatio,
Imprint the marks of wiſdom on its wings. [cious
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more pre-
Than all the crimſon treaſures of life's fountain.
O! let it not elude thy graſp; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel faſt, until he bleſs thee.

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§ 183. *On Lord Cobham's Gardens.* COTTON.

IT puzzles much the ſages' brains,
Where Eden ſtood of yore;
Some place it in Arabia's plains;
Some ſay, it is no more.

But Cobham can theſe tales confute,
As all the curious know;
For he has prov'd beyond diſpute
That Paradiſe is Stowe.

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§ 184. *To a Child five Years old.* COTTON.

FAIREST flow'r, all flow'rs excelling
Which in Eden's garden grew,
Flow'rs of Eve's embower'd dwelling
Are, my fair-one, types of you.
Mark, my Polly, how the roſes
Emulate thy damaſk cheek;
How the bud its ſweets diſcloſes;
Buds thy opening bloom beſpeak.
Lilies are, by plain direction,
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.
But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty
Bloſſom, fade, and die away;
Then purſue good ſenſe and duty,
Evergreens that ne'er decay.

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§ 185. *To Miſs Lucy Forteſcue.* LYTTELTON.

ONCE, by the Muſe alone inſpir'd,
I ſung my am'rous ſtrains;
No ſerious love my boſom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to puniſh me,
For having feign'd ſo well,
Has made my heart ſo fond of thee,

That not the whole Aonian quire
Can accents soft enough inspire
Its real flame to tell.

§ 186. *To Mr. West*, at Wickham†.* 174c.

LYTTELTON

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.

To both from courts and all their state
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

§ 187. *The Temple of the Muses. To the Countess Temple.*

THE Muses and Graces to Phœbus complain'd,
"That no more on the earth a Sappho remain'd:
"That their empire of wit was now at an end,
"And on beauty alone the Sex must depend:
"To the Men he had giv'n all his fancy and "fire,
"Art of healing to ‡ Armstrong, as well as his "lyre:"
When Apollo replied, "To make you amends,
"In one Fair you shall see wit and virtue, good "friends:
"The Grecian's high-spirit and sweetness I'll "join
"With a true Roman virtue, to make it divine:
"Your pride and my boast, thus form'd, would "you know,
"You must visit the earthly Elysium of Stowe."

§ 188. *To a Lady who sung in too low a Voice.*

WHEN beauteous Laura's gentle voice
Divides the yielding air,
Fix'd on her lips, the falt'ring sounds
Excess of joy declare.

There, lingering round the rosy gate,
They view their fragrant cell;
Unwilling to depart that mouth
Where all the Graces dwell.

Some tuneful accents strike the sense
With soft imperfect sound;
While thousand others die within,
In their own honey drown'd.

Yet thro' this cloud, distinct and clear,
Sweet sense directs its dart;
And, while it seems to shun the ear,
Strikes full upon the heart.

§ 189. *To Miss Wilkes, on her Birth-day, Aug. 16th, 1767. Written in France.*

WILKES.

AGAIN I tune the vocal lay
On dear Maria's natal day.
This happy day I'll not deplore
My exile from my native shore.
No tear of mine to-day shall flow
For injur'd England's cruel woe,
For impious wounds to Freedom given,
The first, most sacred gift of Heaven:
The Muse with joy shall prune her wing;
Maria's ripen'd grace's sing:
And, at seventeen, with truth shall own
The bud of beauty's fairly blown.
Softness and sweetest innocence
Here shed their gentle influence;
Fair modesty comes in their train,
To grace her sister virtue's reign.
Then, to give spirit, taste and ease,
The sov'reign art, the art to please;
Good-humour'd wit, and fancy gay,
To-morrow cheerful as to-day,
The sun-shine of a mind serene,
Where all is peace within, are seen.
What can the grateful Muse ask more?
The gods have lavish'd all their store.
Maria shines their darling care;
Still keep her, Heaven, from every snare:
May still unspotted be her fame,
May she remain through life the same,
Unchang'd in all—except in name!

§ 190. *To Miss Wilkes, on her Birth-day, Aug. 16th, 1768. Written in Prison.*

WILKES.

HOW shall the Muse in prison sing,
How prune her drooping ruffled wing?
Maria is the potent spell,
Ev'n in these walls, all grief to quell;
To cheer the heart, rapture inspire,
And wake to notes of joy the lyre,
The tribute verse again to pay
On this auspicious festive day.
When doom'd to quit the patriot band,
And exil'd from my native land,
Maria was my sure relief;
Her presence banish'd every grief.
Pleasure came smiling in her train,
And chas'd the family of Pain.
Let Lovers every charm admire,
The easy shape, the heav'nly fire
That from those modest beaming eyes
The captive heart at once surprise.
A Father's is another part;
I praise the virtues of the heart,
And wit so elegant and free,
Attemper'd sweet with modesty.

* Gilbert West, Esq. the author's cousin. † Near Croydon.
‡ Dr John Armstrong, author of The Art of Preserving Health, &c.

And

And may kind Heaven a lover send
Of sense, of honour, and a friend,
Those virtues always to protect,
Those beauties—never to neglect!

§ 191. *An Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.*
Sir William Jones.

What constitutes a State? [mound
Not high-rais'd battlements or labour'd
Thick wall or moated gate; crown'd;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starr'd and spangled courts, [pride.
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to
No—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State;
And Sov'reign Law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion * like a vapour sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heav'n-lov'd isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

§ 192. *The Choice of a Wife by Cheese.*
Captain Thompson.

There liv'd in York, an age ago,
A man whose name was Pimlico:
He lov'd three sisters passing well,
But which the best he could not tell.
These sisters three, divinely fair,
Shew'd Pimlico their tendercst care:
For each was elegantly bred,
And all were much inclin'd to wed;
And all made Pimlico their choice,
And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.
Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
Like ass divided 'tween the hay,
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
And choose his wife by eating cheese.
He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
And said with them that night he'd sup;
Desir'd that there might only be
Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;
He was resolv'd to crown his life,
And by that means to fix his wife.
The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;
Each dress'd herself divinely neat;
With faces full of peace and plenty,
Blooming with roses, under twenty.
For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
Were sweet as lilies of the valley:
But singly surely buxsome Bet
Was like new hay and mignionet;
But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
For that, of truth, was said of Nancy:
And as for Sal, she was a Donna,
As fair as those of old Crotona†,
Who to Apelles lent their faces
To make up madam Helen's graces,
To those the gay divided Pim
Came elegantly smart and trim:
When ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,
Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring
To shew her saving ate the paring;
And Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,
Cut, and then threw away the rind;
While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
Like a clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.
This done, young Pimlico replied,
"Sally I now declare my bride:
"With Nan I can't my welfare put,
"For she has prov'd a dirty slut:
"And Betsy, who has par'd the rind,
"Would give my fortune to the wind.
"Sally the happy medium chose,
"And I with Sally will repose;
"She's prudent, cleanly; and the man
"Who fixes on a nuptial plan
"Can never err, if he will choose
"A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose."

§ 193. *The Choice.* Pomfret.

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might choose my method how to live,
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend:
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
Where a cool rivulet runs murmuring by:
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores, should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd;
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:

* *Discretionary* or arbitrary power. † Apelles, from five beautiful virgins of Crotona, drew the beautiful Helen.

He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend,
A little more sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare:
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
My friends with no luxurious dishes fed:
Enough to satisfy, and something more
To feed the stranger and the neighbouring poor,
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.
I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
With the best wine each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce,
My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow;
Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
In my retreat, or to himself or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reason give,
All men may, with impunity, receive;
But the least swerving from their rule's too much;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.
That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would
A great advance to my felicity: [be
Well-born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have known:
Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just:
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave,
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave:
Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
By solid reason, and let that decide:
Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate:
Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state:
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar; true
As dying martyrs to their Maker too.
In their society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.
I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
Law-suits I'd shun, with as much studious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me,
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain!
If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But, by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh resign my aged breath,
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave;
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

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§ 194. *To my Candle.* PETER PINDAR.

THOU lone companion of the spectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,
To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And swells the thund'ring horrors of the *deep*.
From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flashing thro' her skies,
But all is silence here—beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull oblivion's stream?
Who would not live in songs of distant days?
Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er *Shakspeare*'s page,
I mark, in visions of delight, the *Sage*,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime;
A *column* in the melancholy waste,
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past),
Majestic, 'mid the solitude of *time*.

Yet

Yet now to ſadneſs let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of pureſt friendſhip ſhow'r.
I view, alas! what ne'er ſhould die—
A form that wakes my deepeſt ſigh;
A form, that feels of death the leaden ſleep—
Deſcending to the realms of ſhade,
I view a pale-ey'd panting maid,
I ſee the *Virtues* o'er their fav'rite weep.
Ah! could the *Muſe*'s ſimple pray'r
Command the envied trump of fame,
Oblivion ſhould *Eliza* ſpare:
A world ſhould echo with her name.
Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little luſtre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame Fate too ſhall fix her ſeal—
O let me, penſive, watch thy pale decay;
How faſt that frame, ſo tender, wears away!
How faſt thy life the reſtleſs minutes ſteal!
How ſlender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah! falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy ſtruggles—all will ſoon be o'er.
At life thou ſnatcheſt with an eager leap:
Now round I ſee thy flame ſo feeble creep,
Faint, leſs'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now no more!
Thus ſhall the ſuns of Science ſink away,
And thus of beauty fade the faireſt flow'r—
For where's the *Giant* who to *Time* ſhall ſay,
"Deſtructive tyrant, I arreſt thy pow'r?"

§ 195. *Preſented together with a Knife by the Rev.* Samuel Bishop, *Head Maſter of Merchant Taylors School, to his Wife on her Wedding Day, which happened to be her Birth Day and New Year's Day.*

A knife, dear girl, cuts love, they ſay—
Mere modiſh love perhaps it may;
For any tool of any kind
Can ſep'rate what was never join'd.
The knife that cuts our love in two
Will have much tougher work to do:
Muſt cut your ſoftneſs, worth, and ſpirit
Down to the vulgar ſize of merit;
To level yours with modern taſte,
Muſt cut a world of ſenſe to waſte;
And from your ſingle beauty's ſtore,
Clip what would dizen out a ſcore.
The ſelf-ſame blade from me muſt ſever
Senſation, judgment, ſight for ever;
All mem'ry of endearments paſt,
All hope of comforts long to laſt,
All that makes fourteen years with you
A ſummer—and a ſhort one too:
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, ſeem like years.—
Till that be done (and I'd as ſoon
Believe this knife will clip the moon)
Accept my preſent undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd,
If in a kiſs—delicious treat!
Your lips acknowledge the receipt;
Love, fond of ſuch ſubſtantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will diſdain,
Save only—"cut and come again."

§ 196. *By the ſame, with a Ring.*

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed,"
So ſixteen years ago I ſaid—
Behold another ring! "For what?"
"To wed thee o'er again—why not?"
With the firſt ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth:
Taſte long admir'd, ſenſe long rever'd:
And all my Molly then appear'd.
If ſhe, by merit ſince diſclos'd,
Prov'd twice the woman I ſuppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To juſtify a double vow.
Here then to-day (with faith as ſure,
With ardour as intenſe and pure,
As when amidſt the rites divine
I took thy troth, and plighted mine)
To thee, ſweet girl, my ſecond ring,
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Theſe virtues, which, before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride;
Thoſe virtues, whoſe progreſſive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My ſoul enjoys, my ſong approves,
For conſcience ſake, as well as love's.
For why?—They ſhew me hour by hour
Honour's high thought, affection's pow'r,
Diſcretion's deed, ſound judgment's ſentence;
And teach me all things—but repentance.

§ 197. *Whitſuntide. Written at Winchester College, on the immediate Approach of the Holidays.*

Hence, thou fur-clad Winter, fly;
Sire of ſhivering poverty!
Who, as thou creep'ſt with chilblains lame
To the crowded charcoal flame,
With chattering teeth and ague cold,
Scarce thy ſhaking ſides canſt hold
Whilſt thou draw'ſt the deep cough out:
God of foot-ball's noiſy rout,
Tumult loud and boiſt'rous play,
The dang'rous ſlide, the ſnow-ball fray,
But come, thou genial ſon of Spring,
Whitſuntide, and with thee bring
Cricket, nimble boy and light,
In ſlippers red and drawers white;
Who o'er the nicely meaſur'd land
Ranges around his comely band,
Alert to intercept each blow,
Each motion of the wary foe.
Or patient take thy quiet ſtand,
The angle trembling in thy hand,
And mark, with penetrative eye,
Kiſſing the wave, the frequent fly;
Where the trout with eager ſpring
Forms the many-circled ring,

And, leaping from the silver tide,
Turns to the sun his speckled side.
Or lead where Health, a Naiad fair,
With rosy cheek and dropping hair,
From the sultry noon-tide beam,
Dives in Itchin's crystal stream.
Thy vot'ries, rang'd in order due,
To-morrow's wish'd-for dawn shall view,
Greeting the radiant star of light
With matin hymn and early kite:
E'en now, these hallow'd haunts among,
To thee we raise the choral song;
And swell with echoing minstrelsy
The strain of joy and liberty.
If pleasures such as these await
Thy genial reign, with heart elate
For thee I throw my gown aside,
And hail thy coming, Whitsuntide.

§ 198. *Christmas.*

HENCE, Summer, indolently laid
To sleep beneath the cooling shade!
Panting quick with sultry heat,
Thirst and faint fatigue, retreat!
Come, Christmas, father thou of mirth,
Patron of the festive hearth,
Around whose social evening flame
The jovial song, the winter game,
The chase renew'd in merry tale,
The season's carols never fail:
Who, tho' the winter chill the skies,
Canst catch the glow of exercise,
Following swift the foot-ball's course;
Or with unresisted force,
Where frost arrests the harden'd tide,
Shooting 'cross the rapid slide;
Who, ere the misty morn is grey,
To some high covert hark'st away,
While Sport, on lofty courser borne,
In concert winds his echoing horn
With the deeply-thund'ring hounds,
Whose clangour wild, and joyful sounds,
While echo swells the doubling cry,
Shake the woods with harmony.
How does my eager bosom glow
To give the well-known tally-ho!
Or shew, with cap inverted, where
Stole away the cautious hare.
Or, if the blast of winter keen
Spangles o'er the silvery green,
Booted high thou lov'st to tread,
Marking, thro' the sedgy mead,
Where the creeping moor-hen lies,
Or snipes with sudden twittering rise;
Or joy'st the early walk to take
Where thro' the pheasant-haunted brake,
Oft as the well-aim'd gun resounds,
The eager-dashing spaniel bounds.
For thee of buck my breeches tight,
Clanging whip, and rowels bright,
The hunter's cap my brows to guard,
And suit of sportive green's prepar'd;
For since these delights are thine,
Christmas, with thy bands I join.

§ 199. *An Elegy on the Death of a mad Dog.*
GOLDSMITH.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But, when a pique began,
The dog to gain his private ends
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To ev'ry christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they ly'd;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

§ 200. *L'Allegro; or* FUN, *a Parody.*

OFF, blubbering Melancholy!
Of the blue devils and book-learning born,
In dusty schools forlorn;
Amongst black-gowns, square caps, and books unjolly,
Hunt out some college cell, [schemes,
Where muzzling quizzes mutter monkish
And the old proctor dreams;
There, in thy smutty walls, o'errun with dock,
As ragged as thy smock,
With rusty, fusty fellows ever dwell.
But come, thou baggage, fat and free,
By gentles call'd Festivity,
And by us rolling kiddies, FUN,
Whom mother Shipton, one by one,
With two Wapping wenches more,
To skipping Harlequino bore:
Or whether, as some deeper say,
Jack Pudding on a holiday
Along with Jenny Diver romping,
As he met her once a pumping,
There, on heaps of dirt and mortar,
And cinders wash'd in cabbage-water,
Fill'd her with thee a strapping lassie,
So spunky, brazen, bold, and saucy.

Hip!

Hip! here, jade, and bring with thee
Jokes and ſniggering jollity,
Chriſtmas gambols, waggiſh tricks,
Winks, wry faces, licks and kicks,
Such as fall from Moggy's knuckles,
And love to live about her buckles;
Spunk, that hobbling watchmen boxes,
And Horſe-laugh hugging both his doxies;
Come, and kick it as you go,
On the ſtumping hornpipe-toe;
And in thy right hand haul with thee,
The *Mountain* brim French liberty.
And if I give thee puffing due,
Fun, admit me of thy crew,
To pig with her, and pig with thee,
In everlaſting frolicks free:
To hear the ſweep begin his beat,
And ſqualling ſtartle the dull ſtreet,
From his watch-box in the alley
Till the watch at ſix doth ſally;
Then to go, in ſpite of ſleep,
And at the window cry, "Sweep! ſweep!"
Through the ſtreet-door, or the area,
Or, in the country, through the dairy;
While the duſtman, with his din,
Bawls and rings to be let in,
And at the fore, or the back-door,
Slowly plods his jades before.
Oft hearing the ſow-gelder's horn
Harſhly rouſe the ſnoring morn,
From the ſide of a large ſquare,
Through the long ſtreet grunting far.
Sometimes walking I'll be ſeen
By Tower-hill, or Moorfields green,
Right againſt Old Bedlam-gate,
Where the mock king begins his ſtate,
Crown'd with ſtraw, and rob'd with rags,
Cover'd o'er with jags and tags,
While the keeper near at hand
Bullies thoſe who leave their ſtand;
And milk-maids' ſcreams go through your ears,
And grinders ſharpen ruſty ſheers,
And every crier ſqualls his cry
Under each window he goes by.
Straight mine eye hath caught new gambols,
While round and round this town it rambles;
Sloppy ſtreets and foggy day,
Where the blundering folks do ſtray;
Pavements, on whoſe ſlippery flags
Swearing coachmen drive their nags;
Barbers joſtled 'gainſt your ſide,
Narrow ſtreets, and gutters wide.
Grub-ſtreet garrets now it ſees,
To the muſe open and the breeze,
Where perhaps ſome ſcribbler hungers,
The hack of neighbouring newſmongers.
Hard by, a tinker's furnace ſmokes,
From betwixt two paſtry-cooks,
Where dingy Dick and Peggy, met,
Are at their ſcurvy dinner ſet,
Of cow-heel, and ſuch celler meſſes,
Which the ſplay-foot Rachael dreſſes;
And then in haſte the ſhop ſhe leaves,
And with the boy the bellows heaves;
Or if 'tis late, and ſhop is ſhut,
Scrubs at the pump her face from ſmut.
Sometimes, all for ſights agog,
To t' other end of the town I jog,
When St. James's bells ring round,
And the royal fiddles ſound,
When every lord's and lady's bum
Jigs it in the drawing-room;
And young and old dance down the tune,
In honour of the fourth of June;
Till candles fail and eyes are ſore,
Then home we hie to talk it o'er,
With ſtories told of many a treat,
How Lady Swab the ſweetmeats eat;
She was pinch'd and ſomething worſe,
And ſhe was fobb'd and loſt her purſe;
Tell how the drudging Weltjee ſweat,
To bake his cuſtards duly ſet,
When in one night, ere clock went ſeven,
His 'prentice-lad had robb'd the oven
Of more than twenty hands had put in;
Then lies him down, a little glutton,
Stretch'd lumbering 'fore the fire, they tell ye,
And bakes the cuſtards in his belly;
Then crop-ſick down the ſtairs he flings
Before his maſter's bell yet rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By hoofs and wheels ſoon lull'd to ſleep.
But the city takes me then,
And the *hums* of buſy men,
Where throngs of train-band captains bold
In time of peace fierce meetings hold,
With ſtores of ſtock-jobbers, whoſe lies
Work change of ſtocks and bankruptcies;
Where bulls and bears alike contend
To get the caſh they dare not ſpend.
Then let aldermen appear,
In ſcarlet robes, with chandelier,
And city feaſts and gluttony,
With balls upon the lord-mayor's day;
Sights that young 'prentices remember,
Sleeping or waking, all November.
Then to the play-houſes anon,
If Quick or Banniſter be one;
Or drolleſt Parſons, child of Drury,
Bawls out his damns with comic fury.
And ever, againſt hum-drum cares,
Sing me ſome of Dibdin's airs,
Married to his own queer wit,
Such as my ſhaking ſides may ſplit,
In notes, with many a jolly bout,
Near Beaufort Buildings oft roar'd out,
With wagging curls and ſmirk ſo cunning,
His rig on many a boody running,
Expoſing all the ways and phizzes
Of "wags, and oddities and quizzes;"
That Shuter's ſelf might heave his head
From drunken ſnoozes, on a bed
Of pot-houſe benches ſprawl'd, and hear
Such laughing ſongs as won the ear
Of all the town, his ſlip to cover,
Whene'er he met 'em half-ſeas over.
Freaks like theſe if thou canſt give,
Fun, with thee I wiſh to live.

§ 201. *The Picture.* CUNNINGHAM.

A PORTRAIT, at my lord's command
Completed by a curious hand—
For dabblers in the nice *virtù*
His lordship set the piece to view,
Bidding their connoisseurships tell
Whether this work was finish'd well:
Why—says the loudest, on my word,
'Tis not a *likeness*, good my lord;
Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,
Can I pronounce one feature just.
Another effort straight was made,
Another portraiture essay'd;
The judges were again besought
Each to deliver what he thought.
Worse than the first, the critics bawl;
Oh what a mouth! how monstrous small!
Look at the cheeks—how lank and thin!
See, what a most prepósterous chin!
After remonstrance made in vain,
I 'll, says the painter, once again
(If my good lord vouchsafes to sit)
Try for a more successful hit:
If you 'll to-morrow deign to call,
We 'll have a piece to please you all.
To-morrow comes—a picture 's plac'd
Before those spurious sons of taste—
In their opinions all agree,
This is the vilest of all three.
"Know—to confute your envious pride
(His lordship from the canvass cried),
"Know—that it is my real face,
"Where you could no resemblance trace:
"I 've tried you by a lucky trick,
"And prov'd your *genius* to the quick:
"Void of all judgment, goodness, sense,
"Out—ye pretending varlets,—hence!"
The connoisseurs depart in haste,
Despis'd, neglected, and disgrac'd.

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§ 202. *The Modern Fine Gentleman. Written in the Year* 1746.

SOAME JENYNS.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

JUST broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw,
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His honour posts o'er Italy and France,
Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence, having quick through various countries flown,
Clean'd all their follies and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
As never ages past produc'd before;
A monster of such complicated worth,
As no one single clime cou'd e'er bring forth;
Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.
Next, because business is now all the vogue,
And who 'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
In parliament he purchases a seat,
To make th' accomplish'd gentleman complete.
There safe, in self-sufficient impudence,
Without experience, honesty, or sense,
Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cause:
Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
Torrents of nonsense burst like bottled ale,
* Tho' shallow, muddy; brisk, tho' mighty dull;
Fierce without strength; o'erflowing, tho' not full.
Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
The liberties of Britain he supports,
And storms at place-men, ministers, and courts;
Now in cropt greasy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches;
Kings, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,
Yet dares to shew those ears he ought to lose.
From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,
There sits with countenance erect and wise,
And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies;
Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break
Himself unknowingly has help'd to make;
Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought;
Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.
Devoted thus to politics and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards;
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
To Figg and Broughton † he commits his breast,
To steel it to the fashionable test.
Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
Insensible to all that 's good or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave;
By little actions striving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.
And yet in this so bad is his success,
That, as his fame improves, his rents grow less;
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
With his estate his int'rest too is done,
His honest borough seeks a warmer sun:
For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters cease to roar;
And Britain soon must want the great defence
Of all his honesty and eloquence,
But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
For public liberty than for his own,
Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone;

* Parody on these lines of Sir John Denham:
Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

† One, a celebrated prize-fighter; the other, a no less famous boxer.

And

And boldly, when his country is at ſtake,
Braves the deep yawning gulph, like Curtius,
for its ſake.
Quickly again diſtreſs'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhauſted mine,
But ſeeks preferment, as the laſt reſort,
Cringes each morn at levees, bows at court,
And, from the hand he hates, implores ſupport.
The miniſter, well pleas'd at ſmall expence
To ſilence ſo much rude impertinence,
With ſqueeze and whiſper yields to his demands,
And on the venal liſt enroll'd he ſtands;
A ribband and a penſion buy the ſlave:
This bribes the fool about him; that the knave.
And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
He ſinks apace, deſpis'd by Whig and Tory;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor ſhakes the ſenate with his patriot roar;
But ſilent votes, and, with court-trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring ſtar, and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He ſticks to gaming, as the ſurer trade;
Turns downright ſharper, lives by ſucking blood,
And grows, in ſhort, the very thing he wou'd:
Hunts out young heirs who have their fortunes
ſpent,
And lends them ready caſh at cent. per cent.
Lays wagers on his own and others' lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,
Till Death at length, indignant to be made
The daily ſubject of his ſport and trade,
Veils with his ſable hand the wretch's eyes,
And groaning for the betts he loſes by 't, he dies.

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§ 203. *An Epiſtle, written in the Country, to the Right Honourable the Lord Lovelace, then in Town. September* 1735. JENYNS.

IN days, my Lord, when mother Time,
Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,
When Saturn firſt began to rule,
And Jove was hardly come from ſchool,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedneſs and ſtrife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On moſſy banks fair virgins ſlept,
As harmleſs as the flocks they kept;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaſte, and ſwains were true.
But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis ſure the caſe is alter'd quite:
Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence, or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unſound;
Fierce party rage each village fires,
With wars of juſtices and 'ſquires;
Attorneys, for a barley ſtraw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law,
And ev'ry neighbour 's in a flame
About their rates, or tythes, or game:
Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
And ſome for diff'rence in religions:
Some hold their parſon the beſt preacher,
The tinker ſome a better teacher;
Theſe, to the Church they fight for ſtrangers,
Have faith in nothing but her dangers;
While thoſe, a more believing people,
Can ſwallow all things—but a ſteeple.
But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
Care little how theſe matters go,
And equally deteſt the ſtrife
And uſual joys of country life,
Have by good fortune little ſhare
Of its diverſions, or its care;
For ſeldom I with 'ſquires unite,
Who hunt all day and drink all night,
Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
A quarter-ſeſſions, or cock-fighting:
But then no farm I occupy
With ſheep to rot, and cows to die;
Nor rage I much, or much deſpair,
Tho' in my hedge I find a ſnare;
Nor view I, with due admiration,
All the high honours here in faſhion;
The great commiſſions of the quorum,
Terrors to all who come before 'em;
Militia ſcarlet edg'd with gold,
Or the white ſtaff high-ſheriffs hold;
The repreſentative's careſſing,
The judge's bow, the biſhop's bleſſing;
Nor can I for my ſoul delight
In the dull feaſt of neighb'ring knight,
Who, if you ſend three days before,
In white gloves meets you at the door,
With ſuperfluity of breeding
Firſt makes you ſick, and then with feeding:
Or if, with ceremony cloy'd,
You would next time ſuch plagues avoid,
And viſit without previous notice,
"John, John, a coach!—I can't think who 'tis"
My lady cries, who ſpies your coach
Ere you the avenue approach:
"Lord, how unlucky!—waſhing day!
"And all the men are in the hay!"
Entrance to gain is ſomething hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;
The yard 's with lines of linen croſs'd,
The hall-door 's lock'd, the key is loſt:
Theſe difficulties all o'ercome,
We reach at length the drawing-room;
Then there 's ſuch trampling over-head,
Madam you 'd ſwear was brought-to-bed;
Miſs in a hurry burſts her lock,
To get clean ſleeves to hide her ſmock;
The ſervants run, the pewter clatters,
My lady dreſſes, calls and chatters;
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs ſqueak, fowls ſcream, and green geeſe flutter.
Now after three hours tedious waiting,
On all our neighbours' faults debating,
And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there 's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady, and the pudden:
"You will excuſe, ſir,—on a ſudden"—
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon, fowls, and cauliflow'r.

Their

Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each side;
And by and by, the second course
Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse;
A salver then to church and king,
The butler sweats, the glasses ring:
The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
Bawdy and politics abound;
And, as the knight more tipsy waxes,
We damn all ministers and taxes.
At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,
The coachman tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillock, ruts, and stones,
Enough to dislocate one's bones,
We home return, a wondrous token
Of heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye gods, tho' sinners,
With many days like this, or dinners!
But if civilities thus tease me,
Nor business nor diversions please me;
You 'll ask, my Lord, how time I spend?
I answer, with a book or friend:
The circulating hours dividing
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding:
But books are still my highest joy,
These earliest please, and latest cloy.
Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way;
The wonders of each region view,
From frozen Lapland to Peru;
Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair.
Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
Recalls past ages back again;
Where all I see, thro' ev'ry page,
Is but how men, with senseless rage,
Each other rob, destroy, and burn,
To serve a priest's, a statesman's turn:
Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,
Yet always asses much the same.
Sometimes I view with much delight,
Divines their holy game-cocks fight;
Here faith and works, at variance set,
Strive hard who shall the vict'ry get;
Presbytery and episcopacy,
They fight so long, it would amaze ye:
Here free-will holds a fierce dispute
With reprobation absolute;
There sense kicks transubstantiation,
And reason pecks at revelation.
With learned Newton now I fly
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
Visit new worlds, and for a minute
This old one scorn, and all that 's in it:
And now with lab'ring Boyle I trace
Nature thro' ev'ry winding maze;
The latent qualities admire
Of vapours, water, air, and fire;
With pleasing admiration see
Matter's surprising subtilty;
As how the smallest lamp displays,
For miles around, its scatter'd rays;
Or how (the case still more t' explain)
A * fart, that weighs not half a grain,
The atmosphere will oft perfume
Of a whole spacious drawing-room.
Sometimes I pass a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Past pleasures, and in hoping more;
Or wander through the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods;
There blooming flowers with rapture view,
And sparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas rise
Of Celia's cheeks, and Chloe's eyes.
'Tis thus, my Lord, I free from strife
Spend an inglorious country life:
These are the joys I still pursue,
When absent from the town and you;
Thus pass long summer suns away,
Busily idle, calmly gay:
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, nor wishing more;
Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And seeing in all public places
The same vain fops and painted faces,
Would sometimes kindly condescend
To visit a dull country friend:
Here you 'll be ever sure to meet
A hearty welcome, tho' no treat;
One who has nothing else to do,
But to divert himself and you:
A house, where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits smoke, drink, and roar;
Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,
Billiards, backgammon, and the vicar.

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§ 204. *Horace. Book II. Ode* 10. COWPER.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's pow'r:
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treach'rous shore.
He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbitt'ring all his state.
The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
Of wintry blast: the loftiest tow'r
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.
The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain:
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

* See Boyle's Experiments.

What

What if thine heaven be overcaſt,
The dark appearance will not laſt;
Expect a brighter ſky;
The God that ſtrings the ſilver bow
Awakes ſometimes the muſes too,
And lays his arrows by.
If hindrances obſtruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity diſplay,
And let thy ſtrength be ſeen:
But, oh! if fortune fill thy ſail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

A Reflection on the foregoing Ode. COWPER.

And is this all? Can reaſon do no more
Than bid me ſhun the deep, and dread the ſhore?
Sweet moraliſt! afloat on life's rough ſea
The Chriſtian has a heart unknown to thee;
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confidently ſteers;
Faces a thouſand dangers at her call,
And, truſting in his God, ſurmounts them all.

The Shrubbery. Written in a Time of Affliction. COWPER.

O happy ſhades! to me unbleſt,
Friendly to peace, but not to me;
How ill the ſcene that offers reſt,
And heart that cannot reſt, agree!
This glaſſy ſtream, that ſpreading pine,
Thoſe alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
Might ſooth a ſoul leſs hurt than mine,
And pleaſe, if any thing could pleaſe.
But fix'd unalterable care
Foregoes not what ſhe feels within;
Shews the ſame ſadneſs ev'ry where,
And ſlights the ſeaſon and the ſcene.
For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,
While peace poſſeſs'd theſe ſilent bow'rs,
Her animating ſmile withdrawn,
Has loſt its beauties and its pow'rs.
The ſaint or moraliſt ſhould tread
This moſs-grown alley, muſing ſlow;
They ſeek, like me, the ſecret ſhade,
But not, like me, to nouriſh woe.
Me fruitful ſcenes and proſpects waſte
Alike admoniſh not to roam:
Theſe tell me of enjoyments paſt,
And thoſe of ſorrows yet to come.

Mutual Forbearance neceſſary to the Happineſs of the Married State. COWPER.

The Lady thus addreſs'd her ſpouſe—
What a mere dungeon is this houſe!
By no means large enough; and, was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark cloſet,
Thoſe hangings with their worn-out Graces,
Long beards, long noſes, and pale faces,
Are ſuch an antiquated ſcene,
They overwhelm me with the ſpleen.
Sir Humphry, ſhooting in the dark,
Makes anſwer quite beſide the mark;
No doubt, my dear, I bade him come,
Engag'd myſelf to be at home,
And ſhall expect him at the door
Preciſely when the clock ſtrikes four.
You are ſo deaf, the Lady cried,
(And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beſide)
You are ſo ſadly deaf, my dear,
What ſhall I do to make you hear?
Diſmiſs poor Harry! he replies,
Some people are more nice than wiſe;
For one ſlight treſpaſs all this ſtir!
What if I did ride whip and ſpur,
'Twas but a mile—your fav'rite horſe
Will never look one hair the worſe.—
Well, I proteſt 'tis paſt all bearing!—
Child! I am rather hard of hearing.—
Yes, truly—one muſt ſcream and bawl;
I tell you, you can't hear at all.
Then, with a voice exceeding low,
No matter if you hear or no.
Alas! and is domeſtic ſtrife,
That ſoreſt ill of human life,
A plague ſo little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd;
To gratify a fretful paſſion,
On ev'ry trivial provocation?
The kindeſt and the happieſt pair
Will find occaſion to forbear,
And ſomething ev'ry day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemiſh, or a ſenſe impair'd,
Are crimes ſo little to be ſpar'd,
Then farewell all that muſt create
The comfort of the wedded ſtate!
Inſtead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and inteſtine war.
The love that cheers life's lateſt ſtage,
Proof againſt ſickneſs and old age,
Preſerv'd by virtue from declenſion,
Becomes not weary of attention,
But lives when that exterior grace
Which firſt inſpir'd the flame, decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compaſſionate or blind,
And will with ſympathy endure
Thoſe evils it would gladly cure.
But angry, coarſe, and harſh expreſſion
Shews love to be a mere profeſſion,
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or ſoon expels him if it is.

The Winter Noſegay. COWPER.

What nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our iſle,
Art has in a meaſure ſupplied,
And winter is deck'd with a ſmile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the ſhelter of that ſunny ſhed,
Where the flow'rs have the charms of the ſpring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.
'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian ſweets,
Where Flora is ſtill in her prime,
A fortreſs to which ſhe retreats
From the cruel aſſaults of the clime.

While

While earth wears a mantle of snow,
The pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.
See how they have safely survived
The frowns of a sky so severe:
Such Mary's true love, that has liv'd
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late blowing rose
Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shews
The truth of a friend such as you.

Boadicea, an Ode. COWPER.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,
Sage, beneath a spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:
Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.
Rome shall perish—write that word—
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.
Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states,
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.
Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.
Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.
Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew.
None invincible as they.
Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.
She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.
Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

Heroism. COWPER.

THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire
Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire;
When, conscious of no danger from below,
She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow,
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves that girdled her around,
Her unctuous olives and her purple vines
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.
When on a day, like that of the last doom,
A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,
She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies;
While through the Stygian veil that blots the day,
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play,
But, O! what muse, and in what pow'rs of song,
Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
Havoc and devestation in the van,
It marches o'er the prostrate work of man;
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
See it an unform'd and an idle mass,
Without a soil to invite the tiller's care,
Or blade that might redeem it from despair.
Yet time at length (what will not time achieve?)
Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live;
Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats!
O charming paradise of short-liv'd sweets!
The self-same gale that wafts the fragrance round,
Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound:
Again the mountain feels th' imprison'd foe,
Again pours ruin on the vale below;
Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
Who write in blood the merit of your cause,
Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,
Glory your aim, but justice your pretence;
Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires
The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires.

Fast by the stream that bounds your just domain,
And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
Studious of peace, their neighbours and their own.
Ill-fated race! how deeply must they rue
Their only crime, vicinity to you!
The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road.
At ev'ry step beneath their feet they tread,
The life of multitudes, a nation's bread;
Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress
Before them, and behind a wilderness;
Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,
Attend to finish what the sword begun;
And echoing praises such as fiends might earn,
And folly pays, resound at your return.
A calm succeeds—but Plenty, with her train
Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again;
And years of pining indigence must shew
What scourges are the gods that rule below.
Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees
(Such is his thirst of opulence and ease)

Plies

Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,
Gleans up the refuse of the gen'ral spoil:
Rebuilds the tow'rs that smok'd upon the plain,
And the sun gilds the shining spires again.
Increasing commerce and reviving art
Renew the quarrel on the conqu'ror's part;
And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,
That wealth within is ruin at the door.
What are ye, monarchs, laurel'd heroes, say,
But Ætnas of the suff'ring world ye sway?
Sweet nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
Deplores the wasted regions of her globe,
And stands a witness at truth's awful bar,
To prove you there destroyers as ye are.
O place me in some heaven protected isle,
Where peace, and equity, and freedom smile;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood;
Where pow'r secures what industry has won,
Where to succeed is not to be undone;
A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign.

§ 205. *Art above Nature.* PETER PINDAR.

NATURE 's a coarse, vile, daubing jade—
I 've said it often, and repeat it—
She doth not understand her trade— [beat it.
Artists, ne'er mind her work; I hope you 'll
Look now, for heav'n's sake, at her skies!
What are they?—Smoke, for certainty, I know;
From chimney-tops, behold! they rise,
Made by some sweating cooks below,
Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes—
From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses' bums—
Then tell me, Decency, I must request,
Who 'd copy such a dev'lish nasty beast?
Paint by the yard—your canvass spread,
Broad as the mainsail of a man of war—
Your whale shall eat up ev'ry other head,
Ev'n as the sun licks up each sneaking star!
I do assure you, bulk is no bad trick—
By bulky things both men and maids are taken—
Mind, too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,
And make your pictures look as red as bacon.
All folks love size; believe my rhyme;
Burke says, 'tis part of the sublime.
A Dutchman, I forget his name,—Van Grout,
Van Slabberchops, Van Stink, Van Swab,
No matter, though I cannot make it out—
At calling names I never was a dab—
This Dutchman, then, a man of taste,
Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,
Thus, like a burgomaster, spoke with judgment vast:
"No poet like my broder step de ground.
"He be de best poet, look!
"Dat all de vorld must please;
"Vor he heb vrite von book,
"So big as all dis cheese!"
If at a distance you would paint a pig,
Let not the caxon a distinctness lack;
Else all the lady critics will so stare,
And angry vow, "'Tis not a bit like hair!"
Be smooth as glass—like Denner, finish high;
Then every tongue commends—
For people judge not only by the eye,
But feel your merit by their finger ends;
Make out each single bristle on his back;
Or if your meaner subject be a wig,
Nay, closely nosing, o'er the picture dwell,
As if to try the goodness by the smell.
Claude's distances are too confus'd—
One floating scene—nothing made out—
For which he ought to be abus'd,
Whose works have been so cried about.
Give me the pencil, whose amazing style
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile;
And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
With ev'ry feather of his tail and wing.
Make all your trees alike, for Nature 's wild—
Fond of variety—a wayward child— [fume;
To blame your taste some blockheads may pre-
But mind, that ev'ry one be like a broom.
Of steel and purest silver form your waters,
And make your clouds like rocks and alligators.
Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are willing
To gain applause—why, paint her like a shilling:
Or Sol's bright orb—be sure to make him glow
Precisely like a guinea or a * jo.
In short, to get your pictures prais'd and sold,
Convert, like Midas, ev'ry thing to gold.
I see, at excellence you 'll come at last—
Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;
The blues on china mugs are now surpass'd,
Your sun-sets yield not to brick-walls nor buff.
In stumps of trees your art so finely thrives,
They really look like golden-hafted knives!
Go on, my lads—leave Nature's dismal hue,
And she ere long will come and copy you.

§ 206. *The crooked Sixpence.* BRAMSTON †.

——Sing, Maiden Muse,
Sixpence, Hoop-petticoat, and Church on fire.

HAPPY the maid, who, from green sickness free,
In canvas or in Holland pocket bears
A crooked Sixpence. She envieth not
New-married folks, nor sighs at others banns.
At eve, when Sol this hemisphere forsakes,
She to her needle or her wheel repairs;
Then, not unmindful of the man, dear man,
Whose faith, by promises and am'rous oaths,
And crooked Sixpence, was to her betroth'd,
William or Thomas; at her work she cries,
His year next March is up, and so is mine.
Meanwhile he shoes japans, or, buckling wigs,
Sings Durfey's songs by Purcellini set.
But I, who in my head bear pain, and draw
Short breath, attendant sure on sickness-green,
With cinders, or with mortar from the wall,
Wretched repast! my fading flesh distain!
In chimney-corner close I poking sit,
Nor ever stir spontaneous, scarce when call'd.

* A Portuguese Johannes. † Author of The Man of Taste, The Art of Politics, &c.

I loll,

I loll, I ſtretch, I yawn, and from a tub
(Like that whence Burgeſs preach'd) oatmeal purloin,
Oatmeal, unſalutary food if raw! [feeds
More wholeſome than yclep'd burgout, which
North-Britiſh lad, full famous in records
Of England's chronicle for ſelling kings,
When he o'er hoary hills, or craggy cliffs,
Or rugged rocks, where eagles build their neſt,
Rides on a galloway, though ſmall, yet ſtrong;
Voy'ging from Dungbay Head through ſheriffdoms
Barren and bleak, with chequer'd plaid ſuperb,
Intent with clipp'd Jacobuſes to buy
French wine in Luſitanian caſks ypent,
Which well-paid perjurers vouch all for port,
Though they perhaps the growth of Bourdeaux be,
Chatteau, Margout, or the renown'd Pontack.
Thus while in qualms my heavy moments creep,
A wight, in habit velvet all and gold,
Formal and fine, dread monſter! doctor hight,
With ſolemn face into the kitchen ſtalks.
His bony fingers thrice my pulſe aſſay;
Thrice ſecrets deep he aſks; ſurpris'd, I dread
The voice obſcene, and hate the ſickly ſound.
What ſhall I do? Amaz'd, confounded, dumb
I ſtand, nor anſwer give to his demands,
Nauſeous to virgin ears; my frizzled hair
Stands upright, to its roof my tongue ſticks dry,
Retentive faculty my bowels loſe,
So horrible he ſeems.—His horſe-hair wig
Stiffen'd with angry curls, his agate cane
And gilded ſword (too oft by cowards worn)
Diſaſtrous deeds forebode; in his right-hand
The deſperate pen he takes, which, tinged with ink,
Strange characters and figures dire inſcribes,
Illegible to maid, or man, or witch.
Oh, may ſuch plagues averted ever be
From modeſt ſpinſters! Lo! behind him ſneaks
Another mortal, not unlike himſelf,
Of jargon full, with terms obſcure o'ercharg'd,
Apothecary call'd, whoſe fœtid hands
With power mechanic, and with charms arcane,
Apollo, god of medicine, has endued.
If he gilt pills, powder, or bolus brown,
Haply into the open mouth convey
Of patient; ſtraight his body to the doſe
Obſequious (as erſt La Mancha's knight)
Is to a feather-bed well-warm'd convey'd:
Sheets never to be chang'd, and watchful nurſe
The captive wretch incarcerate, till Time,
The beſt phyſician, ſet the patient free.
Beware, ye virgins, of your health beware;
Be circumſpect to romp or run; aſcend
The mountain's airy top; th' empiric crew
Will elſe oft viſit your abode, by fees
Of gold allur'd, and dangerous ſymptoms find;
Prompt to torment ſome pale unthriving wench
With griping buckthorn, or with lancet ſharp
To pierce the ſhivering arm. So, poets ſing,
Sow-gelder erſt, to calves, pigs, colts, and lamb
Sworn everlaſting foe, with goggling eyes
To ſtables, ſties, or cow-pens, early comes,
Protending his fell knife, to thoughtleſs bulls
Sure ruin. So, in undiſcerning night,
Myriads of fairies, by their monarch led,
To infants' cradles, or to nurſery rooms,
In ſerried files march on. Meanwhile the babe,
Secure in innocence, ſleeps ſound and ſmiles.
The peers and peereſſes, with Oberon's ſelf,
Great Oberon, of Fairy realms ſupreme,
Within one circle all, in dance and ſong,
And midnight muſic, move their tiny feet.
Nurſe hears, or thinks ſhe hears, twixt ſleep and wake,
Loud ſounds, unſeen, delightful to the ear:
But fairy fiddles lull again to ſleep.
Eftſoons king Oberon and twelve choſen men,
With ſcaling ladders of Dutch thread compact,
The cradle mount, collecting all their might:
The burthen of the ponderous child they raiſe,
Inexorable; nor will aught avail [well;
Bright eyes, loud tears, or limbs proportion'd
For pigmy brat they change the bouncing boy;
And to their own abodes, where'er they be,
The harmleſs babe with Io Pæans drag.
So paſs my days. But, when a wake or fair
Comes on, and calls the joyous damſels forth:
When ſwains, in leathern galligaſkins clad,
Treat nymphs with cyder, ſparkling drink and ſweet;
In melancholy hall, or kitchen wide,
I cough deſerted; partner for the dance
None chooſes me; none on the beechen bark
My name inſcribes; no brawny batchelor
Hangs over me enamour'd. Singly ſad,
My woe through three times ſix revolving years
I count; no jolly Joe, nor ſober Sam,
The matrimonial queſtion e'er propos'd,
Or crooked Sixpence offer'd to divide.
Amidſt the horrors of long wintry nights
I ſigh, my heart into my white-rann'd ſhoes
With palpitation ſinks. I ponder now
Where rats-bane 's ſold, and now again the well
I view irreſolute, and oft the ſtrength
Of my own garters try. Peeviſh I pine,
And fret, and rave, and wiſh; my roving mind
Finds no relief, my rolling eyes no ſleep.
But, if the ſtranger Morpheus does invade
My painful limbs, my fancy, ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of man, and eager, in a dream,
Imaginary bliſſes gives and takes.
In vain! awake, I find myſelf alone,
Unbleſs'd, alas! and curſe the backward ſex.
Thus do I live, from pleaſure quite cut off.
Fairing to me no generous carter brings,
No pears, no ginger-bread, though brown, yet ſweet;
No filberts I, nor walnuts crack, nor ſqueeze
The china orange through its tawny coat:
Troubles immenſe, though mightier ſtill remain.
My whale-bone hoop, that has ſo long withſtood
Pails, pots, and doors, and with circumference wide
My virtuous limbs enclos'd, by frequent ſparks
Of fire 's deſtroy'd (what will not fire deſtroy!).
The ſplinter'd ribs crack, break, and pierce amain
My wounded ſkin. In rags the canvas hangs;
The ſeven-fold circlets of the fluttering hoop,
Uplifted,

Uplifted, yield to every blaſt of wind,
Southern, or Weſtern, or the bleak North-eaſt,
North-eaſt, that ſinks the hearts of hippiſh ſouls,
Till whale-bone, twitcher, petticoat, and all,
Deſcend with clangor to the rattling hearth.
So when of ſome great church the cupola,
Or minſter of renown'd metropolis,
York, Canterbury, or the height of Paul's,
Reſiſting long the jaws of ravenous Time,
The ſummer's thunder, and the winter's wind,
Fam'd many centuries for its ſtately ſtrength,
Upon ſome fatal, unexpected day,
Smit by the rapid lightning's forked gleam,
Admits the flame: the melted lead runs down:
Their own deſtruction ſapleſs beams increaſe:
The neighbours with aſtoniſhment are ſeiz'd;
They ſtare, they ſcream, they help, they ſteal, they run.
Endeavours vain! Unconquer'd, unextinct,
Flames domineer aloft; far off reſounds
The wreck of chancels, and the cruſh of aiſles;
High turrets haſten to the vaults below,
And proud cathedrals tumble to the ground.

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§ 207. *The Copper Farthing.* PENNINGTON*.

HAPPY the boy, who dwells remote from School,
Whoſe pocket, or whoſe rattling-box, contains
A Copper Farthing! He nor grieving hears
Hot cheeſe-cakes cried, nor ſavoury mutton-pies;
But with his play-mates, in the duſk of eve,
To well known blackſmith's ſhop, or church-yard, hies;
Where, mindful of the ſport that joys his heart,
Marbles, or chuck, he inſtantly begins,
With undiſſembled pleaſure in his face,
To draw the circle, or to pitch the dump:
While I, confin'd within the hated walls
Of ſchool, reſounding with a clamorous din,
By ſtill more hated books environ'd, I,
With tedious leſſons and long taſk to get,
My diſmal thoughts employ: or wield my pen
To mark dire characters on paper white:
Not blunter pen or ſtronger character
Uſes the ſage, a chiromancer hight,
Sprung from Egyptian king, and ſwarthy race,
Amenophis, or Ptolemy, when he,
In ſearch of ſtolen calf, or money loſt,
For wondering ploughman does his art employ;
Or for the wiſh'd return of ſweet-heart dear,
Or apron fine, purloin'd from hawthorn hedge,
For country-maid conſults directing ſtars,
Gemini, Taurus, or chill Capricorn.
Thus while my lingering hours I joyleſs ſpend
With magiſterial look, and ſolemn ſtep,
Appears my ſchool-maſter, tremendous wight!
Dreaded by truant boys: how can I 'ſcape
Th' expected puniſhment for taſk ungot?
Aghaſt I ſtand, nor fly to covert bench,
Or corner dark, to hide my hapleſs head;
So great my terror, that it quite bereaves
My limbs the power to fly; ſlow he aſcends
Th' appointed ſeat, and on his right-hand lies
The buſhy rod, compos'd of numerous twigs
Torn from the birchen tree, or bending willow;
Which to the fleſh of idle boys portends,
For the neglected taſk, a poignant ſmart;
And with him comes another mighty elf,
Yclep'd an uſher; ah, terrific name
To leſſer wights! who, if they hapleſs place
In ſtation wrong pronoun or participle,
Straight, by the magic of his voice, are rais'd
In attitude above their lov'd compeers,
Where they, reluctant, various torments bear,
Till, by their dolorous plaints, that pierce the ſkies,
They draw kind Pity, moiſt-eyed goddeſs, down,
To heal, with balm of ſympathy, their woe.
Ye urchins, take, ah! take peculiar care,
For, when ye wot not, much he marks your ways,
And in his mind revolves diſaſtrous deeds
Againſt th' unwary wretch. So ſtory tells,
That chanticleer, on dunghill's top elate,
With haughty ſtep, and watchful eye aſkance,
Each tiny prominence he views, where haply he
May find conceal'd delicious grub or worm,
To which his maw inſatiate forebodes
Certain deſtruction, while, behind or buſh,
Or pale encompaſſing the farmer's yard,
Skulks Reynard, fraught with many a crafty wile
T' enſnare the feather'd race, who, if they ſtray
Beyond the precincts of their mother's ken,
He ſtraight purloins them from her careful wing,
With his ſharp teeth torments their tender frame,
And with the crimſon gore diſtains their ſides,
Relentleſs; nor can all the piercing cries
Of duckling, chick, or turkey, yet unfledg'd,
His heart obdurate move; inſtant he tears
Each trembling limb, devours the quivering fleſh,

* This lady died in the year 1759, aged 25. The following character of her, by Mr. Duncombe, is extracted from that Gentleman's Poem call'd "The Feminead," vol. iv. Pearch's Collection of Poems, p. 184.

"Nor ſhall thy much-lov'd Pennington remain
"Unſung, unhonour'd in my votive ſtrain.
"See where the ſoft enchantreſs, wandering o'er
"The fairy ground that Phillips trod before,
"Exalts her chemic wand, and ſwift behold
"The baſeſt metals ripen into gold!
"Beneath her magic touch, with wondering eye,
"We view vile copper with pure ſterling vie;
"Nor ſhall the Farthing, ſung by her, forbear
"To claim the praiſes of the ſmiling Fair;
"Till chuck and marble ſhall no more employ
"The thoughtleſs leiſure of the truant boy."

Nor leaves a remnant of the bloody feaſt,
Save a few fluttering feathers ſcatter'd round
(That, with their varied plumage, whilom deck'd
The ſlaughter'd prey), to tell the hapleſs tale.
Thus joyleſs do I ſpend thoſe hours the ſun
Illuminates; and, when the ſilver moon
Her gentle ray diſpenſes, and invites
The ſwains and maids to mix in jovial dance
Around the towering may-poles of the green,
Where each gay ploughman does his partner
As love or fate directs; or o'er the lawn [chooſe
The needle thread, or toſs the bounding ball;
All cheerleſs I, nor dance, nor pleaſing ſport,
Nor ſocial mirth, nor bowl of nappy ale,
Partake: but, on her drooping raven wing,
Sad Melancholy hovers o'er my head,
Pale Envy rankles deep within my breaſt,
And baneful venom ſheds. Grim Horror too
Attends my thoughts, and fills my gloomy mind
With tales of gliding ſprites, in milk-white ſhrouds
Array'd, and rattling chains, and yelling ghoſts
Iraſcible! or Fancy, mimic queen,
To ſwift imagination's eye preſents
A group of tiny elves, in circling dance
Or luſcious feast employ'd; ſuch elves as danc'd
When Oberon did fair Titania wed;
While I, in wiſhes impotent and vain,
For Liberty, dear object of my hopes,
The tedious moments ſpend; or if, perchance,
Morpheus invok'd, my heavy eye-lids cloſe,
Dear Liberty still haunts my ſleeping thoughts,
And in a ſhort-liv'd dream thoſe joys I taste,
Which waking are denied: and beat the hoop
With dextrous hand, or run with feet as ſwift
As feather'd arrow flies from archer's bow:
Till, from my ſlumber wak'd, too ſoon I find
It was illuſion all, and mockery vain.
Thus, comfortleſs, appall'd, forlorn I paſs
The tardy hours, nor of thoſe viands taste,
Which are on other boys full oft bestow'd
In plenteous manner by the liberal hand
Of friend indulgent; apple-pye, or tart,
Or trembling custard of delicious goût,
Or frothy ſyllabub in copious bowl,
Hard fate for me! Yet harder still betides
Me, hapleſs youth! My faithful top, that oft
Has cheer'd my drooping ſpirits, and reviv'd
My ſaddening thoughts, when o'er the pavement ſmooth
It ſpins, and ſleeps, and to its master's hand
Does ample justice, now, alas! become
To all the rude inclemencies of weather,
To time and destiny's relentleſs doom
A miſerable victim, quite decay'd
With many ſervices, and cleft throughout,
All uſeleſs lies; ah! ſight of ſaddeſt woe
To wretched me! of every hope bereft,
Of every gleam of comfort. So the wretch,
Who near or Ætna or Veſuvius dwells,
Beholds the ſulph'rous flames, the molten rocks,
And feels the ground trembling beneath his feet.
Till with a horrid yawn it opens wide
Before his eyes, all glaring with affright;
Swallows his cultur'd vines, his gardens, houſe,
With all his ſoul held dear, his lovely wife,
And prattling babes, the hopes of years to come;
All, all are lost, in ruin terrible!

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§ 208. *The School-boy. By the Rev. Mr. Maurice, Author of the Indian Antiquities. Written by him at a very early Age.*

Multa tulit, fecitque Puer. HOR.

THRICE happy he, whoſe hours the cheering ſmiles
Of Freedom bleſs; who wantons uncontroul'd
Where Eaſe invites, or Pleaſure's ſyren voice:
Him the ſtern tyrant with his iron ſcourge
Annoys not, nor the dire oppreſſive weight
Of galling chain; but, when the bluſhing morn
Purples the Eaſt, with eager tranſport wild,
O'er hill, o'er valley, on his panting ſteed
He bounds exulting, as in full career
With horns, and hounds, and thund'ring ſhouts he drives
The flying ſtag; or when the duſky ſhades
Of eve, advancing, veil the darken'd ſky,
To neighbouring tavern, blithſome, he reſorts
With boon companion, where they drown their cares
In ſprightly bumpers, and the mantling bowl.
Far otherwiſe within theſe darkſome walls,
Whoſe gates, with rows of tripple ſteel ſecur'd,
And many a bolt, prohibit all egreſs,
I ſpend my joyleſs days; ere dawn appears,
Rous'd from my peaceful ſlumbers by the ſound
Of awe-inſpiring bell, whoſe every ſtroke
Chills my heart-blood, all trembling, I deſcend
From dreary garret, round whoſe ancient roof,
Gaping with hideous chinks, the whiſtling blaſt
Perpetual raves, and fierce-deſcending rains
Diſcharge their fury—dire lethargic dews
Oppreſs my drowſy ſenſe; ſtill fancy teems
With fond ideal joys, and, fir'd with what
Of poets ſing, or fabled tale records,
Preſents tranſporting viſions; goblets crown'd
With juice of nectar, or the food divine
Of rich ambroſia, tempting to the ſight!
While, in the ſhade of ſome embowering grove,
I lie reclin'd, or through Elyſian plains
Enraptur'd ſtray; where every plant and flow'r
Send forth an odorous ſmell, and all the air
With ſongs of love and melody reſounds.
Meanwhile benumbing cold invades my joints,
As with ſlow faltering footſteps I reſort
To where, of antique mold, a lofty dome
Rears its tremendous front; he, all at once
From thouſand different tongues a mighty hum
Aſſaults my ear; loud as the diſtant roar
Of tumbling torrents; or as in ſome mart
Of public note, for traffic far renown'd,
Where Jew with Grecian, Turk with African
Aſſembled, in one general peal unite
Of dreadful jargon.—Straight on wooden bench
I take my ſeat, and con with ſtudious care
Th' appointed tasks; o'er many a puzzling page
Poring intent, and ſage Athenian bard,

With

With dialect, and mood, and tense perplex'd;
And conjurations varied without end.

When lo! with haughty stride (in size like
Who erst, extended on the burning lake, [him
"Lay floating many a rood") his sullen brow,
With lowering frowns and fearful glooms o'ercast,
Enters the Pedagogue; terrific sight!
An ample ninefold peruke, spread immense,
Luxuriant waving down his shoulders plays;
His right-hand fiercely grasps an oaken staff,
His left a bunch of limber twigs sustains,
Call'd by the vulgar birch, Tartarean root,
Whose rankling points, in blackest poison dipt,
Inflict a mortal pain; and, where they light,
A ghastly furrow leave.—A solemn pause ensues:
As when, of old, the monarch of the floods,
'Midst raging hurricanes and battling waves,
Shaking the dreadful trident, rear'd aloft
His awful brow.—Sudden the furious winds
Were hush'd in peace, the billows ceas'd their rage:
Or when (if mighty themes like these allow
An humble metaphor) the sportive race
Of nibbling heroes, bent on wanton play,
Beneath the shelter of some well-stor'd barn,
In many an airy circle wheel around;
Some eye, perchance, in private nook conceal'd,
Beholds Grimalkin; instant they disperse
In headlong flight, each to his secret cell;
If haply he may 'scape impending fate.
Thus ceas'd the general clamour; all remain
In silent terror wrapt, and thought profound.

Meanwhile, the Pedagogue throughout the dome
His fiery eye-balls, like two blazing stars,
Portentous rolls, on some unthinking wretch
To shed their baleful influence; whilst his voice,
Like thunder, or the cannon's sudden burst,
Three times is heard, and thrice the roofs resound!
A sudden paleness gathers in my face;
Thro' all my limbs a stiffening horror spreads,
Cold as the dews of death; nor heed my eyes
Their wonted function, but in stupid gaze
Ken the fell monster; from my trembling hands
The time-worn volume drops; oh, dire presage
Of instant woe! for now the mighty sound,
Pregnant with dismal tidings, once again
Strikes my astonish'd ears: transfix'd with awe,
And senseless for a time, I stand; but soon,
By friendly jog or neighbouring whisper rous'd,
Obey the dire injunction; straight I loose
Depending brogues, and mount the lofty throne
Indignant, or the back oblique ascend
Of sorrowful compeer; nor long delays
The monarch, from his palace stalking down,
With visage all inflam'd; his sable robe
Sweeping in lengthening folds along the ground:
He shakes his sceptre, and th' impending scourge
Brandishes high; nor tears nor shrieks avail;
But with impetuous fury it descends,
Imprinting horrid wounds, with fatal flow
Of blood attended, and convulsive pangs.

Curs'd be the wretch, for ever doom'd to bear
Infernal whippings; he, whose savage hands
First grasp'd these barbarous weapons, bitter cause
Of foul disgrace, and many a dolorous groan,
To hapless school-boy!—Could it not suffice
I groan'd and toil'd beneath the merciless weight
By stern, relentless tyranny impos'd;
But scourges too, and cudgels, were reserv'd
To goad my harrow'd sides: this wretched life,
Loading with heavier ills! a life expos'd
To all the woes of hunger, toil, distress;
Cut off from every genial source of bliss;
From every bland amusement, wont to sooth
The youthful breast; except when father Time,
In joyful change, rolls round the festive hour,
That gives this meagre, pining figure back
To parent fondness, and its native roofs!
Fir'd with the thought, then, then, my towering soul
Rises superior to its load, and spurns
Its proud oppressors; frantic with delight,
My fancy riots in successive scenes [laid
Of bliss and pleasures; plans and schemes are
How best the fleeting moments to improve,
Nor lose one portion of so rare a boon.

But soon, too soon, the glorious scenes are fled,
Scarce one short moon enjoy'd; (oh! transient state
Of sublunary bliss!) by bitter change,
And other scenes succeeded, what fierce pangs
Then rack my soul! what ceaseless floods of grief
Rush down my cheeks, while strong convulsive throbs
Heave all my frame, and choak the power of speech!
Forlorn I sigh, nor heed the gentle voice
Of friend or stranger, who, with soothing words
And slender gift, would fain beguile my woes:
In vain; for what can aught avail to sooth
Such raging anguish? Oft with sudden glance
Before my eyes in all its horror glares
That well-known form, and oft I seem to hear
The thundering scourge—ah me! e'en now I feel
Its deadly venom, raging as the pangs
That tore Alcides, when the burning vest
Prey'd on his wasted sides.—At length, return'd
Within these hated walls, again I mourn
A sullen prisoner, till the wish'd approach
Of joyous holiday or festive play
Releases me: ah! freedom that must end
With thee, declining Sol! All hail, ye fires
For sanctity renown'd, whose glorious names,
In large conspicuous characters pourtray'd,
Adorn the annual chronologic page
Of Wing or Partridge; oft, when sore oppress'd
With dire calamities, the glad return
Of your triumphant festivals hath cheer'd
My drooping soul. Nor be thy name forgot,
Illustrious George! for much to thee I owe
Of heart-felt rapture, as with loyal zeal
Glowing, I pile the crackling bonfire high,

Or hurl the mounting rocket through the air,
Or fiery whizzing ſerpent; thus thy name
Shall still be honour'd, as thro' future years
The circling Seaſons roll their feſtive round.
Sometimes, by dire compulſive hunger preſs'd,
I ſpring the neighbouring fence, and ſcale the trunk
Of apple-tree; or wide, o'er flowery lawns,
By hedge or thicket, bend my haſty ſteps,
Intent, with ſecret ambuſh, to ſurpriſe
The straw-built nest, and unſuſpecting brood
Of thruſh or bull-finch; oft with watchful ken
Eyeing the backward lawns, leſt hoſtile glance
Obſerve my footſteps, while each ruſtling leaf,
Stirr'd by the gentle gale, alarms my fears:
Then, parch'd beneath the burning heats of noon,
I plunge into the limpid ſtream that laves
The ſilent vale; or, on its graſſy banks,
Beneath ſome oak's majeſtic ſhade recline,
Envying the vagrant fiſhes, as they paſs,
Their boon of freedom; till the diſtant ſound
Of tolling curfew warns me to depart.
Thus under tyrant-pow'r I groan, oppreſs'd
With worſe than ſlavery; yet my free-born ſoul
Her native warmth forgets not, nor will brook
Menace, or taunt, from proud inſulting peer;
But ſummons to the field the doughty foe
In ſingle combat, 'midſt th' impartial throng,
There to decide our fate: oft too, inflam'd
With mutual rage, two rival armies meet
Of youthful warriors; kindling at the ſight,
My ſoul is fill'd with vaſt heroic thoughts,
Truſting in martial glory to ſurpaſs
Roman or Grecian chief; inſtant, with ſhouts,
The mingling ſquadrons join the horrid fray;
No need of cannon, or the murderous ſteel,
Wide waſting nature: rage our arms ſupplies
Fragments of rock are hurl'd, and ſhowers of ſtones
Obſcure the day; nor leſs the brawny arm
Or knotted club, avail; high in the midſt
Are ſeen the mighty chiefs, thro' hoſts of foes
Mowing their way; and now with tenfold rage
The combat burns, full many a ſanguine ſtream
Diſtains the field, and many a veteran brave
Lies proſtrate; loud triumphant ſhouts aſcend
By turns from either hoſt; each claims the palm
Of glorious conqueſt; nor till night's dun ſhades
Involve the ſky the doubtful conflict ends.
Thus, when rebellion ſhook the thrones of heaven,
And all th' Eternal Powers in battle met,
High o'er the reſt, with vaſt gigantic ſtrides,
The godlike leaders, on th' embattled plain,
Came towering, breathing forth revenge and fate:
For leſs terrific join'd the inferior hoſts
Of angel-warriors, when encountering hills
Tore the rent concave—flaſhing with the blaze
Of fiery arms, and lightnings, not of Jove;
All heaven reſounded, and the aſtoniſh'd deep
Of chaos bellow'd with the monſtrous roar.

§ 209. *Written in a Lady's Ivory Table-book,* 1699. SWIFT.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou ſeeſt my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as ſenſeleſs, and as light;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wiſe.
Here you may read, "Dear charming ſaint!"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in beau-ſpelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A ſafe way to uſe perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux:
On t'other ſide, "Laid out for ſhoes."
"Madam, I die without your grace:"—
"Item, for half a yard of lace."—
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer?
In pow'r of ſpittle and a clout,
Whene'er he pleaſe, to blot it out:
And then, to heighten the diſgrace,
Clap his own nonſenſe in the place,
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In ſuch a book, and ſuch a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fitteſt tool?
Of whom it may be juſtly ſaid,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

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§ 210. *Mrs. Harris's Petition.* 1699.

TO their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices of Ireland *, the humble petition of Frances Harris,
(Who muſt ſtarve, and die a maid, if it miſcarries)

Humbly ſheweth,

That I went to warm my ſelf in Lady † Betty's chamber, becauſe I was cold;
And I had in a purſe ſeven pounds four ſhillings and ſix-pence, beſides farthings, in money and gold:
So, becauſe I had been buying things for my Lady last night,
I was reſolv'd to tell my money, to ſee if it was right.
Now, you muſt know, becauſe my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very ſmall ſtock,
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next to my ſmock.
So when I went to put up my purſe, as God would have it, my ſmock was unripp'd,
And, inſtead of putting it into my pocket, down it ſlipp'd! [Lady to bed;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my
And, God knows, I thought my money was as ſafe as my maidenhead. [feel very light:
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket

* The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germaine.

But

But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd by purſe, Lord,
I thought I ſhould have ſunk outright.
Lord! Madam, ſays Mary, how d' ye do? Indeed, ſays I, never worſe:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purſe?
Lord help me! ſaid Mary, I never ſtirr'd out of this place: [that's a plain caſe.
Nay, ſaid I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber,
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm;
However ſhe ſtole away my garters, that I might do myſelf no harm, [very well think,
So I tumbled and toſs'd all night, as you may
But hardly ever ſet my eyes together, or ſlept a wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and ſearch'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's * box, tied in a rag, the money was found. [a-ſwearing:
So next morning we told Whittle†, and he fell
Then my dame Wadgar ‡ came; and ſhe, you know, is thick of hearing.
Dame, ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loſs I have had?
Nay, ſaid ſhe, my Lord Colway's § folks are all very ſad; [without fail.
For my Lord Dromedary ‖ comes o' Tueſday
Pugh! ſaid I, but that's not the buſineſs that I ail.
Says Cary ¶, ſays he, I have been a ſervant this five-and-twenty years come ſpring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of ſuch a thing.
Yes, ſays the ſteward **, I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewſbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd juſt about the time of gooſeberries.
So I went to the party ſuſpected, and I found her full of grief; [I hate a thief.
(Now you muſt know, of all things in the world,
However, I was reſolv'd to bring the diſcourſe ſlily about: [happen'd out:
Mrs. Dukes, ſaid I, here's an ugly accident has
'Tis not that I value the money three ſkips of a louſe ††; [houſe.
But the thing I ſtand upon is the credit of the
'Tis true, ſeven pounds, four ſhillings, and ſixpence, makes a great hole in my wages:
Beſides, as they ſay, ſervice is no inheritance in theſe ages. [underſtands
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body
That, tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands. [ever I ſaw 't!
The Devil take me! ſaid ſhe (bleſſing herſelf) if
So ſhe roar'd like a bedlam, as tho' I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what could I ſay to her any more?
Ie'en left her, and came away as wiſe as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man!
No, ſaid I, 'tis the ſame thing, the chaplain will be here anon.
So the chaplain ‡‡ came in: now the ſervants ſay he is my ſweetheart,
Becauſe he 's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the Devil would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parſon, ſaid I, can you caſt a nativity, when a body's plunder'd? [ſon like the Devil!)
(Now you muſt know he hates to be call'd par-
Truly, ſays he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil; [d'ye ſee,
If your money be gone, as a learned divine ſays,
You are no text for my handling; ſo take that from me: [you to know.
I was never taken for a conjuror before, I'd have
Lord, ſaid I, don't be angry, I'm ſure I never thought you ſo;
You know I honour the cloth; I deſign to be a parſon's wife; [all my life.
I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in
With that he twiſted his girdle at me like a rope, as who ſhould ſay, [went away.
Now you may go hang yourſelf for me! and ſo
Well, I thought I ſhould have ſwoon'd: Lord! ſaid I, what ſhall I do? [love too!
I have loſt my money, and ſhall loſe my true-
Then my Lord call'd me: Harry §§, ſaid my Lord, don't cry;
I'll give ſomething towards thy loſs; and, ſays my Lady, ſo will I.
O! but, ſaid I, what if, after all, the chaplain won't come too? [I muſt petition you.
For that, he ſaid (an't pleaſe your Excellencies),
The premiſſes tenderly conſider'd, I deſire your Excellencies protection,
And that I may have a ſhare in next Sunday's collection; [cellencies letter,
And, over and above, that I may have your Ex-
With an order for the chaplain aforeſaid, or, in ſtead of him, a better: [day,
And then your poor Petitioner, both night and
Or the chaplain (for 'tis his trade), as in duty bound, ſhall ever pray.

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§ 211. *A Deſcription of the Morning.* 1709.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own;
The ſlipſhod 'prentice from his maſter's door
Had par'd the dirt, and ſprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs.
The youth with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.

* Wife to one of the footmen. † Earl of Berkeley's Valet. ‡ The old deaf houſekeeper.
§ Galway. ‖ The Earl of Drogheda, who, with the Primate, was to ſucceed the two Earls.
¶ Clerk of the kitchen. ** Ferris. †† An uſual ſaying of hers.
‡‡ Dr. Swift. §§ A cant word of Lord and Lady B. to Mrs. Harris.

The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet,
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the street:
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees.
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

§ 212. *A Description of a City Shower. In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics.* 1710.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour,
By sure prognostics, when to dread a show'r.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine; [wine.
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in
A coming show'r your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life;
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust, [dust.
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through);
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force
From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their course;
And, in huge confluence join'd at Snow-hill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn-bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

§ 213. *On the little House by the Church-yard of Castlenock.* 1710.

WHOEVER pleaseth to enquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow Poet Joe *
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And, tumbling topsy-turvy round,
Lit with its bottom on the ground.
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.
This is a little strutting pile
You see just by the church-yard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar †, Walls.
The Vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knee up to his chin;
Here conns his notes and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass;
On tip-toe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surpris'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A school-boy ran unto 't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight;
And, stepping o'er the fabric roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
Warburton ‡ took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.
Then Mrs. Johnson § gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim. † Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's. ‡ Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor. § Stella.

All

All that you make this ſtir about,
Is but a ſtill which wants a ſpout.
The Reverend Dr. Raymond * gueſs'd
More probably than all the reſt;
He ſaid, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miſs began to cry;
Give me that houſe in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot ſtand;
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.
The clerk ſaid to her, in a heat,
What! ſell my maſter's country ſeat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not ſell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not ſuch a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another.
Says Nancy †, I can make for miſs
A finer houſe ten times than this;
The Dean will give me willow-ſticks,
And Joe my apron full of bricks.

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§ 214. *The Fable of Midas.* 1711.

MIDAS, we are in ſtory told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold;
He chipp'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like ſpangles on the ground!
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would ſtraight become a golden-pippin:
He call'd for drink; you ſaw him ſup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He ſuck'd his victuals through a quill;
Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders,
Or 't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have ſaid
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd inſtead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence by wiſe farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
This fool had got a lucky hit,
And people fancied he had wit:
Two gods their ſkill in muſic tried,
And both choſe Midas to decide:
He againſt Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to ſhew his grudge,
Clapp'd aſſes ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was loſt among Pactolus' ſands,
Againſt whoſe torrent while he ſwims,
The golden ſcurf peels off his limbs:
Fame ſpreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel;
Midas expos'd to all their jeers,
Had loſt his art, and kept his ears.
This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom from Midas down deſcends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What elſe by perquiſites are meant,
By penſions, bribes, and three per cent.
By places and commiſſions ſold,
And turning dung itſelf to gold?
By ſtarving in the midſt of ſtore,
As t' other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas chooſe
Subject or patron of his muſe,
But found him thus their merit ſcan,
That Phœbus muſt give place to Pan:
He values not the Poet's praiſe,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays:
To Pan alone rich miſers call;
And there's the jeſt, for Pan is all.
Here Engliſh wits will be to ſeek;
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Beſides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath aſſes ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whiſpers in a thouſand lies;
Such groſs deluſions could not paſs
Through any ears but of an aſs.
But gold defiles with frequent touch:
There's nothing fouls the hands ſo much:
And ſcholars give it for the cauſe
Of Britiſh Midas' dirty paws:
Which while the ſenate ſtrove to ſcour,
They waſh'd away the chemic pow'r.
While he his utmoſt ſtrength applied
To ſwim againſt this pop'lar tide,
The golden ſpoils flew off apace:
Here fell a penſion, there a place:
The torrent mercileſs imbibes
Commiſſions, perquiſites, and bribes,
By their own weight ſunk to the bottom;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected ſtands,
With aſſes ears, and dirty hands.

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§ 215. *A Dialogue between a Member of Parliament and his Servant. In Imitation of Horace, Sat. II. vii. Firſt printed in* 1752.

Serv. LONG have I heard your fav'rite theme,
A general reformation-ſcheme,
To keep the poor from every ſin,
From gaming, murther, and from gin.
And now I have no leſs an itch
To venture to reform the rich.
Mem. What, John! are you too turn'd projector?
Come then, for once I'll hear your lecture.
For ſince a member, as 'tis ſaid,
His projects to his ſervants read,
And of a favourite ſpeech a book made,
With which he tir'd each night a cook-maid:

* Miniſter of Trim.

† The waiting-woman.

And so it hapt that every morning
The tasteless creatures gave him warning:
Since thus we use them, 'tis but reason
We hear our servants in their season.
Begin. *Serv.* Like gamblers, half mankind
Persist in constant vice combin'd;
In races, routs, the stews, and White's,
Pass all their days and all their nights.
Others again, like Lady Prue,
Who gives the morning church its due,
At noon is painted, drest, and curl'd,
And one amongst the wicked world;
Keeps her account exactly even,
As thus: "Prue, Creditor to Heaven:
"To Sermons heard on extra-days.
"Debtor: To masquerade and plays.
"*Item*: To Whitfield, half an hour:
"*Per contra*: To the Colonel, four."
Others, I say, pass half their time
In folly, idleness, or crime;
Then all at once their zeal grows warm,
And every throat resounds, reform.
A Lord his youth in every vice
Indulg'd, but chief in drabs and dice,
Till worn by age, disease, and gout,
Then nature modestly gave out.
Not so my Lord—who still, by proxy,
Play'd with his darling dice and doxy.
I laud this constant wretch's state,
And pity all who fluctuate;
Prefer this slave to dear-back-gammon,
To those who serve both God and mammon;
To those who take such pains to awe
The nation's vices by the *law*,
Yet, while they draw their bills so ample,
Neglect the influence of *example*.
Memb. To whom d' ye preach this senseless sermon?
Serv. To you, good Sir. *Memb.* To me, ye vermin!
Serv. To you, who every day profess
T' admire the times of good Queen Bess,
But yet your heart sincerer praise
Bestows on these or Charles's days:
You still approve some absent place—
(The present's ever in disgrace!)
And, such your special inconsistence,
Make the chief merit in the distance.
If e'er you miss a supper card
(Though all the while you think it hard),
You 're all for solitude and quiet,
Good hours and vegetable diet,
Reflection, air, and elbow-room:
No prison like a crowded drum.
But, should you meet her Grace's summons,
In full committee of the Commons,
Though well you know her crowded house
Will scarce contain another mouse,
You quit the business of the nation,
And brethren of the Reformation;
Though——begs you 'll stay and vote,
And zealous —— tears your coat,
You damn your coachman, storm, and stare,
And tear your throat to call a chair.
Nay, never frown, and good-now hold
Your hand awhile; I've been so bold
To paint your follies; now I'm in,
Let's have a word or two on sin.
Last night I head a learned poulterer
Lay down the law against th' adulterer:
And let me tell you, Sir, that few
Hear better doctrine in a pew.
Well! you may laugh at Robin Hood:
I wish your studies were as good.
From Mandeville you take your morals:
Your faith from controversial quarrels;
But ever lean to those who scribble
Their crudities against the Bible;
Yet tell me I shall crack my brain
With hearing Henley * or Romaine.
Deserves that critic most rebuke
In judging on the Pentateuch.
Who deems it, with some wild Fanatics,
The only school of mathematics?
Or he, who, making grave profession,
To lay aside all prepossession,
Calls it a bookseller's edition
Of maim'd records and vague tradition?
You covet, Sir, your neighbour's goods:
I take a piece at Peter Wood's †:
And when I 've turn'd my back upon her,
Unwounded in my heart or honour,
I feel nor infamous, nor jealous
Of richer culls, or prettier fellows.
But you, the grave and sage reformer,
Must go by stealth to meet your charmer;
Must change your star and every note
Of honour for a bear-skin coat.
That legislative head so wise
Must stoop to base and mean disguise.
Some Abigail must then receive you,
Brib'd by the husband to deceive you,
She spies Cornuto on the stairs:
Wakes you; then, melted by your prayers,
Yields, if with greater bribe you ask it,
To pack your worship in the basket.
Laid neck-and-heels, true Falstaff-fashion;
There form new schemes of reformation.
Thus 'scap'd the murdering husband's fury,
Or thumping fine of cuckold jury;
Henceforth, in memory of your danger,
You 'll live to all intrigues a stranger.
No; ere you 've time for this reflection,
Some new debauch is in projection;
And, for the next approaching night,
Contrivance for another fright.
This makes you, though so great, so grave,
(Nay! wonder not), an abject slave;
As much a slave as I; nay, more;
I serve one master, you a score,

* The celebrated Orator of Clare Market.

† This worthy a few years before fell under the displeasure of the mob, who broke into his house, near St. Clement's, and burnt all his furniture, which they threw into the street.

And,

And, as your various paſſions rule,
By turns are twenty tyrants' fool.
Memb. Who then is free? *Serv.* The wiſe alone,
Who only bows to reaſon's throne;
Whom neither want, nor death, nor chains,
Nor ſubtle perſecutor's pains,
Nor honours, wealth, nor luſt, can move
From virtue and his country's love.
Self-guarded like a globe of ſteel,
External inſults can he feel?
Or ere preſent one weaker part
To Fortune's moſt inſidious dart?
Much-honour'd maſter, may you find
Theſe wholeſome ſymptoms in your mind!
Can you be free while paſſions rule you?
While women every moment fool you?
While forty mad capricious whores
Invite, then turn you out of doors;
Of every doit contrive to trick you,
Then bid their happier footman kick you?
Convinc'd by every new diſaſter
You ſerve a more deſpotic maſter;
Say, can your pride or folly ſee
Such difference 'twixt yourſelf and me?
Shall you be ſtruck with Titian's tints,
And may n't I ſtop to ſtare at prints?
Diſpos'd along th' extenſive glaſs,
They catch and hold me ere I paſs.
Where Slack is made to box with Broughton,
I ſee the very ſtage they fought on:
The bruiſers live, and move, and bleed,
As if they fought in very deed.
Yet I 'm a loiterer, to be ſure;
You a great judge and connoiſſeur.
Shall you prolong the midnight ball
With coſtly banquet at Vauxhall;
And yet prohibit earlier ſuppers
At Kilbourn, Sadler's-wells, or Cuper's *?
Are theſe leſs innocent in fact,
Or only made ſo by the act?
Thoſe who † contribute to the tax
On tea, and chocolate, and wax,
With high ragouts their blood inflame,
And nauſeate what they eat for fame;
Of theſe the Houſes take no knowledge,
But leave them fairly to the College.
Oh! ever proſper their endeavours
To aid your dropſies, gouts, and fevers!
Can it be deem'd a ſhame or ſin
To pawn my livery for gin;
While bonds and mortgages at White's
Shall raiſe your fame with Arthur's knights?
Thoſe worthies ſeem to ſee no ſhame in,
Nor ſtrive to paſs a ſlur on gaming;
But rather to deviſe each ſeſſion
Some law in honour o' th' profeſſion;
Leſt ſordid hands or vulgar place
The noble myſtery ſhould debaſe;
Leſt ragged ſcoundrels, in an alehouſe,
Should chalk their cheatings on the bellows;
Or boys the ſacred rites profane
With orange-barrows in a lane.
Where lies the merit of your labours
To curb the follies of your neighbours;
Deter the gambler, and prevent his
Confederate arts to gull the 'prentice;
Unleſs you could yourſelf deſiſt
From hazard, faro, brag, and whiſt?
Unleſs your philoſophic mind
Can from within amuſement find,
And give at once to uſe and pleaſure
That truly precious time, your leiſure?
In vain your buſy thoughts prepare
Deceitful ſepulchres of care:
The downy couch, the ſparkling bowl,
And all that lulls or ſooths the ſoul—
Memb. Where is my cane, my whip, my hanger?
I 'll teach you to provoke my anger.
Serv. Heyday! my maſter's brain is crackt!
Or elſe he 's making ſome new act.
Memb. To ſet ſuch rogues as you to work,
Perhaps, or ſend you to the Turk ‡

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§ 216. *The Intruder. In Imitation of Horace, Sat. I. ix. Firſt printed in* 1754.

A certain free, familiar ſpark
Pertly accoſts me in the Park:
"'Tis lovely weather, ſure! how gay
"The ſun!—I give you, Sir, good day."
Your ſervant, Sir. To you the ſame—
But—give me leave to crave your name.
"My name? Why ſure you 've ſeen my face
"About, in every public place.
"I 'm known to almoſt all your friends
"(No one e'er names you but commends)—
"For ſome I plant; for ſome I build;
"In every taſte and faſhion ſkill'd—
"Were there the leaſt regard for merit!—
"The rich in purſe are poor in ſpirit.
"You know Sir Pagode (here I 'll give ye
"A front I 've drawn him for a privy)—
"This winter, Sir, as I 'm a ſinner,
"He has not aſk'd me once to dinner."
Quite overpower'd with this intruſion,
I ſtood in ſilence and confuſion.
He took the advantage, and purſu'd:
"Perhaps, Sir, you may think me rude;
"But ſure I may ſuppoſe my talk
"Will leſs diſturb you while you walk.
"And yet I now may ſpoil a thought:
"But that 's indeed a venial fault:—
"I only mean to ſuch, d' ye ſee,
"Who write with eaſe, like you and me.
"I write a ſonnet in a minute:
"Upon my ſoul, there 's nothing in it.

* Places of entertainment at that time. Two of them have been ſince ſhut up.

† It was urged in the petitions of ſome of the houſes of public entertainment, that the ſuppreſſion of them might greatly diminiſh the duties on tea, chocolate, and wax-lights.

‡ Among the many projects for the puniſhment of rogues, it has been frequently propoſed to ſend them in exchange for Engliſh ſlaves in Algiers.

"But

"But you to all your friends are partial:
"You reckon *** another Martial—
"He 'd think a fortnight well bestow'd
"To write an epigram, or ode.
"**** 's no poet, to my knowledge;—
"I knew him very well at college:
"I 've writ more verses in an hour
"Than he could ever do in four.
"You 'll find me better worth your knowing—
"But tell me; which way are you going?"
What various tumults swell'd my breast,
With passion, shame, disgust oppress!
This courtship from my *Brother Poet!*
Sure, no similitude can show it:
Not young Adonis, when pursu'd
By amorous antiquated prude;
Nor Gulliver's distressful face,
When in the Yahoo's loath'd embrace.
In rage, confusion, and dismay,
Not knowing what to do or say;
And, having no resource but lying—
A friend at Lambeth lies a-dying.—
"Lambeth!" (he re-assumes his talk)
"Across the bridge—the finest walk—
"Don't you admire the Chinese bridges,
"That wave in furrows and in ridges?
"They 've finish'd such an one at Hampton:
"'Faith, 'twas a plan I never dreamt on—
"The prettiest thing that e'er was seen—
"'Tis printed in the Magazine.—"
This wild farrago who could bear?
Sometimes I run; then stop and stare:
Vex'd and tormented to the quick,
By turns grow choleric and sick;
And glare my eye, and shew the white,
Like vicious horses when they 'd bite.
Regardless of my eye or ear,
His jargon he renews.—"D' ye hear
"Who 'twas compos'd the Taylor's dance?
"I practis'd fifteen months in France.
"I wrote a play—'twas done in haste—
"I know the present want of taste,
"And dare not trust it on the town—
"No tragedy will e'er go down.
"The new burletta's now the thing—
"Pray did you ever hear me sing?"
Never indeed.—"Next time we meet—
"We 're just now coming to the street.—
"Bless me! I almost had forgot:
"There 's poor Jack Stiles will go to pot.
"Sir Scrutiny has press'd me daily
"To be this hour at the Old Bailey,
"To witness to his good behaviour:
"My uncle's voter under favour—
"Egad, I 'm puzzled what to do,
"To save him will be losing you:
"Yet we must save him if we can,
"For he 's a staunch one, a DEAD MAN*."
By your account he 's SO indeed,
Unless you make some better speed.
This moment fly to save your friend—
Or else prepare him for his end.
"Hang him, he 's but a single vote;
"I wish the halter round his throat.
"To Lambeth I attend you, Sir"
Upon my soul! you shall not stir:
Preserve your voter from the gallows:
Can human nature be so callous?
So negligent when life 's at stake?
"I 'd hang a hundred for your sake."
I wish you 'd do as much by me—
Or any thing to set me free.
Deaf to my words, he talks along
Still louder than the buzzing throng.
"Are you, he cries, as well as ever
"With Lady Grace? She 's vastly clever!"
Her merit all the world declare:
Few, very few, her friendship share.
"If you 'd contrive to introduce
"Your friend here; you might find an use—"
Sir, in that house there 's no such doing,
And the attempt would be one 's ruin.
No art, no project, no designing,
No rivalship, and no outshining.
"Indeed! you make me long the more
"To get admittance. Is the door
"Kept by so rude, so hard a clown,
"As will not melt at half-a-crown?
"Can 't I cajole the female tribe,
"And gain her woman with a bribe?
"Refus'd to-day, suck up my sorrow,
"And take my chance again to-morrow?
"Is there no shell-work to be seen,
"Or Chinese chair or Indian screen?
"No cockatoo nor marmozet,
"Lap-dog, gold-fish, nor paroquet?
"No French embroidery on a quilt?
"And no bow-window to be built?
"Can 't I contrive, at times, to meet
"My lady in the park or street?
"At opera, play, or morning prayer,
"To hand her to her coach or chair?"
But now his voice, though late so loud,
Was lost in the contentious crowd
Of fish-wives newly corporate.
A colony from Billingsgate†.
That instant on the bridge I spied
Lord Truewit coming from his ride.
My Lord—Sir William (I began)
Has given me power to state a plan,
To settle every thing between you;
And so—'tis lucky that I 've seen you.
This morning—"Hold," replies the peer,
And tips me a malicious leer,
"Against good-breeding to offend,
"And rudely take you from your FRIEND!"
(His Lordship, by the way, may spy
How matters go with half an eye;
And loves, in proper time and place,
To laugh behind the gravest face.)
"'Tis Saturday—I should not choose
"To break the Sabbath of the JEWS."
The Jews! My Lord!—"Why, since this
"pother,
"I own, I 'm grown a weaker brother:
"'Faith, Persecution is no joke:
"—I once was going to have spoke.—

* A cant term for a sure vote.

† The fish-market at Westminster, just then opened.

"Bus'ness

" Bus'neſs may ſtay till Monday-night:
" 'Tis prudent, to be ſure you 're right."
He went his way. I rav'd and fum'd:
To what ill fortune am I doom'd!
But Fortune had, it ſeems, decreed
That moment for my being freed.
Our talk, which had been ſomewhat loud,
Inſenſibly the market-crowd
Around my perſecutor drew;
And made them take him for a Jew.
To me the caitiff now appeals;
But I took fairly to my heels;
And, pitileſs of his condition,
On brink of Thames and Inquiſition,
Left him to take his turn, and liſten
To each uncircumcis'd Philiſtine.
O! Phœbus! happy he whoſe truſt is
In thee, and thy *poetic juſtice!*

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§ 217. *Horace, Book I. Ep. VII. Addreſſed to the Earl of Oxford.* 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great ſupport,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares poſſeſt
All Europe's buſineſs in his breaſt)
Obſerv'd a parſon near Whitehall
Cheap'ning old authors on a ſtall.
The prieſt was pretty well in caſe,
And ſhew'd ſome humour in his face;
Look'd with an eaſy, careleſs mien,
A perfect ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Of ſize that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to ſit ſtill.
My Lord (who, if a man may ſay 't,
Loves miſchief better than his meat)
Was now diſpos'd to crack a jeſt;
And bid friend Lewis * go in queſt—
(This Lewis is a cunning ſhaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In queſt who might this parſon be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If poſſible, to learn his ſtory,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter ſift,
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of ſpecial note
For ſhunning thoſe of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no ſort of vice,
Went were he pleas'd, ſaid what he thought;
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat;
In ſtate opinions *a-la-mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad;
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every ſtreet,
But ſeldom roſe above a ſheet:
Of late indeed the paper-ſtamp
Did very much his genius cramp:
And, ſince he could not ſpend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, " I deſire to know
" From his own mouth if this be ſo;
" Step to the Doctor ſtraight, and ſay,
" I 'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift ſeem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had ſent:
So never offer'd once to ſtir;
But coldly ſaid, " Your ſervant, Sir!"
" Does he refuſe me?" Harley cried."
" He does, with inſolence and pride."
Some few days after, Harley ſpies
The Doctor faſten'd by the eyes
At Charing-croſs among the rout,
Where painted monſters are hung out:
He pull'd the ſtring, and ſtopp'd his coach,
Beckoning the Doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came ſneaking to the chariot-ſide,
And offer'd many a lame excuſe:
He never meant the leaſt abuſe—
" My Lord—the honour you deſign'd—
" Extremely proud—but I had din'd—
" I 'm ſure I never ſhould neglect—
" No man alive has more reſpect."
" Well, I ſhall think of that no more,
" If you 'll be ſure to come at four."
The Doctor now obeys the ſummons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Diſplays his talents, ſits till ten:
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domeſtic, ſeldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In ſhort, the gudgeon took the bait.
My Lord would carry on the jeſt,
And down to Windſor takes his gueſt.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In ſummer round the park to ride,
In winter never to reſide.
A canon! that 's a place too mean;
No, Doctor, you ſhall be a Dean;
Two dozen canons round your ſtall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but croſs the Iriſh ſeas,
To live in plenty, pow'r, and eaſe.
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worſe,
With borrow'd money in his purſe;
Travels at leaſt an hundred leagues,
And ſuffers numberleſs fatigues.
Suppoſe him now a Dean complete,
Demurely lolling in his ſeat;
The ſilver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cuſhion-ſide;
Suppoſe him gone through all vexations,
Patents, inſtalments, abjurations,

* Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq. the treaſurer's ſecretary.

First-

First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving).
Now all the Doctor's money 's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tythes in kind:
And Parvisol* discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and, in a mighty fret,
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read † would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, "Welcome, Reverend Dean!
"What makes your worship look so lean?
"Why, sure you won't appear in town
"In that old wig and rusty gown?
"I doubt your heart is set on pelf
"So much that you neglect yourself.
"What! I suppose now stocks are high,
"You 've some good purchase in your eye?
"Or is your money out at use?"
"Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,"
The Doctor in a passion cried,
"Your raillery is misapplied;
"Experience I have dearly bought;
"You know I am not worth a groat:
"But you resolv'd to have your jest,
"And 't was a folly to contest.
"Then, since you now have done your worst,
"Pray leave me where you found me first."

§ 218. *Horace, Book II. Sat. VI.*

I 've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and a half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
'But here a grievance seems to lie,
'All this is mine but till I die;
'I can't but think 't would sound more clever,
'To me and to my heirs for ever.
'If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
'By any trick, or any fault;
'And if I pray by reason's rules,
'And not like forty other fools:
'As thus: "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
"To grant me this and t' other acre:
"Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
"Direct my plough to find a treasure!"
'But only what my station fits,
'And to be kept in my right wits,
'Preserve, Almighty Providence!
'Just what you gave me, competence:
'And let me in these shades compose
'Something in verse as true as prose;
'Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
'Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'
In short, I 'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
"Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas—
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money 's found;
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown;
"Let my Lord know you 're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next:
"I thought the Dean had been too proud
"To justle here among a crowd!"
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
"So eager to express your love,
"You ne'er consider whom you shove,
"But rudely press before a duke."
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case;
That begs my interest for a place:
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
"Without your help the cause is gone."
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great affair, at two.
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
"To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
"Consider, 'tis my first request."
Be satisfied, I 'll do my best.
Then presently he falls to tease:
"You may for certain, if you please:
"I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
"And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.

† The Lord Treasurer's porter.

Would

Would take me in his coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As, "What 's o'clock?" and, "How 's the wind?"
"Whoſe chariot 's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country ſigns:
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains.
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to town,
Where all that paſſes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-croſs.
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well.
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
"I wonder what ſome people mean!
"My lord and he are grown ſo great,
"Always together, *tête-à-tête*:
"What! they admire him for his jokes?
"See but the fortune of ſome folks!"
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at court:
I 'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
"Inform us, will the Emperor treat?
"Or do the prints and papers lie?"
'Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jeſt!
"'Tis now no ſecret."—I proteſt
'Tis one to me.—"Then tell us, pray,
"When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my lord-mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus, in a ſea of folly toſt,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
O could I ſee my country-ſeat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient book;
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the court and town.

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§ 219. *A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor; upon lending his Houſe to the Biſhop of Meath, till his Palace was rebuilt.*

An oaken, broken elbow-chair;
A caudle-cup without an ear;
A batter'd, ſhatter'd aſh bedſtead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-ſword poker, without point;
A pot that 's crack'd acroſs, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging quite grown grey;
A curtain worn to half a ſtripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A diſh which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water:
There likewiſe is a copper ſkillet,
Which runs as faſt out as you fill it;
A candleſtick, ſnuff-diſh, and ſave-all:
And thus his houſehold goods you have all.
Theſe to your Lordſhip, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:
They 'll ſerve your Lordſhip for a ſhift,
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift?

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§ 220. *An Elegy on the Death of Demar the Uſurer, who died the 6th of July* 1720.

Know all men, by theſe preſents, Death the tamer
By mortgage hath ſecur'd the corpſe of Demar:
Nor can four hundred thouſand ſterling pound
Redeem him from his priſon under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth poſſeſt,
Beſtow to bury him one iron cheſt.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful ſteward 's in the ſhades below.
He walk'd the ſtreets, and wore a threadbare cloak,
He din'd and ſupp'd at charge of other folk;
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himſelf.
Where'er he went he never ſaw his betters;
Lords, knights, and ſquires, were all his humble debtors;
And under hand and ſeal the Iriſh nation
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.
He that could once have half a kingdom
In half a minute is not worth a groat. [bought,
His coffers from the coffin could not ſave,
Nor all his intereſt keep him from the grave.
A golden monument could not be right,
Becauſe we wiſh the earth upon him light.
O London tavern*! thou haſt loſt a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing ſpend:
He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that ſign'd the mortgage paid the ſhot.
Old as he was, no vulgar known diſeaſe
On him could ever boaſt a pow'r to ſeize;
"† But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death "in ſpite
"Caſt in his dart, which made three moidores "light;
"And, as he ſaw his darling money fail,
"Blew his laſt breath to ſink the lighter ſcale."
He who ſo long was current, 't would be ſtrange
If he ſhould now be cried down ſince his change.

* A tavern in Deblin, where Demar kept his office.

† Theſe four lines were written by Stella.

The

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow
Alas, the sexton is thy banker now!
A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality.

§ 224. *Epitaph on a Miser.*

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcase in a chest;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.
And, if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

§ 222. *To Mrs. Houghton of Bormount, upon praising her Husband to Dr. Swift.*

You always are making a God of your spouse,
But this neither reason nor conscience allows;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him because he adores you:
Your argument 's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

§ 223. *Dr. Delany's Villa.*

Would you that Delville I describe?
Believe me, Sir, I will not jibe:
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?
You scarce upon the borders enter
Before you 're at the very centre,
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight:
Yet, in this narrow compass, we
Observe a vast variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows, and doors, and rooms, and stairs,
And hills, and dales, and woods, and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to say 't I 'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.
Though small 's the farm, yet here 's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar;
For, if it 's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
A little riv'let seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek;
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill.
For sure you 'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a taylor's chalk;
Thus I compare what space is in it:
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees;
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.
In short, in all your boasted seat,
There 's nothing but yourself that 's *great.*

§ 224. *Mary the Cook-maid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan.* 1723.

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I 'm sure such words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan, fie!
For a parson, who should know better things, to come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;
And the Dean my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body:
My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy-doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,
Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you goose;
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart, drunk or sober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your college,
You say you will eat grass on his grave: a Christian eat grass!
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass:
But that 's as much as to say, that my master should die before ye;
Well, well, that 's as God pleases; and I don't believe that 's a true story:
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master, what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and should be civil.
I am but a poor servant, but I think gentlefolks shame the devil;
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the year;
And Saunders the man says you are always jesting and mocking:
Mary, said he (one day as I was mending my master's stocking),
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school—
I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.

Saunders,

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen and I would
pin a dishclout to his tail.
And now I must go and get Saunders to direct
this letter; [she writes better.
For I write but a sad scrawl, but my sister Marget
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my
master comes from pray'rs:
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs; [write written hand:
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant
to command. MARY.

§ 225. *Riddles, by Dr. Swift and his Friends, Written in or about the Year* 1724.

On a Pen.

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side:
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropp'd;
At head and foot my body lopp'd:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue, and make me speak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust;
From me no secret he can hide,
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not shew his reading.
Nay, man, my master is my slave:
I give command to kill or save;
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

§ 226. *On Gold.*

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch blest,
When in my gaudy liv'ry dress'd!
No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian God, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight.
Soon would their alters' flame expire
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

§ 227. *On a Cockscrew.*

Though I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways.
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I shew
Of raising spirits from below;
In scarlet some, and some in white:
They rise, walk round, yet never fright,
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass:
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out:
And still, the more I shew my art,
The more they open ev'ry heart.
A greater chemist none than I,
Who from materials hard and dry
Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.
Although I 'm often out of case,
I 'm not asham'd to shew my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the side-board take my seat;
Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner 's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him stand;
And often takes me by the hand.
I twice a day a hunting go;
Nor ever fail to seize my foe;
And, when I have him by the pole,
I drag him upwards from his hole;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I 'm forc'd to leave a limb behind.
I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

§ 228. *On a Circle.*

I 'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can 't find me out.
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I 'm found almost in ev'ry garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There 's neither chariot, coach, nor mill
Can move an inch, except I will.

§ 229.

§ 229. *On Ink.*

I am jet-black, as you may see,
The son of pitch, and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree
I 'm dead, except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can soar;
And raise a virgin to the sky,
Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cried about the street,
And so applied to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic pow'r;
For with one colour I can paint;
I 'll make the devil a saint this hour,
Next make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly shew a reason why
There should be quarrels among kings,

And, after all, you 'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
And shew where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats:
'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip the clients to their coats;
Nay, give their very souls away.

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§ 230. *On the Five Senses.*

All of us in one you 'll find;
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other.
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He 's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules;
He 's our master, we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.
One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep;
But the moment that he closes,
Ev'ry brother else reposes.
If wine 's bought, or victuals drest,
One enjoys them for the rest.
Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.
Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There 's but one of us can smell.

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§ 231. *On an Echo.*

Never sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak:
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog or cow,
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can sing
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the love-sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out;
Then I clash, and roar and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I 'm vex'd, can 't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear.
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit 's out of date;
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

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§ 232. *On a Shadow in a Glass.*

By something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet ev'ry thing that you can name;
In no place have ever been,
Yet ev'ry where I may be seen;
In all things false, yet always true,
I 'm still the same—but ever new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
Can shew a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
All shapes and features I can boast,
No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost:
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I 'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone;
All things on earth I imitate
Faster than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and straight an elf,
I 'm ev'ry one, but ne'er myself;
Ne'er sad, I mourn; ne'er glad, rejoice;
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die:
Then pr'ythee tell me, what am I?

§ 233. *On Time.*

EVER eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

§ 234. *On the Vowels.*

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features:
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

§ 235. *On Snow.*

FROM heaven I fall, though from earth I begin,
No lady alive can shew such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

§ 236. *On a Cannon.*

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys;
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one, my soul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

§ 237. *To Quilca, a Country-House of Dr. Sheridan, in no very good Repair.* 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain;
Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses:
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Sheelah* toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil,
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns:
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

§ 238. *The grand Question debated: Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-House.* 1729.

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight † full of care,
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair:
"This Hamilton's bawn ‡, whilst it sticks on my
"hand,
"I lose by the house what I get by the land;
"But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
"For a barrack § or malt-house, we now must
"consider.
"First let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
"Here I have computed the profit will fall thus;
"There's nine hundred pounds for labour and
"grain, [main;
"I increase it to twelve, so three hundred re-
"A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
"Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year:
"With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be
"stor'd;
"No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
"And you and the Dean no more shall combine
"To limit me at night to one bottle of wine;
"Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to pur-
"loin
"A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
"If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
"My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't.
"In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent;
"Whatever they give me, I must be content,
"Or join with the court in every debate;
"And rather than that I would lose my estate."
Thus ended the Knight. Thus began his meek wife:
"It must and it shall be a barrack, my life.
"I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes
"But a rabble of tenants and ruity dun rums ||:
"With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
"I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean:
"But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
"The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
"I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
"For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in
"awe;
"Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
"Will tell him that Chaplains should not be so
"pert;
"That men of his coat should be minding their
"pray'rs,
"And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain;
The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah ¶, who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her Ladyship still'd to be dreit,
Cried, "Madam, why surely my master's pos-
"sest;

* The name of an Irish servant. † Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.
‡ A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur's seat.
§ The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called barracks.
|| A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman. ¶ My lady's waiting-woman.

" Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will
" sound!
" I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
" But, Madam, I guess'd there would never
" come good,
" When I saw him so often with Darby * and
" Wood.
" And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
" That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
" And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
" And Molly, she said I should hear some ill-news.
" Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
" You might have a barrack whenever you please:
" And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
" That for twenty denials you would not give
" If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*, [out.
" Till he gave me my will, I would give him
" no rest; [sheets
" And, rather than come in the same pair of
" With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
" But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
" And worry him out till he gives his consent.
" Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
" An' I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
" For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
" I can't get it out, though I never so fain.
" I fancy already a barrack contriv'd
" At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
" Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,
" And waits on the Captain betimes the next
" morning.
" Now see, when they meet, how their honours
" behave:
" Noble Captain, your servant,"—" Sir Arthur,
" your slave;
" You honour me much."—" The honour is
" mine."—
" 'Twas a sad rainy night."—" But the morn-
" ing is fine."
" Pray how does my lady?"—" My wife's at
" your service."
" I think I have seen her picture by Jervas."—
" Good-morrow, good Captain. I'll wait on you
" down."
" You shan't stir a foot."—" You'll think me
" a clown.
" For all the world, Captain."—" Not half an
" inch farther."
" You must be obey'd!"—" Your servant, Sir
" Arthur!
" My humble respects to my Lady unknown."
" I hope you will use my house as your own."
" Go bring me my smock, and leave off your
" prate,
" Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
" Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I said?
" You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
" Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come
" At the head of his troops with trumpet and drum.
" Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
" The man with the kettle-drums enters the gate;
" Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
" Tantara, tantara; while all the boys hallow.

" See now comes the Captain, all daub'd with
" gold lace:
" O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
" And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
" With the fine flaming sword that he holds in
" his hand; [rears;
" And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and
" With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
" At last comes the troop, by the word of com-
" mand,
" Drawn up in our court; when the Captain
" cries, STAND!
" Your Ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen
" (For sure I have *dizen'd* you out like a queen).
" The Captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,
" Looks up to your window, and cocks up his
" beaver, [that;
" (His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark
" For a Captain of horse never takes off his hat,
" Because he has never a hand that is idle;
" For the right holds the sword, and the left
" holds the bridle):
" Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
" As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
" How I tremble to think of the blood it hath
" spilt!)
" Then he lowers down the point, and kisses
" the hilt.
" Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
" Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk
" in." [found,
" The Captain salutes you with congee pro-
" And your Ladyship curtsies half way to the
" ground.
" Kit, run to your master, and bid him come
" to us: [us.
" I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do
" And, Captain, you'll do us the favour to stay
" And take a short dinner here with us to-day?
" You're heartily welcome: but as for good cheer,
" You come in the very worst time of the year;
" If I had expected so worth y a guest—"
" Lord! madam! your ladyship sure is in jest:
" You banter me, madam, the kingdom must
" grant—"
" You officers, Captain, are so complaisant!"
" Hist, hussy, I think I hear somebody coming"
" No, madam, 'tis only Sir Arthur a humming.
" To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
" The Captain at dinner appears in his glory;
" The Dean and the Doctor † have humbled
" their pride;
" For the Captain's entreated to sit by your side:
" And, because he's their betters, you carve
" for him first:
" The Parsons for envy are ready to burst.
" The servants amazed are scarce ever able [ble;
" To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the ta-
" And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
" To peep at the Captain in all his fine *cloaths*.
" Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man,
" Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue
" ran:

* Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

† Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

" And,

" And, madam," says he, " if such dinners
" you give, [live.
" You'll ne'er want for Parsons as long as you
" I ne'er knew a Parson without a good nose:
" But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
" G-d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
" But, z—ds! by their looks they never keep
" Lent!
" Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm
" afraid
" You cast a sheep's eye on her Ladyship's maid:
" I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
" In mending your cassock, and smoothing your
" band
" (For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like
" a ninny,
" That, the Captain supposed he was curate to
" Jinny).
" Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
" A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
" Observe how a Parson comes into a room;
" G-d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom:
" A *scollard*, when just from his college broke loose,
" Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose:
" Your * *Novels*, and *Bluturks*, and *Omurs*, and
" stuff,
" By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff;
" To give a young gentleman right education,
" The army's the only good school in the nation:
" My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of the
" school:
" I never could take to my book for the blood
" of me,
" And the puppy confess'd he expected no
" good o' me, [wife,
" He caught me one morning coquetting his
" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in
" my life:
" So I took to the road; and what's very odd,
" The first man I robb'd was a Parson, by G—.
" Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing
" to say,
" But the sight of a book makes me sick to this
" day."
" Never since I was born did I hear so much
" wit;
" And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should
" split. [Dean,
" So then you look'd scornful, and sniff at the
" As who should say, *Now, am I skinny and lean?*
" But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
" And the Doctor was plaguily down in the
" hips."

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, " Will your Lady-
" ship walk?"
Her Ladyship answers, " I'm just coming down:"
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Altho' it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried—" Hussy! why sure the wench is gone
" mad!
" How could these chimeras get into your
" brains?
" Come hither, and take this old gown for your
" pains.
" But the Dean, if this secret should come to
" his ears,
" Will never have done with his jibes and his
" jeers:
" For your life, not a word of the matter, I
" charge ye,
" Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

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§ 239. *On the Death of Dr. Swift. Occasioned by reading the following Maxim in Rochefoucault: "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous "trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous "deplaist pas."*

" In the adversity of our best friends we always find
" something that doth not displease us."

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
" In all distresses of our friends,
" We first consult our private ends;
" While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
" Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you;
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post,
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brothers write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell.
Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

Give others riches, pow'r, and ſtation,
'Tis all to me an uſurpation.
I have no title to aſpire;
Yet, when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But, with a ſigh, I wiſh it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe than I can do in ſix,
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humourous, biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it firſt, and ſhew'd its uſe.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had ſome repute for proſe;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a miniſter of ſtate.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aſide;
If with ſuch talents Heaven hath bleſs'd 'em,
Have I not reaſon to deteſt 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, ſend
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the firſt;
But this with envy makes me burſt.
Thus much may ſerve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote, when I
Muſt, by the courſe of nature, die;
When, I foreſee, my ſpecial friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly underſtood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak:
"See how the Dean begins to break!
"Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
"You plainly find it in his face.
"That old vertigo in his head
"Will never leave him till he's dead.
"Beſides, his memory decays:
"He recollects not what he ſays:
"He cannot call his friends to mind;
"Forgets the place where laſt he din'd;
"Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
"He told them fifty times before.
"How does he fancy we can ſit
"To hear his out-of-faſhion wit?
"But he takes up with younger folks,
"Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
"'Faith! he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
"Or change his comrades once a quarter:
"In half the time he talks them round
"There muſt another ſet be found.
"For poetry he's paſt his prime:
"He takes an hour to find a rhime;
"His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
"His fancy ſunk, his Muſe a jade.
"I'd have him throw away his pen;
"But there's no talking to ſome men!"
And then their tenderneſs appears
By adding largely to my years:
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
"And well remembers Charles the Second.
"He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
"And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
"His ſtomach too begins to fail:
"Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale;
"But now he's quite another thing:
"I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring!"
They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus:
"It is not yet ſo bad with us!"
In ſuch a caſe, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears expreſs their hopes:
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend;
With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
The merit of a lucky gueſs
(When daily how-d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, "Worſe and worſe!")
Would pleaſe them better, than to tell
That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he, who propheſied the beſt,
Approves his foreſight to the reſt:
"You know I always fear'd the worſt,
"And often told you ſo at firſt."
He'd rather chooſe that I ſhould die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretels I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain;
How many a meſſage would he ſend!
What hearty pray'rs that I ſhould mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept!
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the ſniv'lers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For though you may miſtake a year,
Though your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verified at laſt.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He's juſt alive."
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead!
Before the paſſing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"O may we all for death prepare!
"What has he left? and who's his heir?
"I know no more than what the news is;
"'Tis all bequeath'd to public uſes.
"To public uſes! there's a whim!
"What had the public done for him?
"Mere envy, avarice, and pride!
"He gave it all—but firſt he died.
"And had the Dean, in all the nation,
"No worthy friend, no poor relation?
"So ready to do ſtrangers good,
"Forgetting his own fleſh and blood!"
Now Grub-ſtreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To curſe the Dean, or bleſs the Drapier.
The Doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame.

"We

"We must confess his case was nice,
"But he would never take advice.
"Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
"He might have liv'd these twenty years;
"For, when we open'd him, we found
"That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk*, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen:
The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone? 'tis time he shou'd.
"He's dead, you say? then let him rot:
"I'm glad the medals† were forgot.
"I promis'd, him, I own; but when?
"I only was the Princess then:
"But now, as consort of the King,
"You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells, with a sneer, the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news:
"O were the wretch but living still,
"And in his place my good friend Will!
"Or had a mitre on his head,
"Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curl his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbald, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day:
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling:
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (pray what is trumps?)
"Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
"(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole).
"Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall:
"(I wish I knew what king to call).
"Madam, your husband will attend
"The funeral of so good a friend?
"No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
"And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
"My Lady Club will take it ill
"If he should fail her at quadrille.
"He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)—
"But dearest friends, they say, must part.
"His time was come: he ran his race;
"We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past—a different scene!
No farther mention of the Dean;
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed—and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country 'squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
"He died a year ago?"—"The same."
He searches all the shop in vain:
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
"I sent them, with a load of books,
"Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
"To fancy they could live a year!
"I find you're but a stranger here.
"The Dean was famous in his time,
"And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
"His way of writing now is past:
"The town has got a better taste.
"I keep no antiquated stuff;
"But spick and span I have enough.
"Pray do but give me leave to shew 'em:
"Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
"This ode you never yet have seen,
"By Stephen Duick, upon the Queen.
"Then here's a letter finely penn'd
"Against the Craftsman and his friend:
"It clearly shews that all reflection
"On ministers is disaffection.
"Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
"And Mr. Henley's last oration;
"The hawkers have not got them yet:
"Your honour please to buy a set?
"Here's Wollston's tracts, the twelfth edition;
"'Tis read by every politician:
"The country-members, when in town,
"To all their boroughs send them down:
"You never met a thing so smart;
"The courtiers have them all by heart:
"Those maids of honour who can read
"Are taught to use them for their creed;
"The reverend author's good intention
"Hath been rewarded with a pension‡:

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean.
† Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the Princess.
‡ Wollston is here confounded with Wollaston.

" He doth an honour to his gown,
" By bravely running prieſtcraft down:
" He ſhews, as ſure as God's in Glouceſter,
" That Moſes was a grand impoſtor;
" That all his miracles were cheats,
" Perform'd as jugglers do their feats.
" The church had never ſuch a writer;
" A ſhame he hath not got a mitre!"
Suppoſe me dead; and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the Roſe;
Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat.
And while they toſs my name about,
With favour ſome, and ſome without;
One, quite indifferent in the cauſe,
My character impartial draws:
" The Dean, if we believe report,
" Was never ill receiv'd at court;
" Although ironically grave,
" He ſham'd the fool, and laſh'd the knave;
" To ſteal a hint was never known,
" But what he writ was all his own."
" Sir, I have heard another ſtory:
" He was a moſt confounded Tory;
" And grew, or he is much belied,
" Extremely dull before he died."
" Can we the Drapier then forget?
" Is not our nation in his debt?
" 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!"
" He ſhould have left them for his betters;
" We had a hundred abler men,
" Nor need depend upon his pen.
" Say what you will about his reading,
" You never can defend his breeding;
" Who, in his ſatires running riot,
" Could never leave the world in quiet;
" Attacking, when he took the whim,
" Court, city, camp—all one to him.
" But why ſhould he, except he ſlobber'd,
" Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
" Whoſe counſels aid the ſovereign pow'r
" To ſave the nation every hour?
" What ſcenes of evil he unravels
" In ſatires, libels, lying travels:
" Not ſparing his own clergy cloth,
" But eats into it, like a moth!"
" Perhaps I may allow the Dean
" Had too much ſatire in his vein,
" And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
" Becauſe no age could more deſerve it.
" Yet malice never was his aim;
" He laſh'd the vice, but ſpar'd the name.
" No individual could reſent,
" Where thouſands equally were meant:
" His ſatire points at no defect
" But what all mortals may correct;
" For he abhorr'd the ſenſeleſs tribe
" Who call it humour when they jibe:
" He ſpar'd a hump or crooked noſe,
" Whoſe owners ſet not up for beaux:
" True genuine dullneſs mov'd his pity,
" Unleſs it offer'd to be witty.
" Thoſe who their ignorance confeſs'd
" He ne'er offended with a jeſt;
" But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
" A verſe from Horace learn'd by rote.
" Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
" Muſt be or ridicul'd or laſh'd.
" If you reſent it, who's to blame?
" He neither knows you, nor your name.
" Should vice expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
" Becauſe its owner is a duke?
" His friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
" Were always of the middling kind;
" No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
" Who fain would paſs for lords indeed:
" Where titles give no right or pow'r,
" And peerage is a wither'd flow'r;
" He would have deem'd it a diſgrace
" If ſuch a wretch had known his face.
" On rural 'ſquires, that kingdom's bane,
" He vent'd oft his wrath in vain.
" ******** ſquires to market brought;
" Who ſell their ſouls and **** for nought;
" The ******** go joyful back,
" To rob the church, their tenants rack,
" Go ſnacks with ***** juſtices,
" And keep the peace to pick up fees;
" In every job to have a ſhare,
" A gaol or turnpike to repair;
" And turn ****** to public roads
" Commodious to their own abodes.
" He never thought an honour done him,
" Becauſe a peer was proud to own him;
" Would rather ſlip aſide, and chooſe
" To talk with wits in dirty ſhoes;
" And ſcorn the tools with ſtars and garters,
" So often ſeeing careſſing Chartres.
" He never courted men in ſtation,
" No perſons held in admiration;
" Of no man's greatneſs was afraid,
" Becauſe he ſought for no man's aid.
" Though truſted long in great affairs,
" He gave himſelf no haughty airs;
" Without regarding private ends,
" Spent all his credit for his friends:
" And only choſe the wiſe and good,
" No flatterers, no allies in blood:
" But ſuccour'd virtue in diſtreſs,
" And ſeldom fail'd of good ſucceſs;
" As numbers in their hearts muſt own,
" Who, but for him, had been unknown.
" He kept with princes due decorum;
" Yet never ſtood in awe before 'em.
" He follow'd David's leſſon juſt;
" In princes never put his truſt;
" And, would you make him truly ſour,
" Provoke him with a ſlave in pow'r.
" The Iriſh ſenate if you nam'd,
" With what impatience he declaim'd!
" Fair Liberty was all his cry,
" For her he ſtood prepar'd to die;
" For her he boldly ſtood alone;
" For her he oft expos'd his own.
" Two kingdoms, juſt as faction led,
" Had ſet a price upon his head;
" But not a traitor could be found,
" To ſell him for ſix hundred pound.

" Had

" Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen
" He might have have rose like other men:
" But pow'r was never in his thought,
" And wealth he valued not a groat:
" Ingratitude he often found,
" And pitied those who meant the wound:
" But kept the tenor of his mind,
" To merit well of human-kind:
" Nor made a sacrifice of those
" Who still were true, to please his foes.
" He labour'd many a fruitless hour
" To reconcile his friends in pow'r;
" Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
" While they pursued each other's ruin;
" But, finding vain was all his care,
" He left the court in mere despair.
" And, O! how short are human schemes!
" Here ended all our golden dreams.
" What St. John's skill in state affairs,
" What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
" To save their sinking country lent,
" Was all destroy'd by one event.
" Too soon that precious life was ended,
" On which alone our weal depended.
" When up a dangerous faction starts,
" With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
" By solemn league and cov'nant bound,
" To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
" To turn religion to a fable,
" And make the government a Babel;
" Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
" Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
" To sacrifice Old England's glory,
" And make her infamous in story:
" When such a tempest shook the land,
" How could unguarded Virtue stand?
" With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
" Beheld the dire destructive scene:
" His friends in exile, or the Tower,
" Himself within the frown of power;
" Pursu'd by base, envenom'd pens,
" Far to the land of s—— and fens;
" A servile race in folly nurst,
" Who truckle most when treated worst.
" By innocence and resolution,
" He bore continual persecution;
" While numbers to preferment rose,
" Whose merit was to be his foes;
" When ev'n his own familiar friends,
" Intent upon their private ends,
" Like renegadoes now he feels
" Against him lifting up their heels.
" The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
" An infamous, destructive cheat;
" Taught fools their interest how to know,
" And gave them arms to ward the blow.
" Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
" To save that hapless land from ruin;
" While they who at the steerage stood,
" And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
" To save them from their evil fate,
" In him was held a crime of state.
" A wicked monster on the bench,
" Whose fury blood could never quench;
" As vile and profligate a villain
" As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian;
" Who long all justice had discarded,
" Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded:
" Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
" And make him of his zeal repent.
" But Heaven his innocence defends,
" The grateful people stand his friends:
" Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
" Nor topics brought to please the crown,
" Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
" Prevail to bring him in convict.
" In exile, with a steady heart,
" He spent his life's declining part;
" Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
" Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
" Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
" Was to be held a misanthrope:
" This into general odium drew him:
" Which if he lik'd, much good may't do him.
" His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
" But discontent against the times;
" For had we made him timely offers
" To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other brethren of his gown;
" For party he would scarce have bled:
" I say no more—because he's dead.
" What writings has he left behind?"
" I hear they 're of a different kind:
" A few in verse, but most in prose."
" Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose:
" All scribbled in the worst of times,
" To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
" To praise Queen Anne; nay more, defend her,
" As never favouring the Pretender:
" Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
" Against the court to shew his spite;
" Perhaps his travels, part the third;
" A lie at every second word—
" Offensive to a loyal ear:
" But not one sermon you may swear."
" He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
" With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
" Was cheerful to his dying day,
" And friends would let him have his way.
" As for his works in verse or prose,
" I own myself no judge of those;
" Nor can I tell what critics thought them,
" But this I know, all people bought them,
" As with a moral view design'd
" To please and to reform mankind:
" And, if he often miss'd his aim,
" The world must own it, to their shame,
" The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
" He gave the little wealth he had
" To build a house for fools and mad;
" To shew, by one satiric touch,
" No nation wanted it so much,
" That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
" I wish it soon may have a better.
" And, since you dread no farther lashes,
" Methinks you may forgive his ashes."

§ 240. *The Author.* CHURCHILL.

ACCURS'D the man whom fate ordains, in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write!
What need of letters? Wherefore should we spell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well.
Much are the precious hours of youth misspent,
In climbing Learning's rugged, steep ascent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren spot,
Whilst, in the vale of Ignorance below,
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,
And proud preferment rolls her golden tide.
O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste;
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules;
For seven long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to degrees;
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praise each senior blockhead's threadbare tale,
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail;
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And cap the fool, whose merit is his place;
Vice-chancellors, whose knowledge is but small,
And chancellors, who nothing know at all;
Ill brook'd the gen'rous spirit, in those days
When Learning was the certain road to praise,
When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd,
But now, when dullness rears aloft her throne,
When lordly vassals her wide empire own;
When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
What now should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread;
To bear those labours which our fathers bore,
That crown withheld which they in triumph wore?
When with much pains this boasted Learning's got,
'Tis an affront to those who have it not.
In some it causes hate, in others fear,
Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at school;
The Elder Brother, to vast fortunes born,
Looks on all science with an eye of scorn;
Dependent brethren the same features wear,
And younger sons are stupid as the Heir.
In Senates, at the Bar, in Church and State,
Genius is vile, and Learning out of date.
Is this——O death to think! is this the land
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand;
Where Heroes, parent-like, the Poet view'd,
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd;
Where Poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their Patrons sanctify'd their praise?
Is this the land where, on our Spenser's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, Description hung;
Where Jonson rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilst Reason thro' her critic fences smil'd;
Where Nature list'ning stood while Shakespear play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made?
Is this the land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our laws a sure defence,
She mock'd at all restraints, but those of Sense;
Where, Health and Honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way Affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a smile;
Bade those who dare obey the gen'rous call
Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?
Is this the land, where, in some tyrant's reign,
When a *weak, wicked, Ministerial* train,
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd
Their country's ruin, and with bribes unmann'd
Those wretches who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,
Gave up our liberties, and sold our laws;
When Pow'r was taught by Meanness where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe;
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread;
Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
The scourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;
Is this the land, where, in those worst of times,
The hardy Poet rais'd his honest rhymes
To dread rebuke, and bade controlment speak
In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek;
Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muse who fear'd not Law?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow souls,
Whom folly guides and prejudice controuls;
Who, one dull drowsy track of business trod,
Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
Who, form'd to dulness from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to Gospel-truth;
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their stock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when creatures form'd like these,
Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime,
And hold not Truth as Truth if told in rhyme!

How do I laugh, when Publius, hoary grown,
In zeal for Scotland's welfare and his own,
By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn;
Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring Muse
Subjects more equal to her weakness choose;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
Nor dare to traffick in ambitious strains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint wrought ode, or sonnet pertly trim,

Along

Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Mason on the first of May!
"All sacred is the name and power of Kings;
"All States and Statesmen are those mighty Things,
"Which, howsoe'er they out of course may roll,
"Were never made for Poets to controul."
Peace, peace, thou dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of sacred numbers, and their pow'r blaspheme;
I tell thee, wretch, search all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no subject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whose weight
The Poet cannot rise, and hold his state.
The blessed Saints above in numbers speak
The praise of God, tho' there all praise is weak;
In numbers here below the Bard shall teach
Virtue to soar beyond the villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse throat,
And raise his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted country, aw'd by men
Of slavish principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an English Poet to pursue,
Undaunted to pursue, tho', in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn.
How do I laugh when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
And, mean themselves, are of their fathers vain,
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a Poet like a creditor,
The gen'rous ardour of the Muse condemn,
And curse the storm they know must break on them!
"What, shall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
"Without one badge of merit, but his own,
"Great Nobles lash, and Lords like common men
"Smart from the vengeance of a scribbler's pen?"
What 's in the name of Lord, that I should fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honest blood of humble swains
Quick as the tide which swells a Monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
Cannot make virtues in succession flow.
Wouldst thou, proud man, be safely plac'd above
The censure of the Muse, deserve her love;
Act as thy birth demands, as Nobles ought;
Look back, and, by thy worthy father taught,
Who earn'd those honours thou wert born to wear,
Follow his steps, and be his virtue's heir.
But if, regardless of the road to Fame,
You start aside, and tread the paths of Shame;
If such thy life, that, should thy sire arise,
The sight of such a son would blast his eyes,
Would make him curse the hour which gave thee birth,
Would drive him, shudd'ring from the face of earth,
Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead,
In endless night to hide his rev'rend head;
If such thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more
Than ever King a scoundrel made before;
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a King;
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muse should drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
To the keen question of the searching air.
Gods! with what pride I see the titled slave,
Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,
Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
How do I laugh, when, with affected air,
(Scarce able, thro' despite, to keep his chair,
Whilst on his trembling lip pale anger speaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of Conscience, which good men secures
From all those evil moments guilt endures,
And seems to laugh at those who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard!
"Satire, whilst envy and ill humour sway
"The mind of man, must always make her way;
"Nor to a bosom with discretion fraught
"Is all her malice worth a single thought:
"The Wise have not the will, nor Fools the pow'r
"To stop her headstrong course; within the hour,
"Left to herself, she dies; opposing strife
"Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.
"All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
"I can no patent for exemption claim;
"Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
"Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart:
"Tho' pointed at myself, be Satire free;
"To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me."
Dissembling wretch! hence to the Stoic school,
And there amongst thy brethren play the fool;
There unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach:
Lives there a man, whom Satire cannot reach?
Lives there a man, who calmly can stand by,
And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?
When Satire flies abroad on Falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But, when to Truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and stink to after-times.
Hast thou no feeling yet? Come throw off pride,
And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
S——, who, from the moment of his birth,
Made human nature a reproach on earth;
Who never dar'd, nor wish'd behind to stay,
When Folly, Vice, and Meanness, led the way,
Would blush, should he be told, by Truth and Wit,
Those actions which he blush'd not to commit:
Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.
But whether runs my zeal, whose rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course;

Carries

Carries me back to times, when Poets, bleſs'd
With courage, grac'd the ſcience they profeſs'd;
When they, in honour rooted, firmly ſtood
The bad to puniſh, and reward the good;
When to a flame by Public Virtue wrought,
The foes of Freedom they to juſtice brought,
And dar'd expoſe thoſe ſlaves, who dar'd ſupport
A tyrant plan, and call'd themſelves a Court?
Ah! what are Poets now? As ſlaviſh thoſe
Who deal in verſe as thoſe who deal in proſe.
Is there an Author, ſearch the kingdom round,
In whom true worth and real ſpirit 's found?
The ſlaves of Bookſellers, or (doom'd by fate
To baſer chains) vile penſioners of State?
Some, dead to ſhame, and of thoſe ſhackles proud
Which Honour ſcorns, for ſlav'ry roar aloud;
Others, half-palſied only, mutes become,
And what makes Smollet write makes Johnſon dumb.
Why turns yon' villain pale? why bends his eye
Inward, abaſh'd, when Murphy paſſes by?
Doſt thou ſage Murphy for a blockhead take?
Who wages war with Vice for Virtue's ſake?
No, no—like other worldings, you will find
He ſhifts his ſails, and catches ev'ry wind.
His ſoul the ſhock of int'reſt can't endure:
Give him a penſion then, and ſin ſecure.
With laurel'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn,
Bid cowards thrive, put honeſty to flight,
Murphy ſhall prove, or try to prove it right.
Try, thou State-Juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
Ranſack the inmoſt cloſet of my heart,
Swear thou 'rt my friend; by that baſe oath make way
Into my breaſt, and flatter to betray:
Or, if thoſe tricks are vain; if wholeſome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,
Bribe thoſe who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread;
On Authors for defence, for praiſe depend;
Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend.
He, he ſhall ready ſtand with venal rhymes,
To varniſh guilt and conſecrate thy crimes,
To make corruption in falſe colours ſhine,
And damn his own good name, to reſcue thine,
But, if thy niggard hands their gifts withhold,
And Vice no longer rains down ſhow'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What tho' each man of nice and juſter thought,
Shunning his ſteps, decrees, by Honour taught,
He ne'er can be a friend who ſtoops ſo low
To be the baſe betrayer of a foe;
What tho', with thine together link'd, his name
Muſt be with thine tranſmitted down to ſhame,
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blaſt thine, he 'll blaſt his own.
To ope the fountain whence Sedition ſprings,
To ſlander Government, and libel Kings;
With Freedom's name to ſerve a preſent hour,
Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r;
To talk of William with inſidious art,
Whilſt a vile Stuart 's lurking in his heart;
And, whilſt mean Envy rear her loathſome head,
Flatt'ring the living, to abuſe the dead,
Where is Shebbéare? O, let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a city-coach,
The pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
Of that parade was fame, not puniſhment; [by,
And that old, ſtaunch Whig, Beardmore, ſtanding
Can in full court give that report the lie.'
With rude unnat'ral jargon to ſupport,
Half Scotch, half Engliſh, a declining Court;
To make moſt glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond diſpute, that black is white;
To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name;
To prove that chains and freedom are but one,
That to be ſav'd muſt mean to be undone,
Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call
All oppoſites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren ſtock;
He, far beyond the ſprings of Nature led,
Makes women bring forth after they are dead;
He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In wedlock's ſacred bands joins man to man;
And, to complete the whole, moſt ſtrange, but true,
By ſome rare magic makes them fruitful too;
Whilſt from their loins, in the due courſe of years,
Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's Engliſh Peers.
Doſt thou contrive ſome blacker deed of ſhame,
Something which Nature ſhudders but to name,
Something which makes the ſoul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her ſeat?
Doſt thou contrive, for ſome baſe private end,
Some ſelfiſh view, to hang a truſting friend,
To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
And promiſe life, to work him ſurer death?
Grown old in villany, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face:
Behold a Parſon at thy elbow ſtands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands,
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward,
The Atheiſt Chaplain of an Atheiſt Lord!
Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I ſhould learn to read;
Tho' that was 'nothing, for my friends, who knew
What mighty Dulneſs of itſelf could do,
Never deſign'd me for a working Prieſt,
But hop'd I ſhould have been a Dean at leaſt;
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the ſervice of my pen),
Condemn'd (whilſt proud and pamper'd Sons of Lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of rev'rend begg'ry to appear,
To pray, and ſtarve on forty pounds a-year;
My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forſook the packhorſe road,
Whilſt Virtue to my conduct witneſs bears,
In throwing off that gown which Francis wears.

What

What creature 's that, so very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery and whim;
So gentle, yet so brisk; so wondrous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet;
Who looks as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God?
Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show;
The villain lurks beneath the cassock'd Beau;
That 's an Informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it, that the wretch from Sodom came.
His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,
Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And Fear alone restrains his coward mind.
Free him from that, no monster is so fell,
Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in hell.
His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanour, plausible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way,
And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey.
Attend his church——his plan of doctrine view,
The Preacher is a Christian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
The plan of doctrine 's never thought of more;
Christ is laid by neglected on the shelf,
And the vile priest is Gospel to himself.
By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
(Blacow, whom, by a brave resentment led,
Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlasting shame)
Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To Virtue lost, to Vice alone he wakes;
Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
And, whilst he rails at blasphemy, blasphemes.
Are these the arts which Policy supplies?
Are these the steps by which grave Churchmen rise?
Forbid it, Heav'n! or, should it turn out so,
Let me, and mine, continue mean and low,
Such be their arts whom Interest controuls;
Kidgell and I have free and honest souls:
We scorn preferment which is gain'd by Sin,
And will, tho' poor without, have peace within.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND OTHER LITTLE PIECES.

On a very rich Gentleman drinking the Waters of Tunbridge Wells, who had refused to contribute to the Relief of a distressed Family.

FOR deepest woes old Harpax scorns to feel;
Think ye his *bowels* stand in need of *steel?*

The Art of making one's own Sermons, illustrated by Example.

JACK stole his discourse from the fam'd Doctor Brown;
But, reading it damnably, made it his OWN.

Know Thyself.

FITZ to the Peerage knows he 's a disgrace;
So mounts the coach-box, as his *proper* place.

WHILE Dick to combs hostility proclaims,
A neighbouring taper sets his hair in flames:
The blaze extinct, permit us to inquire:
"Were there no *lives* lost, Richard, in the fire?"

Ignotum omne pro magnifico.

AVERSE to pamper'd and high-mettled steeds,
His own upon chopp'd straw Avaro feeds:
Bred in his stable, in his paddock born,
What vast ideas they must have of corn!

A Case of Conscience; submitted to a late Dignitary of the Church, on his Narcotic Exposition of the following Text: "Watch *and* Pray, *lest ye enter into* Temptation."

BY our pastor perplext,
How shall we determine?
"Watch and Pray," says the Text,
"Go to sleep," says the Sermon.

On a Lady who squinted.

IF ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of an hundred eyes,
Sure greater praise to her is due,
Who looks an hundred ways with two!

AS Will along the floor had laid
His lazy limbs in solemn show,
"You 're ill," quoth Sal, "I 'm sore afraid."
"Indeed," says Will, "I 'm rather low."

To a Lady, with the Print of Venus attired by the Graces.

THAT far superior is thy state
Even envy must agree;
On thee a thousand Graces wait,
On Venus only three.

To Celia.

CÆLIA, do not say, O fie!
In that wind my love has spoke;
Trust me, 't was an erring sigh
Thro' a nether passage broke.

THRICE three years, and something more,
Have I these plush breeches wore;
Now forc'd, ere yet the tenth 's completed,
Through too much sitting, to be seated!

To a Gentleman who was obliged to retreat for fear of disagreable Retaliation.

THAT Cotta is so pale, so spare,
No cause for wonder now affords;
He lives, alas! on empty fare,
Who lives by eating his own words.

THERE-

THERE are who think all ſtate affairs
The worſt of wicked worldly cares
To mingle with the prieſtly leaven;
Yet ſure the argument 's uncouth—
Sacheverel ſhall ſpread the truth,
A miniſter of earth and heaven.

SAYS Parſon Sly, "I 'll fib, d' ye ſee,
"If you 'll reward me freely."
"Lye on," cries Nick, "and claim of me
"The biſhopric of E—LYE."

On the Ducheſs of Devonſhire.

ARRAY'D in matchleſs beauty, Devon's fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part:
But, Oh! where'er the pilferer comes—beware!
She ſupplicates a vote, and ſteals a heart.

WHILE you, Great George! for knowledge hunt,
And ſharp conductors change for blunt,
The empire 's out of joint:
Franklin a wiſer path purſues,
And all your thunders heedleſs views,
By ſticking to the POINT.

On the Phraſe "killing Time." Tranſlated from Voltaire.

"THERE 's ſcarce a point wherein mankind
"agree,
"So well as in their boaſt of killing me.
"I boaſt of nothing; but, when I 've a mind,
"I think I can be even with mankind."

"BROTHER bucks, your glaſſes drain:
"Tom, 'tis ſtrong and ſparkling red."—
"Never fear—'t won't reach my brain."
"No—that 's true—but 't will your head."

THE gay Flirtilla ſhew'd her mimic buſt,
And aſk'd blunt Senſo if 't were faſhion'd
juſt. [you,
"Ma'am," he replied, "in this 'tis much like
"The face is painted, and that badly too."

An Expoſtulation.

WHEN late I attempted your pity to move,
Why ſeem'd you ſo deaf to my prayers?
Perhaps it was right to diſſemble your love—
But—why did you kick me down ſtairs?

Epitaph.

HERE is my much-lov'd Celia laid,
At reſt from all her earthly labours!
Glory to God! peace to the dead,
And to the ears of all her neighbour's.

A Parody on "Bleſt as the immortal Gods is he." By the Honourable HENRY ERSKINE.

DRUNK as a dragon ſure is he,
The youth that dines or ſups with thee;
And ſees, and hears thee, full of fun,
Loudly laugh, and quaintly pun.

'Twas this firſt made me love my doſe,
And rais'd ſuch pimples on my noſe;
For, while I fill'd to ev'ry toaſt,
My health was gone, my ſenſes loſt.

I found the claret and champagne
Inflame my blood, and mad my brain;
The toaſt fell falt'ring from my tongue,
I hardly heard the catch I ſung.

I felt my gorge and ſickneſs riſe;
The candles danc'd before my eyes;
My ſight grew dim, the room turn'd round,
I tumbled ſenſeleſs on the ground!

"MY wife 's ſo very bad," cried Will,
"I fear ſhe ne'er will hold it—
"She keeps her bed!"—
"Mine 's worſe," quoth Phil,
"The jade has juſt now ſold it!"

Epitaph on a Lady. By PETER PINDAR.

BENEATH this turf, in ſweet repoſe,
The friend of all—a fair one lies—
Yet hence let ſorrow vent her woes,
Far hence let pity pour her ſighs.

Tho' ev'ry hour thy life approv'd,
The muſe the ſtrain of grief forbears,
Nor wiſhes, tho' by all belov'd,
To call thee to a world of tears.

Beſt of thy ſex! alas, farewel!
From this dark ſcene remov'd, to ſhine
Where pureſt ſhades of mortals dwell,
And virtue waits to welcome thine.

The Clown's Reply. GOLDSMITH.

JOHN Trott was deſired by two witty Peers
To tell them the reaſon why aſſes had ears:
"An't pleaſe you," quoth John, "I 'm not given
"to letters, [betters:
"Nor dare I pretend to know more than my
"Howe'er, from this time, I ſhall ne'er ſee your
"graces, aſſes."
"As I hope to be ſav'd! without thinking on

An Elegy on the Glory of her Sex. By the ſame.

GOOD people all with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From thoſe who ſpoke her praiſe.

The needy ſeldom paſs'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She ſtrove the neighbourhood to pleaſe,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unleſs when ſhe was ſinning.

At church, with ſilks and ſatins new,
With hoop of monſtrous ſize;
She never ſlumber'd in her pew—
But when ſhe ſhut her eyes.

Her

Her love was ſought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himſelf has follow'd her—
When ſhe has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut ſhort all;
The doctors found, when ſhe was dead,
Her laſt diſorder—mortal.

Let us lament in ſorrow ſore;
For Kent-ſtreet well may ſay,
That, had ſhe liv'd a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

On a Miſer. Maſter PHILIP DODD.

IRON was his cheſt,
Iron was his door,
His hand was iron,
And his heart was more.

On Mr. Churchill's Death.

SAYS Tom to Richard, "Churchill 's dead."
Says Richard, "Tom, you lie:
"Old Rancour the report has ſpread,
"But Genius cannot die."

JACK brags he never dines at home,
With reaſon too, no doubt—
In truth, Jack never dines at all,
Unleſs invited out.

On a Stone thrown at a very great Man, but which miſſed him. PETER PINDAR.

TALK no more of the lucky eſcape of the *head*,
From a flint ſo unluckily thrown—
I think very diff'rent, with thouſands indeed,
'Twas a lucky eſcape for the *ſtone*.

To Chloe. By the ſame.

DEAR Chloe, well I know the ſwain,
Who gladly would embrace thy chain,
And who alas! can blame him?
Affect not Chloe, a ſurpriſe:
Look but a moment on theſe eyes,
Thou 'lt aſk me not to *name* him.

On a new-made Lord. By the ſame.

THE carpenters of ancient Greece, [piece,
Although they bought of wood a ſtubborn
Not fit to make a block—yet, very odd!
No loſers were the men of chipping trade,
Becauſe of this ſame ſtubborn ſtuff they made
A damn'd good God!

Garrick and his Brother Actor. By the ſame.

A SHABBY fellow chanc'd one day to meet
The Britiſh Roſcius in the ſtreet:
(Garrick, of whom our nation juſtly brags.)
The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace—
"Good Sir, I do not recollect your face,"
Quoth Garrick.—"No!" reply'd the man of rags:
"The boards of Drury you and I have trod
"Full many a time together, I am ſure."—
"When?" with an oath, cry'd Garrick—"for,
"by G—,
"I never ſaw that face of yours before!
"What characters, I pray,
"Did you and I together play?"
"Lord!" quoth the fellow, "think not that I
"mock—
"When you play'd Hamlet, Sir,—I play'd the
"Cock."

On a Painter that painted large Pictures. By the ſame.

THIS year, of picture Mr. Weſt
Is quite a Patagonian maker—
He knows that bulk is not a jeſt;
So gives us painting by an acre.

Epitaph on Dr. William Clarke, the celebrated Antiquary, and Mrs. Ann Clarke, his Wife. By WILLIAM HAYLEY, *Eſq.*

MILD William Clarke, and Ann his wife,
Whom happy love had join'd in life,
United in an humble tomb,
Await the everlaſting doom.
And bleſs'd the dead! prepar'd as theſe,
To meet our Saviour's juſt decrees!
On earth their hearts were known to feel
Such charity and chriſtian zeal,
That, ſhould the world for ages laſt,
In adverſe fortune's bitter blaſt,
Few friends ſo warm will man find here.
And God no ſervants more ſincere.

On the Death of a promiſing Youth of Eighteen.

THO' death the virtuous young deſtroy,
They go to reſt—and heavenly joy:
Life is not to be judg'd by days,
Virtue endures—when time decays;
And many old we falſely call,
Who truly never liv'd at all:
For what is time, if not employ'd
In worthy deeds—but all a void?
Then think not, tho' abridg'd by fate,
Too ſhort this youth's allotted date.
With dignity he fill'd his ſpan,
In conduct and in worth a man.
So ſpent a life—to Heaven appears,
As full as Neſtor's length of years.

On a whole Family cut off by the Small-pox. Maſter PETER RAINER.

AT once depriv'd of life, lies here
A family, to virtue dear.
Tho' far remov'd from regal ſtate,
Their virtues made them truly great.
Leſt one ſhould feel the other's fall,
Death has, in kindneſs, ſeiz'd them all.

A DOCTOR there is of ſo humble a grace,
That the caſe he durſt never expreſs:
But little he ſays; and if that you will trace,
His knowledge you 'll find to be leſs.

Then

Then ſure you will ſay he 's deficient in brain;
Or his head to a ſtill you 'll compare,
That does little or nothing but ſimples contain,
And yields them by drops that are rare.

A Diſtich, written by Mr. Cowper, at the Requeſt of a Gentleman who importuned him to write ſomething in his Pocket Album.

I WERE indeed indifferent to fame,
Grudging two lines t' immortalize my name.

An old Gentleman of the name of Page, finding a Lady's Glove, ſent it to the Owner, with this Diſtich, and received the following Anſwer.

IF that from Glove you take the letter G,
Then Glove is love, and that I ſend to thee.

Anſwer:

IF that from Page you take the letter P,
Then Page is age, and that won't do for me.

A RESCINDING form, divide the liquid air,
On wings metallic fly unto my fair;
To her acute and faithful ever prove,
But never cut th' increaſing plumes of love.

On his Excellency the late Lord Galloway and his Cook.

SAYS my Lord to his cook, "You ſon of a punk,
"How comes it I ſee you, thus, ev'ry day drunk?
"Phyſicians, they ſay, once a month, do allow,
"A man, for his health, to get drunk—as a ſow."
"That is right," quoth the cook, "but the day
"they don't ſay; [day."
'So, for fear I ſhould miſs it, I 'm drunk ev'ry

An Oeconomical Reflection.

ALL mortal things are frail—and go to pot;
What wonder then if mortal trowſers rot?
My *velvet* torn, I ſhone in mimic *ſhag*:
Thoſe ſoon grew ruſty and—began to flag.
Buck-ſkin was greaſy; *ſerge de nym* was queer;
Camblet was airy; but how apt to tear!
Quoth I, "Sir *Prickloufe*, ſhall we try a *rug*?"
"Yes, Sir," ſays he, "that ſure will hold a tug."
Ah! no; the *rug* decay'd, like all the paſt,
Ev'n *everlaſting* * would not ever laſt.
At length; gueſs how I fix'd it.—Why, in troth
With projects tir'd—I ſtuck to common cloth.

On a Bee.

PRETTY, little, buzzing thing!
Arm'd by nature with a ſting;
Lazy man 's oblig'd to thee,
Pattern thou of induſtry!
When the fields rich ſcents exhale,
And new beauty decks each vale,
Buſy all the ſhining day
Ev'ry flow'r thou mak'ſt thy prey,
And ſweet honey home doſt bring,
Rifler of the bloomy ſpring!
Love does never *thee* moleſt,
Love, that tyrant of our breaſt:
Than the birds more happy thou;
They the ſpring to love allow,
Who no tribute has from thee,
Emblem thou of liberty!
Hail! chaſte, frugal animal,
Happieſt, wiſeſt, beſt of all!

To an unfortunate Beauty.

SAY, lovely maid, with downcaſt eye,
And cheek with ſilent ſorrow pale,
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd ſigh,
That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Thy tears, which thus each other chaſe,
Beſpeak a breaſt o'erwhelm'd with woe;
Thy ſighs, a ſtorm which wrecks my peace,
Which ſoul's like thine ſhould never know.

Oh! tell me, doth ſome favour'd youth,
Too often bleſt, thy beauties ſlight;
And leave thoſe thrones of love and truth,
That lip, and boſom of delight?

What though to other nymphs he flies,
And feigns the fond, impaſſion'd tear,
Breathes all the eloquence of ſighs
That treach'rous won thy artleſs ear:

Let not thoſe nymphs thy anguiſh move,
For whom his heart may ſeem to pine;
That heart ſhall ne'er be bleſt by love,
Whoſe guilt can force a pang from thine.

BY the woodlark, by the thruſh,
Wildly warbling from the buſh;
By the fairy's ſhadowy tread
O'er the cowſlip's dewy head:
Father, Monarch of the Stage!
Glory of Eliza's age!
Shakeſpeare! deign to lend thy face,
This romantic nook to grace;
Where untaught Nature ſports alone,
Since thou and Nature are but one.

THE Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
To call him to the duties of his cell;
There needs no noiſe at all t' awaken ſin,
Th' adulterer and thief his 'larum has within.

Lines ſent to Mr. Coſway, while Lady C. Pawlet was ſitting to him.

COSWAY, my Cath'rine ſits to you:
And, that the colouring may be true,
This notegay on your palette place,
Replete with all the tints that grace
The various beauties of her face.
Her ſkin the ſnow-drop's whiteneſs ſhows,
Her bluſhing cheek the op'ning roſe;
Her eyes the modeſt violet ſpeak,
Whoſe ſilken fringes kiſs her cheek.
The ſpicy pink, in morning dew,
Preſents her fragrant lips to view;

* A rib'd-ſtuff ſo called.

The

The glossy curls that crown her head,
Paint from the gilt cup of the mead.
Long may her image fill my eye,
When these fair emblems fade and die;
Plac'd on my faithful breast, and prove
'Tis Cosway paints the Queen of Love.

Shakspeare's Walk.

By yon hills with mossing spread,
Lifting up the tufted head;
By those golden waves of corn
Which the laughing fields adorn;
By the fragrant breath of flowers
Stealing from the woodbine bowers;
By this thought-inspiring shade;
By the gleamings of the glade;
By the babbling of the brook,
Winding slow in many a crook;
By the rustling of the trees;
By the humming of the bees.

On seeing a Dog asleep near his Master.

Thrice happy dog! thou feel'st no woe,
No anguish to molest
Thy peaceful hours that sweetly flow,
Alternate sport and rest.
Man 's call'd thy lord—affliction's heir!
And sorrow's only son!
Whilst he 's a slave to ev'ry care,
And thou art slave to none.
Blest, near thy master thus to lie,
And blest with him to rove!
Unstain'd by guilt thy moments fly
On wings of grateful love.
Oh! that my heart, like thine, could taste
The sweets of guiltless life!
Beyond the reach of passion plac'd,
Its anguish and its strife.

On a Waiter, once at Arthur's, and a Fellow-servant of his there, both since Members of Parliament, and the last a Nabob.

When Bob M-ck-th, with upper servant's pride,
"Here, sirrah, clean my shoes," to Rumb—d cry'd,
He humbly answer'd, "Yea, Bob:"
But since return'd from India's plunder'd land,
The purse-proud Rumb—d now, on such command,
Would stoutly answer, "Nay, Bob."

To rob the nation two Contractors come,
The one cheats in corn, the other in rum;
The greater rogue 'tis hard to ascertain,
The rogue in spirits, or the rogue in grain.

Verses written by a Gentleman on finding an Urn.

Trifling mortal, tell me why
Thou hast disturb'd my urn;
Want'st thou to find out what am I?
Vain man! attend, and learn:
To know what letters spelt my name
Is useless quite to thee;
An heap of dust is all I am,
And all that thou shalt be.
Go now, that heap of dust explore,
Measure its grains, or weigh;
Canst thou the title which I bore
Distinguish in the clay?
What glitt'ring honours, or high trust
Once dignified me here,
Were characters impress on dust,
Which quickly disappear.
Nor will the sparkling atoms show
A *Claudius*, or a *Guelph*:
Vain search! if here the source thou 'dst know
Of nobles, or thyself,
The mould will yield no evidence,
By which thou mayst divine
If lords or beggars issued thence,
And form'd the ancient line.
Learn then the vanity of birth,
Condition, honours, name,
All are but modes of common earth,
The substance just the same.
Bid av'rice and ambition view
Th' extent of all their gains;
Themselves, and their possessions too,
A gallon vase contains.
Haste, lift thy thoughts from earthly things
To more substantial bliss;
And leave that grov'ling pride to kings,
Which ends in dirt like this.
Let virtue be thy radiant guide,
'Twill dignify thy clay,
And raise thy ashes glorified,
When suns shall fade away.

Upon a Gnat burnt in a Candle.

Trifling insect! that art now
But an airy gnat below,
Ah! what folly made thee fly
To the pleasing flame too nigh?
Seeming good, that treach'rous ill
Cheated thine, that cheats man's will.
Simple thing! how shouldst thou fear
What so beauteous seem'd, and fair?
Thus deceitful pleasure's smile
Did thy silly life beguile.
What from envy can be free,
If ill-fate could envy thee?

The Negro's Complaint.

Wide over the tremulous sea
The moon spread her mantle of light,
And the gale, gently dying away,
Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.
On the forecastle Maratan stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs pass'd unheard on the gale.
Ah, wretch! in wild anguish he cry'd,
From country and liberty torn;
Ah! Maratan, wouldst thou had died,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne.

Thro'

Thro' the groves of Angola I stray'd,
Love and hope made my bosom their home;
Their I talk'd with my favourite maid,
Nor dream'd of the sorrow to come.

From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
My cries echo'd loud thro' the air;
There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
He was deaf to the shrieks of despair.

Accurs'd be the mercileſs band,
Who his love could from Maratan tear;
And blasted this impotent hand,
That was sever'd from all I held dear.

Flow ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart,
And still may the arrows of woe
Drink deep of the stream of my heart!

But hark! on the silence of night
My Adila's accents I hear,
And mournful beneath the wan light
I see her lov'd image appear!

Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
As the mist that hangs light on the wave;
And fondly her lover she chides,
That lingers so long from the grave.

"O, Maratan, haste thee!" she cries,
"Here the reign of oppression is o'er,
"The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
"And Adila sorrows no more."

Now, sinking amidst the dim ray,
Her form seems to fade on my view:
"O stay thee, my Adila, stay—"
She beckons, and I must pursue.

To-morrow, the white man in vain
Shall proudly account me his slave;
My shackles I plunge in the main,
And rush to the realms of the brave.

Elegy to the Memory of Miss Louisa Hanway.

O thou, to whom fair Genius homage paid,
Whom Science courted, and the Muses lov'd;
Whose mind the hand of Innocence array'd,
Pure as that form which envy's self approv'd;

Accept these tributary drops—these sighs!
(Remembrance still will on thy virtues dwell)
Tho' nought could check thy progress to the skies,
The soul must cherish *her's* it lov'd so well.

For, thou wert all Ambition could desire,
Endow'd with all that Nature could impart;
Warm was thy breast with Friendship's sacred fire,
And form'd for sentiment thy gentle heart.

Near thy blest shade the pensive Muse shall stray,
Led by the pallid moon's uncertain light,
Sad tributes to thy peerless worth to pay,
And to thy tomb soft Sympathy invite.

Lamenting Memory, too, shall linger there,
And cull sweet flow'rs to deck thy holy shrine;
For thee indulge the deep-drawn sigh sincere,
And o'er thy ashes shall with pity pine.

Yet check'd should be those tears thy friends may shed,
That grief, which thy fond parents' peace destroys;
For thou art only rank'd amongst the dead,
To find a passage to eternal joys.

That Power which seal'd th' apparent harsh decree,
Who ev'ry feeling of thy heart could know,
Judg'd what thy pangs from future ills might be,
And snatch'd thee early from a world of woe.

On an unfortunate Beauty. Anon.

Poor wand'rer! how shall that weak form,
So loosely clad in vesture light,
Endure the malice of the storm,
The rudeness of the winter's night?

And does a smile thy cheek illume?
Alas! that faint and feeble glow
Is like the flower's untimely bloom,
Drooping amidst a waste of snow.

Poor wretch!—you sigh, you would unfold
The course of sorrow you have run:
A simple story, quickly told,—
You lov'd, believ'd, and were undone.

Why weep you as my hand you press?
Why on my features gaze and sigh?
Would no one pity your distress?
None listen to your tale, but I?

Alas! a pittance scant, I fear,
Is all the joy I can bestow;
I can but wipe away one tear,
One moment from a life of woe.

Yet e'en for this your grateful eye
To heaven is rais'd—Poor girl, adieu
To scenes of senseless mirth I fly,
To poverty and sickness you.

By Dr. Young.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

Advice to Mr. Pope, on his intended Translation of Homer, 1714.

O thou who, with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.
Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage,
He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age:
If Britain his translated song would hear,
First take the gold—then charm the list'ning ear;
So shall thy father Homer smile to see
His pension paid, tho' late—and paid to thee

Under the Print of Tom Britton, the musical Small-coal Man. Hughes.

Tho' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell:

Well

Well pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
And muſic warbled in her ſweeteſt ſtrain:
Cyllenius ſo, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing gueſts to poor Philemon's grove.
Let uſeleſs pomp behold, and bluſh to find
So low a ſtation, ſuch a lib'ral mind.

TH' inſpiring muſes, and the god of love,
Which moſt ſhould grace the fair Melinda ſtrove
Love arm'd her with his bow and keeneſt darts,
The muſes more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Tho' Greece in ſhining temples heretofore
Did Venus' and Minerva's pow'rs adore,
The ancients thought no ſingle goddeſs fit
To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit;
Each was a ſep'rate claim; till now we find
The diff'rent titles in Melinda join'd.

AN Opera, like a pill'ry, may be ſaid
To nail our ears down, but expoſe our head.

LUCIA thinks happineſs conſiſts in ſtate;
She weds an ideot, but ſhe eats in plate.

To the Hon. Mrs. Percival, with Hutcheſon's Treatiſe on Beauty and Order. GRIERSON.

TH' internal ſenſes painted here we ſee: [thee.
They 're born in others, but they live in
O were our author with thy converſe bleſt,
Could be behold the virtues of thy breaſt;
His needleſs labours with contempt he'd view,
And bid the world not read—but copy you.

JACK, eating rotten cheeſe, did ſay,
Like Samſon, I my thouſands ſlay:
I vow, quoth Roger, ſo you do,
And with the ſelf-ſame weapon too.

On God's Omnipotence.

WHEN Egypt's hoſt God's choſen tribe purſu'd,
In chryſtal walls th' admiring waters ſtood;
When thro' the dreary waſtes they took their way,
The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a ſea!
What limits can th' Almighty goodneſs know,
Since ſeas can harden, and ſince rocks can flow!

Similis ſimili gaudet.

WHEN Chloe 's picture was to Chloe ſhown,
Adorn'd with charms and beauty not her own;
Where Hogarth, pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips, ſuch eyes, as Chloe never had;
Ye Gods! ſhe cries, in ecſtacy of heart,
How near can nature be expreſs'd by art!
Well! it is wondrous like! nay, let me die,
The very pouting lip, the killing eye!
Blunt and ſevere as Manly in the play,
Downright replies—Like, Madam! do you ſay?
The picture bears this likeneſs, it is true:
The canvas painted is, and ſo are you.

MY ſickly ſpouſe, with many a ſigh,
Oft tells me—Billy, I ſhall die!
I griev'd, but recollected ſtraight
'Tis bootleſs to contend with fate;
So reſignation to Heaven's will
Prepar'd me for ſucceeding ill.
'Twas well it did; for, on my life,
'Twas Heaven's will—to ſpare my wife.

AS Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat,
The waterman aſked him which way he would float; [the ſtream:
Which way? ſays the Doctor; why, fool, with
To Paul's or to Lambeth—'twas all one to him.

On a Prelate's going out of Church in Time of Divine Service, to wait on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

LORD Pam in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down:
When, told that the Duke was juſt come to town,
His ſtation deſpiſing, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace:
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no ſhare in his lordſhip's promotion.

A HUM'ROUS fellow in a tavern late, [pate;
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken
The ſurgeon, with his inſtruments and ſkill,
Searches his ſkull, deeper and deeper ſtill,
To feel his brains, and try if they were ſound;
And, as he keeps ado about the wound, [pains,
The fellow cries—Good ſurgeon, ſpare your
When I began this brawl I had no brains.

BY fav'ring wit Mæcenas purchas'd fame,
Virgil's own works immortaliz'd his name:
A double ſhare of fame is Dorſet's due,
At once the patron and the poet too.

On an eminent Modern Preacher.

POLLIO muſt needs to penitence excite;
For, ſee, his ſcarf is rich, and gloves are white;
Behold his notes diſplay'd, his body rais'd;
With what a zeal he labours to be prais'd!
No ſtubborn ſinner able to withſtand
The force and reas'ning of his wig and hand:
Much better pleas'd, ſo pious his intent,
With five that laugh than fifty who repent:
On moral duties when his tongue refines,
Tully and Plato are his beſt divines; [ſmall;
What Matthew ſays, or Mark, the proof but
What Locke or Clarke aſſerts, good ſcripture all;
Touch'd with each weakneſs which he does ar-
With vanity he talks againſt the vain; [raign,
With oſtentation does to meekneſs guide,
Proud of his periods levell'd againſt pride;
Ambitiouſly the love of glory ſlights, [writes.
And damns the love of fame—for which he

THE Latin word for cold, one aſk'd his friend;
It is, ſaid he—'tis at my finger's end.

The World.

THE world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart:
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd;
And all th' errata will appear at th' end.

On the Battle of the Books.

SWIFT for the ancients has argu'd so well,
'Tis apparent from thence that the moderns excel.

A WELSHMAN and an Englishman disputed
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
The Welshman yet would not his vaunts abate:
Ten cooks, quoth he, in Wales, one wedding sees,
Ay, quoth the other, each man toasts his cheese.

From the Latin.

UNHAPPY, Dido, was thy fate,
In first and second wedded state!
One husband caus'd thy flight by dying,
Thy death the other caus'd by flying.

On the Funeral of Vulture Hopkins.

WHAT num'rous lights this wretch's corpse attend,
Who, in his life-time, sav'd a candle's end!

The Humourist. Imitated from Martial.

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

A HAUGHTY courtier meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:
Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit,
The scholar said, I do; and gave him it.

THUS with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his friend:
Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st depend:
I know thy fortune is but very scant;
But, be assur'd, I 'll ne'er see Dick in want.
Dick's soon confin'd—his friend, no doubt, would free him: [him.
His word he kept—in want he ne'er wou'd *see*

WHEN men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.

To Henry Purcel.

TO you a tribute from each muse is due;
The whole poetic tribe's oblig'd to you;
For surely none but you, with equal ease,
Could add to David, and make D'Urfey please.

On the Offering made by King James I. at a grave Comedy, called The Marriage of Arts.

AT Christ-Church Marriage, play'd before the king,
Lest these learn'd mates should want an offering,
The king himself did offer—what, I pray?
He offer'd, twice or thrice, to go away.

A Country Parson's Answer to a young Lady who sent him her Compliments on the Ten of Hearts.

YOUR Compliments, dear Lady, pray forbear;
Old English services are more sincere.
You send ten hearts; the tythe is only mine.
Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

By Dr. DONNE.

I AM unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand or go. If he says true, he lies.

MOORE always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles, you think, approving what he writes:
And yet in this no vanity is shown;
A modest man may like what 's not his own.

FRIEND, in your Epitaphs I 'm griev'd
So very much is said:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

To Mr. Thomson, who had procured the Author a Benefit Night. DENNIS.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find
Thy various Seasons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy muse;
And, like thy oft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee:
That hoary season yields a type of me. [lay,
Shatter'd by Time's bleak storms I with'ring
Leafless, and whit'ning in a cold decay!
Yet shall my propless ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

The Fan. ATTERBURY.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ:
This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
An engine of small force in love;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

To the Author of an Epitaph on Dr. Mead. HACKETT.

MEAD's not dead then, you say, only sleeping a little?
Why, egad! Sir, you 've hit it off there to a tittle.
Yet

Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt—
Pluto knows whom he's got, and will ne'er let
him out.

To Mr. Pope.

While malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:
While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times tho' many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.
But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame;
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one establish'd fame:
When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
Devote a wreath to thee:
That day (for come it will)—that day
Shall I lament to see.

British Oeconomy.

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
Poor Cibber must serve both for fool and for poet.

Found stuck on the Statue of the Moor which supports the Sun Dial in Clement's-Inn.

In vain, poor fable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.
From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till your 're slain,
The last will do't alive.

By Hackett.

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf:
You wonder that he don't remember me;
Why so? You see he has forgot himself.

By Prior.

To John I ow'd great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

On the Burser of St. John's College in Oxford cutting down a fine Row of Trees. Evans.

Indulgent nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes:
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox: [rocks;
Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from
A rogue the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

Good Music, and bad Dancers.

How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus play'd, and, like them, danc'd the brutes.

Ye little wits, that gleam'd awhile,
While Pope vouchsaf'd a ray;
Alas! deprived of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!
To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise;
Each tends his cloud to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.
Alas! these skies are not your sphere;
There he shall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall; for earth ye were,
And must to earth return.

Written in a Lady's Prayer-Book. Lansdowne.

In vain, Clarinda, night and day
For mercy to the Gods you pray:
What arrogance, on Heaven to call
For that which you deny to all!

So much, my Pope, thy English Iliad charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms,
That after ages shall with wonder seek
Who 't was translated Homer into Greek.

By Harrington.

The golden hair that Galla wears,
Is hers: who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers; and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

To Lady Isabella Thynne, cutting Trees in Paper. Waller.

Fair hand, that can on virgin paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show
Like tracks of leverets in morning snow:
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours or of oil?
For tho' a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis yours alone to make them bend and shake:
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you
Can make the motion and the forest too.
A poet, when he would describe his mind,
Is, as in language, so in fame, confin'd:
Your works are read wherever there are men:
So far the scissars goes beyond the pen.

By Prior.

Thy nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

A Cure for Poetry.

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Thro' which the living Homer begg'd his
bread!

On some Snow which melted on a Lady's Breast.

THE envious snow comes down in haste
To prove thy breast less fair;
But grieves to see itself surpast,
And melts into a tear.

The French Poet.

WHEN old Elijah, as the Scriptures say,
Triumphant mounted to the realm of day,
His spirit doubled, and his cloak beside,
He gave Elisha, by long service tried.
Tristan from hence would fain example take
For honest Quinault, his disciple's sake:
But this, alas! injurious fate denied,
For Tristan poorer than a prophet died.
To Quinault thus the bard, expiring, spoke:
"My wit I leave thee—but I have no cloak."

ON Grace, Free-will, and Myst'ries high,
Two wits harangu'd the table;
B——ly believes he knows not why,
N——sh swears 'tis all a fable.
Peace, jdeots, peace! and both agree;
N——sh, kiss thy empty brother;
Religion laughs at foes like thee,
But dreads a friend like t' other.

POX on 't, quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget you learn.

Answered by Mr. WEST.

D—it, quoth Hearne, in furious fret,
Whate'er I learn you soon forget.

Dr. ALDRICH's *Five Reasons for Drinking.*

GOOD wine; a friend; or, being dry;
Or, lest we should be by and by;
Or, any other reason why.

By WALLER.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sachariss lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use;
All but the nymph who should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song:
Like Phœbus thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

By PRIOR.

ON his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs and mutual cries
They both express their care.
A diff'rent cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
His wife—that he may live.

Written on the Bed-chamber Door of Charles II.

ROCHESTER.

HERE lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

THAT little patch upon your face
Would seem a foil on one less fair;
On you it hides a killing grace,
And you in pity plac'd it there.

By PRIOR.

AS afternoon one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver
With skill he chose his sharpest dart;
With all his might his bow he drew:
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.
I faint! I die! the goddess cried:
O cruel! couldst thou find none other
To wreak thy spleen on, parricide?
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.
Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake!
I took you for your likeness, Chloe.

From the Greek. PRIOR.

VENUS, take my votive glass:
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see!

Written on a Glass, by a Gentleman who borrowed the Earl of Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil.

ACCEPT a miracle, instead of wit;
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ!

On Lady Manchester. ADDISON.

WHILST haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er the pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair—
Confusion in their looks they show'd,
And with unusual blushes glow'd.

Suicide. *Dr.* SEWEL.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneeks to death, the brave live on.

By BANKS.

YOUNG Courtly takes me for a dunce;
For all night long I spoke not once:
On better grounds I think him such:
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

By Pope.

MUSE, 'tis enough; at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live—for Buckingham commends.
Let crouds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain,
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and malice from this hour are friends.

MISTAKEN nature here has join'd
A beauteous face and ugly mind;
In vain the faultless features strike
When soul and body are unlike:
Pity that snowy breast should hide
Deceit, and avarice, and pride.
So in rich jars, from China brought,
With glowing colours gaily wrought,
Oftimes the subtle spider dwells,
With secret venom bloated swells,
Weaves all his fatal nets within,
As unsuspected as unseen.

By Waller.

WERE men so dull they could not see
That Lyce painted; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net
So grosly woven and ill-set;
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
These teeth my Lyce must not show,
If she would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes:
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

To Mr. Pope.

DEPEND not upon verse for fame,
Tho' none can equal thine:
Our language never rests the same;
'Twill rise, or 't will decline.
Thy wreaths, in course of fleeting hours,
Too soon will be decay'd:
But story lasts, though modern flow'rs
Of poetry must fade.
A surer way then wouldst thou find
Thy glory to prolong,
Whilst there remains amongst mankind
The sense of right and wrong?
Thy fame with nature's self shall end,
Let future times but know
That Atterbury was thy friend,
And Bentley was thy foe.

By Lord Hervey.

POSSESS'D of one great hall for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat:
How well you build, let flatt'ry tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.

Written in a Window of the Tower, over the Name of R. Walpole, confined in the same Room, Ann. Dom. 1712. Lansdowne.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appears by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
Some rais'd aloft come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

The Manchester Millers, named Bone and Skin. Byrom.

BONE and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it:
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

By Sir G. Lyttleton.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two diff'rent pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

The difference between the Ancients and Moderns.

SOME for the ancients zealously declare,
Others our modern wits are fools, aver:
A third affirms, that they are much the same,
And differ only as to time and name:
Yet sure one more distinction may be told,
Those once were new, but these will ne'er be old.

To Mr. Pope, on his Epitaph on Mr. Gay. *Lord* Orrery.

ENTOMB'D with kings tho' Gay's cold ashes lie,
A nobler monument thy strains supply.
Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,
By courts unaw'd, his virtues dares commend.
Lamented Gay! forget thy treatment past,
Look down, and see thy merit crown'd at last.
A destiny more glorious who can hope?
In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd, by Pope.

On the Queen's Grotto at Richmond.

LEWIS the living genius fed,
And rais'd the scientific head;
Our Queen, more frugal of her meat,
Raises those heads which cannot eat.

I HEARD last week, friend Edward, thou wast dead.
I'm very glad to hear it too, cries Ned.

FRIEND Isaac, 'tis strange, you, that live so near Bray
Should not set up the sign of the Vicar;
Tho' it may be an odd one, you cannot but say
It must needs be a sign of good liquor.

Answer:

INDEED, Master Poet, your reason 's but poor:
For the Vicar would think it a sin
To stay, like a booby, and lounge at the door;
'Twere a sign 'twas bad liquor within.

By a Porter on the Gin Act. To a Great Man.

WHY will you make us cooly think?
If you would govern, we must drink.

Giles Jolt.

GILES JOLT, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilf'rers stole his team away.
Giles wakes, and cries—What's here? odsdickin! what?
Why how now? am I Giles, or am I not?'
If he, I've lost six geldings, to my smart;
If not---odsbuddikins! I 've found a cart.

To Zoilus. JOSIAH RELPH.

WITH industry I spread your praise,
With equal you my censure blaze;
But, 'faith! 't is all in vain we do,
The world nor credits me nor you.

Milton. DRYDEN.

THREE poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no farther go;
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

On the Duchess of Marlborough's Offer of 500*l. for the best Poem on the Duke's Actions.*

FIVE hundred pounds! too small a boon
To put the poet's muse in tune,
That nothing might escape her;
Should she attempt th' heroic story
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,
It scarce would buy the paper.

Scotland. CLEVELAND.

HAD Cain been a Scot, God would have alter'd his doom; [at home.
Not forc'd him to wander, but confin'd him

By PRIOR.

THUS to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame:
Adorn my altars, and revere my name;
My son shall else assume his potent darts,
Twang goes the bow! my girls, have at your hearts!
The Muses answer'd—Venus, we deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.
Send him to nymphs who sleep in Ida's shade,
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade:
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look
On the instructive verse and moral book;
On female idleness his power relies,
But when he finds us studying hard he flies.

By AARON HILL.

WHEN Christ at Cana's feast, by pow'r divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cried they, while in redd'ning tide it gush'd,
The bashful stream hath seen its God and blush'd.

By AARON HILL.

TENDER-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures:
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But, be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

Upon the Busts of the English Worthies at Stow. *Lord* CLARE.

AMONG these chiefs of British race,
Who live in breathing stone,
Why has not Cobham's bust a place?
—The structure was his own.

By POPE.

GREAT Villers' fate sage Cutler could foresee;
And well, he thought, advis'd him---"Live
"like me."
As well his Grace replied—"Like you, Sir John!
"That I can do when all I have is gone."

The Giant angling.

HIS angle-rod made of a sturdy oak, [broke;
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

LIE on! while my revenge shall be
To speak the very truth of thee.

On Michael Angelo's famous Piece of the Crucifixion, who stabbed a Person that he might do it more naturally. *Dr.* YOUNG.

WHILST his Redeemer on the canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek, and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops: and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies;
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up ev'ry pang repeats the blow;

Each

Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

On the Death of a Lady's Cat. HARRISON.

And is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd?
And are her lives, all her nine lives, expir'd?
What sounds so moving, as her own, can tell
How Tabby died, how full of play she fell?
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful strife,
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a life.

A Receipt for Courtship. SWIFT.

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, giv'n as a lure;
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes:
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

Your homely face, Flippanta, you disguise
With patches numerous as Argus' eyes;
I own that patching 's requisite for you,
For more we're pleas'd the less your face we view:
Yet I advise, since my advice you ask,
Wear but one patch, and be that patch a mask.

Inscription for a Bust of Lady Suffolk in a Wood.

Her wit and beauty for a court were made,
Her truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

By Lady M. W. MONTAGUE.

Whilst thirst of praise and vain desire of fame,
In ev'ry age is ev'ry woman's aim;
With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance,
Each conquest owing to some loose advance;
While vain coquets affect to be pursu'd,
And think they 're virtuous, if not grossly lewd;
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide—
In part she is to blame that has been tried;
He comes too near, that comes to be denied.

To Mr. Addison, on his Tragedy of Cato.

The mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd,
And the true poet is a public good.
This Britain feels; while, by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Inflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws,
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And given the just success to Cato's sword.
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
And the muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

Tom's coach and six!—whither in such haste going?
But a short journey—to his own undoing.

Jealousy.

To Bedlam with him: is he sound in mind,
Who still is seeking what he would not find?

By LEONARD WELSTEAD.

I owe, says Thomas, much to Peter's care;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir.
True, Thomas; hence your fortunes take their rise:
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

By Dr. KENRICK.

The great, good man, whom Fortune will displace,
May into scarceness fall, but not disgrace.
His sacred person none will dare profane;
He may be poor, but never can be mean.
He holds his value with the wise and good,
And, prostrate, seems as great as when he stood.
So ruin'd temples holy awe dispense,
They lose their height, but keep their reverence;
The pious crowd the piles, tho' fall'n, deplore,
And what they fail to raise they still adore.

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.
G. STEPNEY.

The gods and Cato did in this divide—
They chose the conqu'ring, he the conquer'd side.

By Dean SWIFT.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you will, there 's nobody at home.

A Flower by Varelst. PRIOR.

When fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view.
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And, finishing the piece, she smiling said:
Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade.

By Sir SAM. GARTH.

Can you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that strew the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales:
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlbro's acts, or Molly's charms?

By Aaron Hill.

How is the world deceiv'd by noise and show!
Alas! how diff'rent, to pretend and know!
Like a poor highway brook, pretence runs loud:
Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud.
While, like some nobler stream, true knowledge glides,
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

The Royal Knotter. *Sir* Ch. Sedley.

Ah, happy people! ye must thrive,
While thus the royal pair does strive
Both to advance your glory;
While he by 's valour conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread-fringes for ye.
Blest we! who from such queens are freed,
Who, by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads:
But here 's a queen now, thanks to God!
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.
Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste;
And, when thy summer show is past,
Let all thy trumpets sound:
The fringe which this campaign has wrought,
Though 't cost the nation scarce a groat,
Thy conquests will surround.

What's Honour?

Not to be captious, not unjustly fight;
'Tis to confess what 's wrong, and do what 's right.

Jack his own merit sees: this gives him pride,
That he sees more than all the world beside.

By Prior.

Yes, ev'ry poet is a fool;
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

Dean Swift's Curate.

I march'd three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Using four legs, when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purified their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf,
While thund'ring out with lungs long winded,
I chopp'd so fast that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run:
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit;
What mortal else could e'er go through it?

The Miser's Feast.

His chimney smokes! it is some omen dire!
His neighbours are alarm'd; and cry out, Fire!

On Sir Godfrey Kneller's painting, for the Author, the Statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules. Pope.

What God, what genius did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted these? [Love,
'Twas friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as
And strong as Hercules.

The Duke of Ch——s. Swift.

James B——s was the Dean's familiar friend;
James grows a Duke; their friendship here must end.
Surely the Dean deserves a sore rebuke,
From knowing James, to say he knows a duke.

The Doctor and the Patient.

Slept you well? "Very well." My draught did good.
"It did no harm: for yonder it hath stood."

Verses occasioned by Mr. Aikman's Death. Thomson.

As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er ev'ry friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

To the Reverend Mr. Murdoch, Rector of Stradishall, in Suffolk. Thomson.

Thus safely low, my friend, thou canst not fall;
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life:
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 't is thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state.

The Power of Time. Swift.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry—
When my old cassock, said a Welsh divine,
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

Epigram by Dr. Doddridge, *on his Motto,*
Dum vivimus, vivamus.

Live while you live, the epicure will say,
And take the pleasure of the present day:
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be!
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

On the Publication of Mrs. Rowe's Poems since her Death.

Thus Philomela sung, on earth detain'd,
While cumb'rous clay the rising soul restrain'd;
Now the freed spirit, with th' angelic choir,
In fields of light attunes th' immortal lyre,
And hymns her God in strains more soft, more strong—
There only could she learn a loftier song.

By Lord Lansdowne.

Believe me, Chloe, those perfumes, that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost;
Not all Arabia would sufficient be; [thee.
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of

By Prior.

When Hopewell thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of Champaigne as an egg 's full of meat:
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon replied: [died.
You may have forgot, you was drunk when you

Brutus unmov'd heard how his Portia fell:
Should Jack's wife die, he would behave as well.

By Dean Swift.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown;
No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

On a Fan which bore the Story of Cephalus and Procris, with this Motto: "Aura veni."

Come, gentle air, th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies:
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play;
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound;
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

One day, in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag—
An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly-bag.
Your simile, I own, is new;
But how wilt make it out? says Hugh.
Quoth Ralph, I'll tell thee, friend;
Make it at top both wide, and fit
To hold a budget full of wit,
And point it at the end.

By Mrs. Pilkington.

Stella and Flavia ev'ry hour
Unnumber'd hearts surprise;
In Stella's soul lies all her pow'r,
And Flavia's in her eyes.
More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd;
All can discern a face that 's fair,
But few a lovely mind.
Stella, like Britain 's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.
Then boast, fair Flavia, boast your face,
Your beauty's only store:
Each day that makes thy charms decrease
Will give to Stella more.

To Mr Pope, on his Dunciad.

The raven, rook, and pert jackdaw,
Tho' neither birds of moral kind,
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To shew us which way blows the wind.
Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction ev'ry way.
With Ægypt's art thy pen may strive:
One potent drop let this but shed,
And ev'ry rogue that stunk alive
Becomes a precious mummy dead.

Treason does never prosper: what's the reason? [son.
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it trea-

Curio's rich sideboard seldom sees the light,
Clean is his kitchen, and his spits are bright:
His knives and forks, all rang'd in even rows,
No hand molests, no servants discompose:
A curious jack, hung up to please the eye,
For ever still, whose flyers—never fly:

His

His plates, unſullied, ſhining on the ſhelf;
For Curio dreſſes nothing but himſelf.

On a Bee ſtifled in Honey.

From flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
See the bleſt, buſy lab'rer fly;
When all that from her toil ſhe gains
Is, in the ſweets ſhe hoards to die.
'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's ſoft ſweets, each fav'rite joy:
If we taſte wiſely they relieve,
But, if we plunge too deep, deſtroy.

On Mr. Pope's Death.

Arise, ye glimmering ſtars of wit!
For, lo! the Sun of Verſe is ſet.

By Dr. Swift.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and he ran for his life,
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſcreen'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome wholeſome advice;
But Tom is a fellow of honour ſo nice,
Too proud to take counſel, too wiſe to take warning,
That he ſent to all three a challenge next morning.
He fought with all three; thrice ventur'd his life;
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

On Mr. Butler's Monument in Weſtminſter-Abbey.
S. Westley.

Whilst Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when ſtarv'd to death, and turn'd to duſt,
Preſented with a monumental buſt!
The poet's fate is here in emblems ſhown;
He aſk'd for bread, and he receiv'd a ſtone.

Inſcription for a Fountain adorned with Queen Anne's and the Duke of Marlborough's Statues, and the chief Rivers of the World round the Work. Prior.

Ye active ſtreams, where'er your waters flow,
Let diſtant climes and fartheſt nations know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlbro' fought.

By W. Congreve.

See, ſee, ſhe wakes, Sabina wakes,
And now the ſun begins to riſe!
Leſs glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams than her bright eyes.
With light united, day they give,
But diff'rent fates ere night fulfil;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldneſs kill!

Let Blackmore ſtill, in good king Arthur's vein,
To Fleckno's empire his juſt right maintain;
Let him his own to common ſenſe oppoſe,
With praiſe and ſlander maul both friends and foes;
Let him great Dryden's awful name profane,
And learned Garth with envious pride diſdain;
Let the quack ſcribble any thing but bills,
His ſatire wounds not, but his phyſic kills.

By Josiah Relph.

No, Varus hates a thing that's baſe;
I own, indeed, he 's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But ſcorns to do 't behind their back.

Under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz. Lyttelton.

Such is thy form, O Poyntz! but who ſhall find
A hand or colours to expreſs thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,
In a falſe world that dares to be ſincere:
Wiſe without art, without ambition great;
Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' ſedate;
With all the richeſt ſtores of learning fraught;
Yet, better ſtill, by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the diſtreſs'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when misfortune ſued, ne'er ſought to know
What ſect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,
Deſpiſes calumny, and ſhuns applauſe;
That, to his own perfections ſingly blind,
Would for another think this praiſe deſign'd.

By Josiah Relph.

When from her boſom Arria pull'd the blade,
Thus to her lord the tender heroine ſaid:
The wound I gave myſelf with eaſe I bear,
Alas! I die by that which kills my dear.

The Commons' Petition to King Charles the Second.
Rochester.

In all humility we crave
Our ſovereign may be our ſlave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us moſt loyally:
And if he pleaſe once to lay down
His ſceptre, dignity, and crown,
We 'll make him, for the time to come,
The greateſt prince in Chriſtendom.

The King's Anſwer:

Charles, at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

The Worm Doctor. J. Relph.

Vagus, advanc'd on high, proclaims his ſkill,
By cakes of wondrous force the worms to kill;

A ſcornful

A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art.
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

On Plutarch's Statue. From the Greek. DRYDEN.

WISE, honest Plutarch! to thy deathless praise
The sons of Rome this grateful statue raise:
For, why? both Greece and Rome thy fame have shar'd,
Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd.
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own;
Their lives had parallels—but thine has none.

On the Statue of Niobe. From the Greek.

TO stone the gods have chang'd her—but in vain:
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

To a young Gentleman.

NATURE has done her part: do thou but thine;
Learning and sense let decency refine.
For vain applause transgress not virtue's rules:
A witty sinner is the worst of fools.

Ulysses' Dog. POPE.

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast,
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests toss't,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his queen, unknown:
Chang'd as he was with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashier'd he lay;
And, tho' e'en then expiring on the plain,
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again:
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
'Twas all he could, and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy: then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died.

To King Charles I. on his Navy. WALLER.

SHOULD nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,
Thy pow'r were safe—and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful fleet would style thee lord of all,
And rise in triumph o'er the drowned ball.

On Mrs. Barbiere's first Appearance on the Stage.

NO pleasure now from Nicolini's tongue,
In vain he strives to move us with his song:
On a fair Syren we have fix'd our choice,
And wait with longing ears for Barbiere's voice:
When, lo! the nymph by bashful awe betray'd,
Her falt'ring tongue denies her looks its aid:
But so much innocence adorns her fears,
And with such grace her modesty she wears,
By her disorder all her charms increase,
And, had she better sung, she'd pleas'd us less.

On the Spectator.

WHEN first the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
Till the Spectator rose, and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
And sigh'd till circling day his joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor, or the same;
So we—but now from this suspense are freed;
Since all agree who both with judgment read,
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

To the Lord Chancellor King; alluding to his Motto, "Labor ipse voluptas!"

'TIS not the splendour of the place,
The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,
And all the pompous train of state,
With crowds which at the levee wait,
That make you happy, make you great:
But when mankind you strive to bless,
With all the talents you possess;
When all the joys you can receive
Flow from the benefits you give:
This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
And makes the heavy burden light:
True pleasure, rightly understood,
Is only labour to do good.

Written in a Lady's Milton. PRIOR.

WITH virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd:
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought—
Nor had frail Adam fell—nor Milton wrote.

From the Greek.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll! revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth.
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch! return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by;
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

A Character of an old Rake.

SCORN'D by the wise, detested by the good,
Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
Proud without spirit, vain without desert;
Affecting passions vice has long subdu'd;
Desp'rately gay, and impotently lewd;

And,

And, as thy weak companions round thee sit,
For eminence in folly deem'd a wit.

Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyney, on his Books in favour of a Vegetable Diet.

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn:
From Hippocrate thou hadst it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.
Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.
Doctor! one new prescription try:
(A friend's advice forgive)
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die;
Thy patients then may live.

Dr. Cheyney to Dr. Wynter.

MY system, doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend;
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.
Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.
I can't your kind prescription try;
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

On King William's Exploits during two Campaigns in Flanders.

THE author sure must take great pains,
Who fairly writes his story,
In which of these two last campaigns
He gain'd the greatest glory:
For, while that he march'd on to fight,
Like hero, nothing fearing;
Namur was taken in his sight,
And Mons within his hearing.

A Smart Rapartee. SWIFT.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be giv'n,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heav'n?
There are no women, he replied.
She quick returns the jest—
Women there are, but I 'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

On Glover's Leonidas being compared to Virgil.

EQUAL to Virgil!—it may, perhaps:
But then, by Jove, 'tis Dr. Trapp's.

On a bad Translation.

HIS work now done, he 'll publish it no doubt;
For sure I am that murder will come out.

To a bad Fidler.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd Old Nick,
Whilst thou mov'st nothing—but thy fiddle-stick.

On Sir John Vanbrugh's Device of a Lion and a Cock, at Blenheim.

HAD Marlb'rough's troops in Gaul no better fought,
Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble wrought,
No more in arms than he in emblems skill'd,
The cock had drove the lion from the field.

On the Bridge at Blenheim. Dr. EVANS.

THE lofty arch his high ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

To a Lady. A. HILL.

IF fix'd on yours my eyes in prav'r you see,
You must not call my zeal idolatry!
For since our Maker's throne is plac'd so high,
That only in his works the God we spy,
And what's most bright most gives him to our view,
I look most near him when I look on you.

The Antidote.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air;
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire;
But, soon as e'er the beauteous ideot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;
Like balm the tickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what the eye sent thrall'd, her tongue unbound.

The Female Prattler.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.
Forbear, my Fannia; O, forbear,
If your own health or ours you prize;
For all mankind that hear you, swear
Your tongue 's more killing than your eyes.
Your tongue 's a traitor to your face,
Your fame 's by your own noise obscur'd;
All are distracted while they gaze,
But, if they listen, they are cur'd.
Your silence would acquire more praise
Than all you say, or all you write:
One look ten thousand charms displays;
Then hush! and be an angel quite.

The Avaro.

THUS to the master of a house,
Which, like a church, would starve a mouse;
Which never guest had entertain'd,
Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd,
I said—Well, Sir, 'tis vastly neat;
But where d' you drink, and where d' you eat?

If

If one may judge by rooms so fine,
It costs you more in mops than wine.

Effectual Malice.

Of all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Cotin's the sharpest, and succeeds the best;
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright
With serious rancour, and true Christian spite;
But he, more sly, pursues his fell design—
Writes scoundrel verses, and then says they 're mine.

On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a Present of Books to Cambridge, by King George I. 1715.
By Dr. Trapp.

The king observing, with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Answered by Sir William Browne.

The king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

The Friendly Contest.

While Cam and Isis their sad tribute bring
Of rival grief, to weep their pious king,
The bards of Isis half had been forgot,
Had not the sons of Cam in pity wrote; [curse,
From their learn'd brothers they took off the
And prov'd their verse not bad—by writing worse.

Against Life. From the Greek of Posidippus.

What tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
Can mortals choose thro' human life?
Attend the courts attend the bar—
There discord reigns, and endless jar:
At home the weary wretches find
Severe disquietude of mind:
To till the fields gives toil and pain:
Eternal terrors sweep the main:
If rich, we fear to lose our store;
Need and distress await the poor:
Sad cares the bands of Hymen give;
Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarried live,
Are children born? we anxious groan;
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan;
Wild giddy schemes our youth engage;
Weakness and wants depress old age.
Would fate then with my wish comply,
I 'd never live, or quickly die.

For Life. From the Greek of Metrodorus.

Mankind may rove, unvex'd by strife,
Thro' ev'ry road of human life.
Fair wisdom regulates the bar,
And peace concludes the wordy war:
At home auspicious mortals find
Serene tranquillity of mind:
All-beauteous nature decks the plain;
And merchants plough for gold the main:
Respect arises from our store;
Security from being poor:
More joys the bands of Hymen give;
Th' unmarried with more freedom live:
If parents, our blest lot we own;
Childless, we have no cause to moan:
Firm vigour crowns our youthful stage;
And venerable hairs old-age.
Since all is good, then who would cry,
"I 'd never live, or quickly die?"

The Revenge of America. Warton.

When Cortez' furious legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful genius rose:
He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
And heard a thousand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To see huge Plato foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
To view his cities smoaking round.
What woes, he cried, hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd!
Plund'rers, proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye shall meet destruction there.
From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice;
Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I see all Europe's children curst
With lucre's universal thirst:
The rage that sweeps my sons away
My baneful gold shall well repay.

Mutual Pity.

Tom, ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
Still whores and drinks his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.
'Tis thus that we two disagree;
So diff'rent is our whim:
The fellow fondly laughs at me,
While I could cry for him.

Universal Complaisance.

Through servile flattery thou dost all commend—
Who cares to please whom no man can offend?

Under the Statue of a Water Nymph, at Stourhead, Somersetshire. From the Latin. Pope.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep:
Ah, spare my slumbers! gently tread the cave,
Or drink in silence, or in silence lave.

On his own Grotto. Pope.

Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror thro' the shadowy cave;
Where

Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs diſtil,
And pointed cryſtals break the ſparkling rill;
Unpoliſh'd gems no ray on pride beſtow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach! great Nature ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the mine without a wiſh for gold.
Approach, but awful!—lo th' Egerian grot,
Where, nobly penſive, St. John ſat and thought;
Where Britiſh ſighs from dying Wyndham ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot thro' Marchmont's ſoul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

A prudent Choice.

WHEN Loveleſs married Lady Jenny,
Whoſe beauty was the ready penny;
I choſe her, ſays he, like old plate,
Not for the faſhion, but the weight.

On a great Houſe adorned with Statues.

THE walls are thick, the ſervants thin;
The gods without, the dev'l within.

On a haſty Marriage.

MARRIED! 'tis well! a mighty bleſſing!
But poor 's the joy, no coin poſſeſſing.
In ancient times, when folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at "board and bed."
But hard 's his caſe, who can 't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

The Incurious.

THREE years in London Bobadil had been,
Yet not the lions nor the tombs had ſeen;
I cannot tell the cauſe without a ſmile—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

To a Spendthrift diſinherited.

HIS whole eſtate thy father, by his will,
Gave to the poor—Thou haſt good title ſtill.

On a pale Lady.

WHENCE comes it that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place?
Is it, that the abſent roſe
Is gone to paint her huſband's noſe?

The Muſical Conteſt. SWIFT.

SOME ſay that Signior Bononcini,
Compar'd to Handel, 's a mere ninny:
Others aver that to him Handel
Is ſcarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange! that ſuch difference ſhould be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

The Happy Phyſiognomy.

YOU aſk why * Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet, if he prints, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it!—This, Sir, is the caſe:
The jeſt is loſt—unleſs he prints his face.

On ſeeing a Miſer at a Concert in Spring-Gardens.

MUSIC has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt,
To calm the tyrant, and relieve th' oppreſt:
But Vauxhall concert's more attractive pow'r
Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at threeſcore:
O ſtrange effect of muſic's matchleſs force,
T' extract two ſhillings from a miſer's purſe!

On certain Paſtorals.

SO rude and tuneleſs are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian ſwain that ſings,
But 'tis his herds that low.

On a Gentleman who expended his Fortune in Horſe-Racing.

JOHN ran ſo long, and ran ſo faſt,
No wonder he ran out at laſt;
He ran in debt; and then, to pay,
He diſtanc'd all—and ran away.

On a Collar of a Dog preſented by Mr. Pope to the Prince of Wales.

I AM his Highneſs's dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whoſe dog are you?

From the Greek.

A BLOOMING youth lies buried here:
Euphemius, to his country dear:
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With ev'ry muſe and ev'ry grace:
Prepar'd the marriage ſtate to prove,
But Death had quicker wings than Love.

On Sophocles.

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a ſhade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With bluſhing roſes and the cluſt'ring vine:
Thus will thy laſting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he ſung:
Whoſe ſoul, exalted like a god of wit,
Among the muſes and the graces writ.

On the Counteſs Dowager of Pembroke. BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this ſable hearſe
Lies the ſubject of all verſe,
Sydney's ſiſter, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou haſt ſlain another,
Fair, and wiſe, and good as ſhe,
Time ſhall throw his dart at thee.

By BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this ſtone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live:
If ſhe had a ſingle fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.

Intended for Dryden. POPE.

THIS Sheffield rais'd. The ſacred duſt below
Was Dryden once: the reſt who does not know?

* Author of a paper called Paſquin, reflecting on Mr. Pope, &c.

On

On Mr. Rowe. POPE.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honour'd bust,
O! next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Blest'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd!
And bless'd, that, timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

On Mr. Fenton. POPE.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man:"
A poet, bless'd beyond the poet's fate, [great.
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied, [died.
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he

On Mr. Gay. POPE.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in his end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies Gay.

On Tom D'Urfey.

HERE lies the Lyric, who with tale and song,
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet;
His heart was cheerful—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader! grieve, that he, too soon grown
His song has ended, and his tale has told. [old,

To Aaron Hill, Esq. S. RICHARDSON.

WHEN noble thoughts with language pure unite,
To give to kindred excellence its right,
Tho' unincumber'd with the clogs of rhyme,
Where tinkling sounds for want of meaning chime,
Which like the rock in Shannon's midway course,
Divide the sense, and interrupt its force;
Well may we judge so strong and clear a rill
Flows higher from the muses' sacred *Hill*.

PRIOR, *on himself.*

TO me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given
To live; alas! one moment sets us even;
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven!

Inscription on an Urn at Lord Cork's to the Memory of the Dog Hector.

STRANGER, behold the mighty Hector's tomb!
See! to what end both dogs and heroes come.
These are the honours by his master paid
To Hector's manes and lamented shade:
Nor words nor honours can enough commend
The social dog---nay more the faithful friend!
From nature all his principles he drew;
By nature faithful, vigilant, and true; [press'd;
His looks and voice his inward thoughts ex-
He growl'd in anger, and in love caress'd.
No human falsehood lurk'd beneath his heart;
Brave without boasting, gen'rous without art.
When Hector's virtues man, proud man, displays,
Truth shall adorn his tomb with Hector's praise.

On a Parish Clerk.

HERE lies, within his tomb, so calm,
Old Giles; pray sound his knell;
Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell.

On an Old Woman who sold Pots at Chester.

BENEATH this stone lies Cath'rine Gray,
Chang'd to a lifeless lump of clay;
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
Yet now she 's turn'd to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears;
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again?

To the Pye-house *Memory of Nell Batchelour, the Oxford Pie-woman.*

HERE, into the dust
The mouldering crust
Of Eleanor Batchelor 's shoven;
Well vers'd in the arts
Of pies, custards, and tarts,
And the lucrative skill of the oven.

When she 'd liv'd long enough,
She made her last puff---
A puff by her husband much prais'd:
Now here she doth lie,
And makes a dirt-pie,
In hopes that her *crust* shall be *rais'd*.

On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Poet and Architect. By Dr. EVANS.

LIE heavy on him earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Posthumous Fame.

A MONSTER, in a course of vice grown old;
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold,
Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues shone,
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone

If

If on his ſpecious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his ſhould ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him ſhould ever live!

On the Hon. Simon Harcourt. Pope.

To this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near:
Here lies the friend moſt lov'd, the ſon moſt dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his father grief—but when he died.
How vain is reaſon, eloquence how weak!
If Pope muſt tell what Harcourt cannot ſpeak:
Yet let thy once-lov'd friend inſcribe thy ſtone,
And with a father's ſorrow mix his own!

On General Withers. Pope.

Here, Withers, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind!
O born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O ſoft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
Withers adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial ſpirit, or thy ſocial love!
Amidſt corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave ſome ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay, thoſe Engliſh glories gone,
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

On Mr. Craggs. Pope.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of ſoul ſincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end;
Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend!
Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd—by the muſe he lov'd.

On Sir Iſaac Newton.

Approach, ye wiſe of ſoul, with awe divine,
'Tis Newton's name that conſecrates this ſhrine!
That ſun of knowledge, whoſe meridian ray
Kindled the gloom of nature into day!
That ſoul of ſcience, that unbounded mind,
That genius which ennobled human kind!
Confeſs'd ſupreme of men, his country's pride;
And half eſteem'd an angel—till he died:
Who in the eye of Heaven like Enoch ſtood,
And thro the paths of knowledge walk'd with God:
Whoſe fame extends, a ſea without a ſhore!
Who but forſook one world to know the laws of more.

On the ſame. Pope.

Nature, and nature's laws lay hid in night,
God ſaid, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

From Cowley.

Here lies the great—Falſe marble, tell me where:
Nothing but poor and ſordid duſt lies here.

On a young Lady. Mallet.

This humble grave tho' no proud ſtructure grace,
Yet truth and goodneſs ſanctify the place:
Yet blameleſs virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb:
Eſcap'd from death, O ſafe on that calm ſhore,
Where ſin, and pain, and paſſion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
Regard and pity, wait ſincere on thee!
Lo! ſoft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendſhip ſits a mourner here.

On Mr. Aikman and his Son. Mallet.

Dear to the wiſe and good, beneath this ſtone
Here ſleep in peace the father and the ſon!
By virtue, as by nature, cloſe allied,
The painter's genius, but without the pride:
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to ſhine,
Honour's clear light, and friendſhip's warmth divine.
The ſon, fair-riſing, knew too ſhort a date!
But O! how more ſevere the parent's fate!
He ſaw him torn untimely from his ſide,
Felt all a father's anguiſh, wept, and died.

On a young Lady.

Here innocence and beauty lie, whoſe breath
Was ſnatch'd by early, not untimely death.
Hence did ſhe go juſt as ſhe did begin
Sorrow to know, before ſhe knew to ſin.
Death, that does ſin and ſorrow thus prevent,
Is the next bleſſing to a life well ſpent.

On an Infant.

To the dark and ſilent tomb
Soon I haſted, from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began
Ere I meaſur'd out my ſpan.

I no ſmiling pleaſures knew;
I no gay delights could view;
Joyleſs ſojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

Happy infant, early bleſt!
Reſt, in peaceful ſlumber reſt;
Early reſcu'd from the cares
Which increaſe with growing years.

No delights are worth thy ſtay,
Smiling as they ſeem, and gay;
Short and fickly are they all,
Hardly taſted ere they pall.

All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain:
Laſting only and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.

Another.

Another.

Beneath a sleeping infant lies;
To earth her body 's lent:
More glorious she 'll hereafter rise,
Tho' not more innocent.

When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine.

On Two Twin-Sisters.

Fair marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise;
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

To the Memory of Mrs. Catharine Shuckburgh, who died at Bath, March 22, 1764.

Remov'd from all the pains and cares of life,
Here rests the pleasing friend and faithful wife:
Ennobled by the virtues of her mind:
Constant to goodness, and in death resign'd:
Who plac'd true practice in a wise retreat,
Privately pious; and unknown, tho' great;
Sure, in the silent sabbath of the grave,
To taste that tranquil peace she always gave.
O early-lost, in virtue's fairest prime!
Thy pieties supplied life's want of time.
No death is sudden to a soul prepar'd—
When God's own hour brings always God's reward:
Thy death (and such, O reader, wish thy own!)
Was free from terrors, and without a groan:
Thy spirit to himself th' Almighty drew,
Mild as his sun exhales th' ascending dew.

Epitaph on Mrs. Mason, in the Cathedral at Bristol. Mason.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift, which Heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave—
And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee:
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:
And, if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love;
Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas ev'n to thee) yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

Epitaph on Miss Drummond, in the Church of Brodsworth, Yorkshire. Mason.

Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace;
Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charms to truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died.
He weeps: O venerate the holy tear!
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load;
The parent mourns his child upon the bier,
The christian yields an angel to his God.

Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke. Gray.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.

Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh, an unavailing tear,
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

On General Wolfe: in the Church of Westeram, in Kent—where he was born, 1727.

While George in sorrow bows his laurel'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead—
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.
Proud of thy birth, we boast the auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear;
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone—
And from thy matchless honour date our own.

The Prayer of a wise Heathen.

Great Jove, this one petition grant;
(Thou knowest best what mortals want:)
Ask'd or unask'd, what 's good supply;
What 's evil—to our pray'rs deny!

To the Right Hon. Lady Ch———, 1763.

When lovely Portia glitters at the play,
Or, in her birth-night robes, outshines the day;
From crowds distinguish'd by her grace and air,
Portia the fairest seems, where all are fair:
A kindling passion ev'ry breast alarms,
Each tongue proclaims the triumph of her charms.

But, when, retir'd amidſt their rural bow'rs
She cheers th' illuſtrious patriot's calmer hours;
Or, ſmiling, ſits her infant tribe among,
And guides to virtue's paths the liſt'ning throng:
Behold, amidſt theſe pleaſing cares of life,
The tender mother, and th' engaging wife!
More juſt applauſe theſe humbler virtues ſhare,
And Portia ſhines—as good as ſhe is fair.

An Incident in High Life.

THE Bucks had din'd, and deep in council ſat;
Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew flat:
Up ſtarts his lordſhip, to the window flies,
And lo! "A race! a race!" in rapture cries:
"Where?" quoth Sir John: "Why, ſee! two "drops of rain
'Start from the ſummit of the cryſtal pane:
'A thouſand pounds! which drop with nimbleſt "force
"Performs its current down the ſlippery courſe!"
The bets were fix'd; the dire ſuſpenſe they wait
For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.
Now down the ſaſh, unconſcious of the prize,
The bubbles roll—like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
But ah! the glittering joys of life are ſhort!—
How oft two joſtling ſteeds have ſpoil'd the ſport!
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into *one* bubble draws.
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project croſs'd;
How hard their lot, who neither won nor loſt!

As a weſt-country mayor, with formal addreſs,
Was making his ſpeech to the haughty Queen Beſs:
"The Spaniard," quoth he, "with inveterate "ſpleen
"Has preſum'd to attack you, a poor virgin-"queen;
"But your majeſty's courage has made it appear,
"That the don had ta'en the wrong *ſow* by the "ear."

A Court Audience.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too ſerious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a ſport:
He ſoon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor ſtopp'd; began to call,
"Pray 'wake the Earl of Lauderdale:
"My lord! why, 'tis a monſtrous thing!
"You ſnore ſo loud you 'll wake the king."

On a Diſpute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way
Into one common garden—and each had a key.
Quoth Kneller, "I 'll certainly ſtop up that door,
"If ever I find it unlock'd any more."
"Your threats," replies Radcliffe, "diſturb not "my eaſe;
"And ſo you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you "pleaſe."
"You 're ſmart," rejoins Kneller; "but, ſay "what you will,
"I 'll *take* any thing from you—but potion or "pill."

The Empty Gun.

AS Dick and Tom in fierce diſpute engage,
And, face to face, the noiſy conteſt wage;
"Don't *cock* your chin at me." Dick ſmartly cries. [replies.
"Fear not—his head 's not *charg'd*" a friend

To ——, Eſq. Antiquary and F. R. S.

GIVE me the thing that 's pretty, odd, and new:
All ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you.

On erecting a Monument to Shakſpeare, under the Direction of Mr. Pope, Lord Burlington, &c.

TO mark her Shakſpeare's worth, and Britain's love,
Let Pope deſign, and Burlington approve:
Superfluous care! When diſtant times ſhall view
This tomb grown old—his works ſhall ſtill be new.

On Mr. Naſh's Picture at full Length, between the Buſts of Sir Iſaac Newton and Mr. Pope, at Bath.
CHESTERFIELD.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dreſs,
To give men pains in ſearch of it,
And pleaſe themſelves with gueſs.
Moderns, to hit the ſelf-ſame path,
And exerciſe their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, God of Arts!
Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wiſdom does expreſs;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happineſs.
Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
The ſunſhine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in ſearch of it,
You 'll endleſs pleaſure find.
Naſh repreſents man in the maſs,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a king, ſometimes an aſs:
Now blunt, and now polite.
The picture plac'd the buſts between,
Adds to the thought much ſtrength;
Wiſdom and Wit are little ſeen,
But folly 's at full length.

The following Lines were handed up to a beautiful young Lady who was attending the Trial of Criminals at the Aſſizes in Surry.

WHILST petty offences and felonies ſmart,
Is there no juriſdiction for ſtealing one's heart?
You,

You, fair one, will ſmile, and cry, "Laws, I
"deſy you;" [you,
Aſſur'd that no peers can be ſummon'd to try
But think not that paltry defence will ſecure ye;
For the muſes and graces will juſt make a jury.

The Dropſical Man. TAYLOR.

A JOLLY, brave toper, who could not forbear,
Though his life was in danger, old port and ſtale beer,
Gave the doctors the hearing—but ſtill would drink on,
Till the dropſy had ſwell'd him as big as a tun;
The more he took phyſic the worſe ſtill he grew,
And tapping was now the laſt thing he could do.
Affairs at this criſis, and doctors come down,
He began to conſider—ſo ſent for his ſon.
Tom, ſee by what courſes I 've ſhorten'd my life,
I am leaving the world ere I'm forty and five;
More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours
This manor, this houſe, and eſtate will be yours;
My early exceſſes may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's youth.
Says Tom (who 's a lad of a generous ſpirit,
And not like young rakes, who 're in haſte to inherit)
Sir, don't be diſhearten'd; altho' it be true,
Th' operation is painful, and hazardous too,
'Tis no more than what many a man has gone through.
And then, as for years, you may yet be call'd young,
Your life after this may be happy and long.
Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
With a jeſt in his mouth, and a tear in his eye:
Too well by experience, my veſſels, thou know'ſt,
No ſooner are tapp'd, but they give up the ghoſt.

EPIGRAMS *from* MARTIAL.

To James Harris, Eſq.

MARTIAL, Book iv. Ep. 87.

WOULDST thou, by Attic taſte approv'd,
By all be read, by all be lov'd,
To learned Harris' curious eye,
By me adviſ'd, dear Muſe, apply:
In him the perfect judge you 'll find,
In him the candid friend, and kind.
If he repeats, if he approves,
If he the laughing muſcles moves,
Thou nor the critic's ſneer ſhalt mind,
Nor be to pies or trunks conſign'd.
If he condemns, away you fly,
And mount in paper-kites the ſky,
Or dead 'mongſt Grub-ſtreet's records lie.

Book i. Ep. 11.

CURMUDGEON the rich widow courts,
Nor lovely ſhe, nor made for ſports;
'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough,
That ſhe has got a church-yard cough.

Book i. Ep. 14.

WHEN Arria from her wounded ſide
To Pætus gave the reeking ſteel,
I feel not what I 've done, ſhe cried;
What Pætus is to do—I feel.

Book iii. Ep. 43.

BEFORE a ſwan, behind a crow,
Such ſelf-deceit ne'er did I know.
Ah! ceaſe your arts—death knows you 're gray,
And ſpite of all will keep his day.

Book iv. Ep. 78.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes the man,
And I muſt dine with lady Anne.
A ſilver ſervice loads the board,
Of eatables a ſlender hoard.
"Your pride, and not your victuals, ſpare;
"I came to dine, and not to ſtare."

Book vii. Ep. 75.

WHEN dukes in town aſk thee to dine,
To rule their roaſt, and ſmack their wine;
Or take thee to their country-ſeat,
To mark their dogs, and bleſs their meat;
———, dream not on preferment ſoon,
Thou 'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

Book viii. Ep. 35.

A LIKE in temper and in life,
A drunken huſband, ſottiſh wife,
She a ſcold, a bully he—
The devil 's in 't they don't agree.

Book xii. Ep. 23.

YOUR teeth from Hemmet, and your hair from Bolney—
Was not an eye to be alſo had for money?

Book xii. Ep. 30.

NED is a ſober fellow, they pretend—
Such would I have my coachman, not my friend.

Book xii. Ep. 103.

YOU ſell your wife 's rich jewels, lace, and clothes;
The price once paid, away the purchaſe goes:
But ſhe a better bargain proves, I 'm told;
Still ſold returns, and ſtill is to be ſold.

Book i. Ep. 40.

IS there, t' enroll amongſt the friendly few,
Whoſe names pure faith and ancient fame renew?
Is there, enrich'd with virtue's honeſt ſtore,
Deep vers'd in Latian and Athenian lore?
Is there, who right maintains, and truth purſues,
Nor knows a wiſh that Heaven can refuſe?
Is there, who can on his great ſelf depend?
Now let me die, but Harris is this friend.

Book ii. Ep. 80.

WHEN Fannius ſhould have 'ſcap'd his foe,
His own hands ſtopp'd his breath:
And was 't not madneſs, I would know,
By dying to 'ſcape death?

The same.

HIMSELF he slew, when he the foe would fly:
What madness this—for fear of death to die!

Book v. Ep. 78.

VARUS did lately me to supper call;
The furniture was large, the feast but small,
The tables spread with plate, not meat; they put
Much to accost the eye, nought for the gut:
We came to feast our bellies, not our eyes;
Pray take away your gold; give us some pies.

Book i. Ep. 16.

THOU, whom (if faith or honour recommends
A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends,
Remember you are now almost threescore;
Few days of life remain, if any more:
Defer not what no future time insures,
And only what is past, esteem that yours.
Successive cares and troubles for you stay;
Pleasure not so; it nimbly fleets away;
Then seize it fast: embrace it ere it flies;
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.
"I 'll live to-morrow," will a wise man say?
To morrow is too late—then live to-day.

From Martial, literally translated.

A Landlord of Bath put upon me a queer *hum*:
I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave me
mere rum *.

Book ii. Ep. 41.

YES; I submit, my lord; you 've gain'd your end:
I 'm now your slave—that would have been your friend.
I 'll bow, I 'll cringe, be supple as your glove—
Respect, adore you—ev'ry thing—but love.

Book viii. Ep. 19.

HAL says he 's poor, in hopes you 'll say he 's not;
But take his word for 't; Hal 's not worth a groat.

Book i. Ep. 16.

WHEN from her breast chaste Arria snatch'd the sword,
And gave the deathful weapon to her lord;
My wound, she said, believe me, does not smart,
But thine, alone, my Pætus, pains my heart.

Book ix. Ep. 82.

MY works the reader and the hearer praise—
They 're incorrect, a brother poet says:
But let him rail; for, when I give a feast,
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

Book i. Ep. 34.

HER father dead—alone no grief she knows;
Th' obedient tear at ev'ry visit flows.
No mourner he, who must by praise be fee'd,
But he, who mourns in secret, mourns indeed!

Book i. Ep. 39.

THE verses, friend, which thou hast read, are mine;
But, as thou read'st them, they may pass for thine.

Book ii. Ep. 3.

YOU say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes, who something has to pay.

Book ii. Ep. 58.

YOU 'RE fine, and ridicule my thread-bare gown;
Thread-bare indeed it is; but 'tis my own.

I DROPP'D a thing in verse, without a name;
I felt no censure, and I gain'd no fame:
The public saw the bastard in the cradle,
But ne'er enquir'd: so left it to the beadle.
A certain nobleman takes up the child,
The real father lay perdue, and smil'd.
The public now enlarges ev'ry grace,
What shining eyes it has! how fair a face!
Of parts what symmetry! what strength divine!
The noble brat is sure of Pelops' line.

The Mistake. TAYLOR.

A CANNON-BALL, one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away;
And, as on comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick-back to the surgeons.
Z——ds! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?
A lying dog! cries Jack—he said
His leg was off, and not his head.

An Epitaph to the Memory of Lucy Lyttelton.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love;
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd;
Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

Epitaph on Miss Stanley. THOMSON.

HERE, Stanley! rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauty stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!
O! born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,
To shew us Virtue in her fairest form;
To shew us artless Reason's moral reign;
What boastful Science arrogates in vain;

* Merum is not translated at all.

Th'

Th' obedient passions, knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and Harmony the heart!
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away;
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye;
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
Blest be the bark that wafts us to the shore
Where death-divided friends shall part no more!
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

An Inscription on the Tomb raised to the Memory of the Author's Father, and of others his Ancestors.

Lord CLARE.

UNMARK'D by trophies of the great and vain,
Here sleeps in silent tomb a gentle train.
No folly wasted their paternal store,
No guilt, no sordid av'rice made it more;
With honest fame, and sober plenty crown'd,
They liv'd, and spread their cheering influence round.
May he whose hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of filial praise!

I LOV'D thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

SINCE first you knew my am'rous smart,
Each day augments your proud disdain;
'Twas then enough to break my heart,
And now, thank Heaven! to break my chain.
Cease, thou scorner, cease to shun me!
Now let love and hatred cease!
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you:
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

Dialogue between an old Incumbent and the Person promised the next Presentation.

I'M glad to see you well.—O faithless breath!
What, glad to see me well, and with my death!
No more, replies the youth, Sir, this misgiving:
I wish not for your death, but for your living.

THO' cheerful, discreet, and with freedom well bred,
She never resented an idle word said:
Securely she smiles on the forward and bold,
They feel what they owe her, and feel it untold.

I SWORE I lov'd, and you believ'd,
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd;
Though all I swore was true.
I lov'd one gen'rous, good, and kind,
A form created in my mind;
And thought that form was you.

On one who first abused, and then made Love to a Lady.

FOUL —— with graceless verse,
The noble —— dar'd aspérse:
But when he saw her well bespatter'd,
Her reputation stain'd and tatter'd;
He gaz'd, and lov'd, the hideous elf,
She look'd so very like himself.
True sung the bard well known to fame *,
Self-love and social are the same.

To a Lady who drew the Pins from her Bonnet in a Thunder Storm.

CEASE, Eliza, thy locks to despoil,
Nor remove the bright steel from thy hair;
For fruitless and fond is the toil,
Since Nature has made thee so fair.

While the rose on thy cheek shall remain,
And thine eye so bewitchingly shine,
Thy endeavour must still be in vain,
For *attraction* will always be thine.

SHE who in secret yields her heart,
Again may claim it from her lover;
But she who plays the trifler's part,
Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.
Then grant the boon for which I pray;
'Tis better lend than throw away.

WE thought you without titles great,
And wealthy with a small estate;
While by your humble self alone
You seem'd unrated and unknown.
But now on fortune's swelling tide
High borne in all the pomp of pride,
Of grandeur vain, and fond of self,
'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

TOM thought a wild profusion great,
And therefore spent his whole estate:
WILL thinks the wealthy are ador'd,
And gleans what misers blush to hoard,
Their passions merit fate the same,
They thirst and starve alike for fame.

To Clarissa.

WHY like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
When thou mayst rule the willing mind?
Can the poor pride of giving pain
Repay the joys that wait the kind?
I curse my fond enduring heart,
Which scorn'd, presumes not to be free,
Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
To hate myself, and burn for thee.

EVER busy, ne'er employ'd:
Ever loving, ne'er enjoy'd:

* Mr. Pope.

Ever doom'd to ſeek and miſs,
And pay unbleſs'd the price of bliſs.

On Shakſpeare's Monument at Stratford upon Avon
SEWARD.

GREAT Homer's birth ſeven rival cities claim,
Too mighty ſuch monopoly of fame.
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
His wondrous worth; what Egypt could beſtow,
With all the ſchools of Greece and Aſia join'd,
Enlarg'd th' immenſe expanſion of his mind.
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian ſtrain,
The * Britiſh Eagle and the Mantuan Swan
Tow'r equal heights. But, happier Stratford, thou,
With inconteſted laurels deck thy brow:
Thy bard was thine unſchool'd, and from thee brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Aſia taught.
Not Homer's ſelf ſuch matchleſs honours won;
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakſpeare none.

A Sonnet. Imitated from the Spaniſh of Lopez de Vega. Menagiana, tom. iv. p. 176.
EDWARDS.

CAPRICIOUS Wray a ſonnet needs muſt have;
I ne'er was ſo put to 't before—a ſonnet!
Why, fourteen verſes muſt be ſpent upon it:
'Tis good howe'er t' have conquer'd the firſt ſtave.

Yet I ſhall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I, and found myſelf i' the midſt o' the ſecond
If twice four verſes were but fairly reckon'd,
I ſhould turn back on th' hardeſt part and laugh.

Thus far with good ſucceſs I think I 've ſcribbled,
And of the twice ſeven lines have clean got o'er ten.
Courage! another 'll finiſh the firſt triplet.
Thanks to thee, muſe, my work begins to ſhorten.

There 's thirteen lines got thro' driblet by driblet,
'Tis done! count how you will, I warr'nt there 's fourteen.

ON pollard oak, hollow at heart,
Tremendous lightning darted.
Tremble at God's avenging dart,
O all ye hollow-hearted!

NO wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound,
In learning and ſcience ſo greatly abound;
When all carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with ſo few who bring any away.

AS Quin and Foote
One day walk'd out
To view the country round,
In merry mood
They chatting ſtood,
Hard by the village-pound.

Foote from his poke
A ſhilling took,
And ſaid, I 'll bet a penny
In a ſhort ſpace,
Within this place,
I 'll make this piece a guinea.

Upon the ground,
Within the pound,
The ſhilling ſoon was thrown:
Behold, ſays Foote,
The thing 's made out,
For there is one pound one.

I wonder not,
Says Quin, that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that 's the way
Your debts you pay—
One ſhilling in the pound.

On a Statue of Apollo crowning Merit.

MERIT, if thou 'rt bleſt with riches,
For God's ſake buy a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother,
For one good turn deſerves another.

O LET me die in peace! Eumenes cried
To a hard creditor at his bed-ſide.
How! die! roar'd Gripus; thus your debts evade!
No, no, Sir, you ſhan't die till I am paid.

On Sleep.

ALTHOUGH ſoft ſleep death's ſad reſemblance wears,
Still do I wiſh him on my couch to lie;
Come, balmy ſleep, for ſweetly it appears,
Thus without life to live, thus without death to die.

On a bad Singer.

WHEN ſcreech-owls ſcreek, their note portends
To fooliſh mortals death of friends:
But when Corvina ſtrains her throat,
Even ſcreech-owls ſicken at the note.

UPON ſome haſty errand Tom was ſent,
And met his pariſh curate as he went;
But, juſt like what he was, a ſorry clown,
It ſeems he paſs'd him with a cover'd crown.
The gownman ſtopp'd, and, turning, ſternly ſaid—
I doubt, my lad, you 're far worſe taught than fed!
Why ay! ſays Tom, ſtill jogging on, that 's true:
Thank God! he feeds me; but I'm taught by you.

* Milton.

Epitaph

Epitaph on a certain Miser.

HERE lies one who for med'cines would not give
A little gold, and so his life he lost:
I fancy now he 'd wish again to live,
Could he but guess how much his funeral cost.

On Captain Grenville. Lord LYTTELTON.

YE weeping muses, graces, virtues, tell,
If, since your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
Such spotless honour; such ingenuous truth;
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd!
He too, like Sidney, nurs'd in learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
Like him, possess'd of ev'ry pleasing art,
The secret wish of ev'ry female heart;
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He unrepining for his country died.

Designed for the Monument of Sir Isaac Newton.

MORE than his name were less—'t would seem to fear
He who increas'd heaven's fame, could want it here.
Yes—when the sun he lighted up shall fade,
And all the worlds he found at first decay'd;
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
And Time and Newton's name together die!

Upon a young Gentleman refusing to walk with the Author in the Park, because he was not dressed well. GARRICK.

FRIEND Col and I, both full of whim,
To shun each other oft agree;
For I 'm not beau enough for him,
And he 's too much a beau for me.
Then let us from each other fly,
And arm in arm no more appear;
That I may ne'er offend your eye,
That you may ne'er offend my ear.

On Mrs. Clive's resenting being put out of the Part of Portia, and saying she was surely as well qualified to wear Breeches as Mr. Garrick was to play Ranger. GARRICK.

DEAR Kate, it is vanity both us bewitches,
Since I must the truth on 't reveal;
For when I mount the ladder, and you wear the breeches,
We shew—what we ought to conceal.

On Mr. Quin. GARRICK.

SAYS Epicure Quin, Should the devil in hell
In fishing for men take delight,
His hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
Indeed I am sure I should bite.

Extempore, on hearing a certain impertinent Address in the Newspapers. By Garrick, Thompson, &c.

THOU essence of dock, of valerian and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy bad crimes
Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhyme.

Answer to the Junto.

THEIR wish must be in form revers'd,
To suit the doctor's crimes;
For, if he takes his physic first,
He 'll never read his rhymes.

Dr. Hill's reply to the Junto's Epigram.

YE desperate junto, ye great or ye small,
Who combat dukes, doctors, the deuce, and 'em all!
Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or poets, in jail,
Your impertinent curses shall never prevail:
I 'll take neither sage, dock, nor balsam of honey;
Do you take the physic, and I 'll take the money.

Written soon after Dr. Hill's Farce, called the Rout, was acted. GARRICK.

FOR physic and farces
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

To Dr. Hill, upon his Petition of the Letter I, to Mr. Garrick. GARRICK.

IF 'tis true, as you say, that I 've injur'd a letter,
I 'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better;
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

Colloquial Epigram *. GARRICK.

Wilmot.

YOU should call at his house, or should send him a card,
Can Garrick alone be so cold?

* Soon after the promotion of Lord Camden to the Seals, Mr. Wilmot, his Lordship's purse-bearer, called at Hampton; where learning that Mr. Garrick had not yet paid his congratulatory compliments, the conversation between the two gentlemen furnished Mr. Garrick with the subject of the Epigram; in which, with an admirable address, our English Roscius has turned an imputed neglect into a very elegant panegyric on that truly patriotic nobleman.

Garrick.

Shall I, poor player, and ſtill poorer bard,
Shall folly with Camden make bold?
What joy can I give him? dear Wilmot, declare:
Promotion no honours can bring;
To him the Great Seals are but labour and care:
Wiſh joy to your country and king.

To the Author of the Farmer's Letters, which were written in Ireland in the Year of the Rebellion, by Henry Brooke, Eſq. 1745. GARRICK.

O THOU, whoſe artleſs, free-born genius charms,
Whoſe ruſtic zeal each patriot boſom warms;
Purſue the glorious taſk, the pleaſing toil,
Forſake the fields, and till a nobler ſoil;
Extend the farmer's care to human kind,
Manure the heart, and cultivate the mind:
There plant religion, reaſon, freedom, truth,
And ſow the ſeeds of virtue in our youth:
Let no rank weeds corrupt, or brambles choak;
And ſhake the vermin from the Britiſh oak:
From northern blaſts protect the vernal bloom,
And guard our paſtures from the wolves of Rome:
On Britain's liberty ingraft thy name,
And reap the harveſt of immortal fame!

Upon a Lady's Embroidery. GARRICK.

ARACHNE once, as poets tell,
A goddeſs at her art defied;
But ſoon the daring mortal fell
The hapleſs victim of her pride.

O then beware Arachne's fate,
Be prudent, Chloe, and ſubmit;
For you 'll more ſurely feel her hate,
Who rival both her art and wit.

Death and the Doctor. Occaſioned by a Phyſician's lampooning a Friend of the Author. GARRICK.

AS Doctor —— muſing ſat,
Death ſaw, and came without delay;
Enters the room, begins the chat,
With "Doctor, why ſo thoughtful, pray?"

The Doctor ſtarted from his place,
But ſoon they more familiar grew;
And then he told his piteous caſe,
How trade was low, and friends were few.

"Away with fear," the phantom ſaid,
As ſoon as he had heard his tale:
"Take my advice, and mend your trade:
"We both are loſers if you fail.

"Go write, your wit in ſatire ſhow,
"No matter, whether ſmart or true;
"Call —— names, the greateſt foe
"To dulneſs, folly, pride, and you.

"Then copies ſpread, there lies the trick,
"Among your friends be ſure you ſend 'em;
"For all who read will ſoon grow ſick,
"And, when you 're call'd upon, attend 'em.

"Thus trade increaſing by degrees,
"Doctor, we both ſhall have our ends;
"For you are ſure to have your fees,
"And I am ſure to have your friends."

Upon a certain Lord's giving ſome Thouſand Pounds for a Houſe. GARRICK.

SO many thouſands for a houſe,
For you, of all the world, lord Mouſe!
A little houſe would beſt accord
With you, my very little lord!
And then exactly march'd would be
Your houſe and hoſpitality.

Upon ſeeing Mr. Taylor's Pictures of Bath, and hearing a Connoiſſeur declare that "they were finely painted for a Gentleman." GARRICK.

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
Of "finely for a gentleman!"
Is genius, rareſt gift of Heaven,
To the hir'd artiſt only given?
Or, like the Catholic ſalvation,
Pal'd in for any claſs or ſtation?
Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
Which works, and as it works is paid?
Is there no ſkill to build, invent,
Unleſs inſpir'd by *five per cent.*?
And ſhalt thou, Taylor, paint in vain,
Unleſs impell'd by hopes of gain?
Be wiſe, my friend, and take thy fee,
That Claude Loraine may yield to thee.

Tom Fool to Mr. Heſkins, his Counſellor and Friend. GARRICK.

ON your care muſt depend the ſucceſs of my ſuit,
The poſſeſſion I mean of the houſe in diſpute.
Conſider my friend, an attorney 's my foe,
The worſt of his tribe, and the beſt is ſo-ſo.
O let not his quiddits and quirks of the law,
O let not this harpy your p_or client claw;
In law, as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a knave ſhould be ever too hard for a fool.
To this rule one exception your client implores,
That the fool may for once beat the knave out of doors.

From the Spaniſh. GARRICK.

FOR me my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flow'rs in union meet;
As oft ſhe kiſs'd the gift of love,
Her breath gave ſweetneſs to the ſweet.

A bee within a damaſk roſe
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to ſip;
But leſſer ſweets the thief foregoes—
And fixes on Louiſa's lip.

There taſting all the bloom of ſpring,
Wak'd by the ripening breath of May,
Th' ungrateful-ſpoiler left his ſting,
And with the honey flew away.

An Epitaph upon the celebrated Claudius Philips, Musician, who died very poor.* GARRICK.

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Here find that calm, thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

Epitaph on William Hogarth †, in Chiswick Church-Yard. GARRICK.

FAREWEL, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And thro' the eye correct the heart!
If genius fire thee, reader stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear:—
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Epitaph on James Quin ‡, in Bath Cathedral. GARRICK.

THAT tongue, which set the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more!
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shakspeare writ.
Cold are those hands, which living were stretch'd forth,
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin! Deign, reader, to be taught
(Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast)
To this complexion thou must come at last.

Epitaph on Laurence Sterne §. GARRICK.

SHALL pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd titled fool to praise,
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where genius, wit, and humour sleep with Sterne.

Epitaph on Mr. Beighton, who had been Vicar of Egham forty-five Years. GARRICK.

NEAR half an age, with every good man's praise,
Among his flock the shepherd pass'd his days;
The friend, the comfort of the sick and poor,
Want never knock'd unheeded at his door;
Oft when his duty call'd, disease and pain
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain.
All mourn his death, his virtues long they tried,
They knew not how they lov'd him, till he died.
Peculiar blessings did his life attend,
He had no foe, and Camden was his friend.

Epitaph on Paul Whitehead, Esq. GARRICK.

Near this place
Are deposited the remains
of
PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq.
Who was born January 25, 1710.
And died Dec. 30, 1774,
Aged 65.

Here lies a man misfortune could not bend;
Prais'd as a poet, honour'd as a friend:
Tho' his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame.
Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
Whitehead stood forth—the healing balm applied,
Nor quitted their distresses—till he died.

A Tribute by Mr. Garrick, to the Memory of a Character he long knew and respected.

Epitaph on Mr. Havard, Comedian ‖.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

HAVARD from sorrow rest beneath this stone;
An honest man—belov'd as soon as known;
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,
In real life he justly play'd his part!
The noblest character he acted well,
And heaven applauded—when the curtain fell.

*Inscription on a Grotto of Shells, at Crux-Easton ¶, the Work of Nine young Ladies**.* POPE.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty, which natnre only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate dispos'd them in his humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

Verses occasioned by seeing a Grotto built by Nine Sisters. HERBERT.

SO much this building entertains my sight,
Nought but the builders can give more delight:
In them the master-piece of nature's shown,
In this I see art's master-piece in stone.
O Nature, Nature, thou hast conquer'd Art;
She charms the sight alone, but you the heart.

Lines written by the celebrated THOMSON *to his* AMANDA; *with a Copy of the* SEASONS.

ACCEPT, dear Nymph! a tribute due
To sacred friendship, and to you:
But with it take, what breath'd the whole,
O! take to thine the Poet's soul!

* This Epitaph has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson, but was really written by Mr. Garrick. See European Magazine, January, 1785.

† He died October 26, 1764. ‡ Mr. Quin died January, 1766.

§ Mr. Sterne was born at Clonmel in Ireland, November 24, 1713; and died in London, March 18, 1768.

‖ He died 20th February, 1778. ¶ In the county of Hants, the seat of Edward Lisle, Esq.

** Miss Lisles, daughters of Edward Lisle, Esq. and sisters to Dr. Lisle.

If

If Fancy here her pow'r displays,
Or, if a heart exalts these lays,
You fairest in that fancy shine,
And all that heart is fondly thine!

An Epigram.

A Member of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
His Lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And th' other's shoes are paid for.

The Lawyer and Client.

Two Lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
"Zounds!" says the losing client, "How come
"To be such friends, who were such foes just
"naw?"
Thou fool, says one, we Lawyers, tho' so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between.

Epitaph on Mrs. Ellen Temple, late Wife of Mr. John Temple, of Malton, Surgeon.
By Mr. Gentleman.

Here, in just hope above the stars to rise,
The mortal part of Ellen Temple lies,
In whom those beauties of a spotless mind,
Faith and good works, were happily combin'd;
A patient, careful, constant, loving wife,
The foe of scandal and domestic strife:
The tender mother, undissembling friend,
Who grac'd those virtues with a pious end;
Who, still preserving an unblemish'd name,
Ne'er meanly strove to taint a neighbour's fame:
Who 'play'd—as, reader, thou shouldst do—her part
With inward peace and rectitude of heart;
Who, christian-like, resign'd her final breath,
And, dying free from censure—smil'd at death.

Epigram.

Says a beau to a lady, Pray name if you can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man,
The lady replied, If you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest man that's the most unlike you.

On a Bowl of Punch.

Whene'er a bowl of punch we make,
Four striking oppolites we take;
The strong, the small, the sharp, the sweet,
Together mix'd, most kindly meet;
And when they happily unite,
The bowl "is pregnant with delight."
In conversation thus we find,
That, four men differently inclin'd;
With talents each distinct, and each
Mark'd by peculiar powers of speech;
With tempers too, as much the same,
As milk and verjuice, frost and flame;
Their parts by properly sustaining,
May all prove highly entertaining.

A Description of London.

Houses, churches, mix'd together,
Streets unpleasant, in all weather;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Showy outsides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions;
Worth—beneath a threadbare cover,
Villany—bedaub'd all over;
Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and such as never pray;
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
Some that will not, some that will;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling;
Many a bargain if you strike it,
This is London:—How d' ye like it?

On a young Lady.

Behold a nymph, with ev'ry virtue grac'd,
Minerva's head on Venus' shoulders plac'd!
Kind nature here displays her nicest art,
With sweet relievos hides the soundest heart;
But while it hides, it elegantly tells
With what benevolence her bosom swells;
Here's beauty mental, moral, and divine,
To charm the lover, and his thoughts refine.

PARADOX.

Four people sat down in one evening to play,
They play'd all that eve, and parted next day;
Cou'd you think, when you're told, as thus they all sat,
No other play'd with them, nor was there one bet;
Yet, when they rose up, each gained a guinea,
Tho' none of 'em lost to the amount of a penny.

Answer.

Four merry fidlers play'd all night,
To many a dancing ninny;
And the next morning went away,
And each receiv'd a guinea.

On the Fifth of November.
By an Irish Bellman.

To-night's the day, I speak it with great sorrow,
That we were all t' have been blown up to-morrow;
Therefore, take care of fire, and candle-light:
'Tis a cold frosty morn, and so good-night.

Epitaph

Epitaph on a Lawyer.

ENTOMB'D within this vault, a lawyer lies,
Who, fame assureth us, was just and wise;
An able advocate, and honest too!——
That's wondrous strange indeed!—if it be true.

Reflections over a Pipe of Tobacco, and a Pinch of Snuff.

WHILST smoke arises from my pipe,
Thus to myself I say:
Why should I anxious be for life,
Which vanishes away?

Our social snuff-boxes convey
The same ideas just;
As if they silently would say,
Let's mingle dust to dust.

A Country Quarter Sessions.

THREE or four parsons full of October;
Three or four 'squires between drunk and sober;
Three or four lawyers, three or four lyars;
Three or four constables, three or four cryers;
Three or four parishes bringing appeals,
Three or four writings, and three or four seals;
Three or four bastards, three or four whores,
Tag, rag, and bob-tail, three or four scores;
Three or four statutes, misunderstood,
Three or four paupers, all praying for food;
Three or four roads that never were mended,
Three or four scolds—and the session is ended.

Epigram.

WHAT legions of fables and whimsical tales
Pass current for gospel where priestcraft prevails!
Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceived;
What stories and nonsense for faith they believed!
But we, their wise sons, who these fables reject,
Even truth, now a-days, are too apt to suspect;
From believing too much, the right faith we let fall,
So now we believe, i' faith! nothing at all.

Another.

CRIES Ned to his neighbours, as onward they press'd,
Conveying his wife to her place of long rest;
Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure,
For why should we thus make a toil of a pleasure?

On Six Sorts of People who keep Fasts.

THE miser fasts because he will not eat,
The poor man fasts because he has no meat;
The rich man fasts with greedy mind to spare,
The glutton fasts, to eat the greater share;
The hypocrite, he fasts to seem more holy,
The righteous man, to punish sin and folly.

Epitaph on a Blacksmith.

MY sledge and hammer lie declin'd,
My bellows too have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
My vice is in the dust all laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.
My fire-dried corpse here lies at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

A whimsical Epitaph, taken from a Stone in a Church.

HERE lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who as a wife did never vex one;
We can't say that for her at th' next stone.

On Quadrille. To a young Lady.

DEIGN, lovely nymph, to hear the least of bards,
Who draws instruction from a game of cards;
What tho' Quadrille perplex you, here is shown
How hard the task for her who plays alone.
But, wou'd you then consent to be a wife?
Think first, O think! you play your cards for life!
Should fordid friends controul your right good will,
Beware the wretched state of forc'd Spadille.
She could man, by grandeur, strive your heart to fire,
A cross fish well denotes a purse-proud 'Squire;
Then pass by wealth and power, for better sure
It is, with some kind swain to play secure;
And he, dear girl, who does your charms adore,
Now asks you leave; O! let him soon say more.

To-morrow. An Epigram.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry,
In what far country does to-morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies doth this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Till be both very old, and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,
To-day's too late: the wise liv'd yesterday.

Spoken extempore by the Earl of Rochester to a Parish Clerk.

STERNHOLD and Hopkins had great qualms,
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the heart full glad:
But had it been poor David's fate,
To hear thee sing, and them translate,
By Jove, 'twould have made him mad.

Rhyme to Lisbon. By the same.

HERE's a health to Kate,
Our Sovereign's mate,
Of the Royal House of Lisbon;
But the Devil take Hyde,
And the Bishop beside,
That made her bone of his bone.

On Punch.

HENCE, restless care and low design!
Hence, foreign compliments and wine!
Let generous Britons, brave and free,
Still boast their punch and honesty.
Life is a bumper, fill'd by fate,
And we the guests who share the treat:
Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
Each other duly temp'ring, meet.
Awhile with joy the scene is crown'd,
Awhile the catch and toast go round;

And

And when the full carouſe is o'er,
Death puffs the lights, and ſhuts the door.
Say then, phyſicians of each kind,
Who cure the body or the mind,
What harm in drinking can there be,
Since punch and life ſo well agree?

The Diſappointed Huſband.

A SCOLDING wife ſo long a ſleep poſſeſs'd,
Her ſpouſe preſum'd her ſoul was now at reſt;
Sable was call'd to hang the room with black,
And all their cheer was ſugar, rolls, and ſack.
Two mourning ſtaffs ſtood ſentry at the door,
And ſilence reign'd, who ne'er was there before;
The cloaks and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd in woeful pomp to the church-yard,
When ſee, of narrow ſtreets, what miſchiefs come!
The very dead can't paſs in quiet home;
By ſome rude jolt the coffin-lid was broke,
And Madam from her dream of death awoke.
Now all was ſpoil'd! the Undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes and wine, quite thrown away.
But ſome years after, when the former ſcene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again;
The tender huſband took eſpecial care
To keep the paſſage from diſturbance clear;
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his dear in ſuch another fright.

Epigram by the Rev. Francis Blackburne, M. A. late Archdeacon of Cleveland.

LYCIDAS *to* PRUDENTIA.

DESCEND, fair Stoick, from thy flights;
From nature learn to know
Our paſſions are the needful weights,
That make our virtues go.

PRUDENTIA *to* LYCIDAS.

True, Lycidas; but think not ſo
Another truth to ſhun;
Our paſſions make our virtues go,
But make our vices run.

An Epigram.

MUSIC's a crotchet the ſober thinks vain,
The fiddle's a wooden projection;
Tunes are but ſtirts of a whimſical brain,
Which the bottle brings beſt to perfection.
Muſicians are half-witted, merry, and mad,
The fame are all thoſe that admire 'em; [paid,
They're fools if they play, unleſs they're well
And the others are blockheads to hire 'em.

An Epigram.

SAYS Johnny to Paddy, "I can't for my life
"Conceive how a dumb pair are made man
"and wife,
"Since they can't with the form and the par-
"ſon accord."
Says Paddy, "You fool! they take each other's
"word."

The Biter bit.

A CERTAIN prieſt had hoarded up
A ſecret maſs of gold;
But where he might beſtow it ſafe,
By fancy was not told.

At laſt it came into his head
To lock it in a cheſt
Within the chancel; and he wrote
Thereon, *Hic Deus eſt.*

A merry grig, whoſe greedy mind
Long wiſh'd for ſuch a prey,
Reſpecting not the ſacred words
That on the caſket lay,

Took out the gold, and blotting out
The prieſt's inſcript thereon,
Wrote, *Reſurrexit, non eſt hic,*
"Your God is riſe and gone."

On the Death of Dr. Secker, late Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

WHILE Secker liv'd, he ſhew'd how Seers
ſhould live; [eye;
While Secker taught, heaven open'd to our
When Secker gave, we knew how angels give;
When Secker died, we knew e'en Saints muſt
die.

Epigram,
Occaſioned by the Words "ONE PRIOR," *in Burnet's Hiſtory.*

ONE PRIOR!—and is this, this all the fame
The Poet from th' Hiſtorian can claim?
No; Prior's verſe poſterity ſhall quote,
When 'tis forgot *One Burnet* ever wrote.

On Content. An Epigram.

IT is not youth can give content,
Nor is it wealth's decree;
It is a gift from Heaven ſent,
Tho' not to thee or me.

It is not in the Monarch's crown,
Tho' he'd give millions for 't:
It dwells not in his Lordſhip's frown,
Or waits on him to court.

It is not in a coach and ſix,
It is not in a garter;
'Tis not in love or politics,
But 'tis in Hodge the carter.

The Firſt Pair.

ADAM alone could not be eaſy,
So he muſt have a wife, an' pleaſe ye;
And how did he procure this wife,
To cheer his ſolitary life?
Out of a rib, Sir, from his ſide,
Was form'd this neceſſary bride.
But how did he the pain beguile?
How?—He ſlept ſweetly all the while.
And when this rib was re-applied,
In woman's form, to Adam's ſide,
How then, I pray you, did it anſwer?
"He never ſlept ſo ſweet again, Sir."

Similies

Similies to Molly.

My passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long;
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, tho' as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown:
But as a groat now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The God of love at her approach
Is busy as a bee;
Hearts sound as any bell or roach
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops or hail
The fine men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O! were we join'd together,
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny-dress;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king!
Good Lord! how all men envied me!
She lov'd like any thing:

But false as hell, she like the wind
Chang'd, as her sex must do;
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru;
Great as an emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like burrs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll find me truer than a die,
And wish me better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

On the Word REPRESENTATIVE.

To represent is but to personate,
Which should be truly done at any rate.
Thus they who're fairly chose without a fee,
Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty;
But when a seat is sold by th' venal tribe,
He represents them best—who takes a bribe.

On the Shortness of Human Life.

Like as a damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree:
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day;
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had:
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done;
Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
The flower fades, the morning hastes;
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
The gourd consumes, and mortals die.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun;
Or like a bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May;
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan:
Ev'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death;
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend;
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done,

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look:
Or like the shuttle in the hand,
Or like the writing in the sand;
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream:
Ev'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death;

The

The bubble's burſt, the looks forgot,
The ſhuttle's flung the writing's blot;
The thought is paſt, the dream is gone,
The water glides, man's life is done.

Epitaph on Captain Jones,

Who publiſhed ſome marvellous Accounts of his Travels, the Truth of all which he thought proper to teſtify by

AFFIDAVIT.

TREAD ſoftly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd by any.
Poſterity let this ſuffice,
He ſwore all's true, yet here he lies.

A Portrait from Life.
By Dr. SWIFT.

COME ſit by my ſide while this picture I draw,
In chatt'ring a magpye, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himſelf cou'd not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of buſy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half ſo crabbed,
She ſwills like a ſow, and ſhe breeds like a rabbit;
A houſewife in bed, at table a ſlattern,
For all an example, for no one a pattern;
Now tell me, friend Thomas*, Ford †, Grattan†, and ‡ merry Dan,
Has this any likeneſs to good Madam Sheridan?

An Epigram,

On ſeeing a young Lady writing Verſes with a Hole in her Stocking.

TO ſee a Lady of ſuch grace,
With ſo much ſenſe and ſuch a face,
So flatternly, is ſhocking:
O! if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your ſtocking.

An Epigram.

AS Tom was one day in deep chat with his friend,
He gravely adviſ'd him his manners to mend;
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from many:
They lie, replied Tom, for I never had any.

On Time.

SAY, is there aught that can convey
An image of its tranſient ſtay?
'Tis an hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a veſſel under ſail;
'Tis a courſer's ſtraining ſteed;
'Tis a ſhuttle in its ſpeed;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the purſuing ſight;
'Tis a vapour in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind ruſhing there;
'Tis a ſhort-liv'd fading flow'r;
'Tis a rainbow on a ſhow'r;
'Tis a momentary ray
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid ſtream;
'Tis a ſhadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the cloſing watch of night,
Dying at approaching light;
'Tis a landſcape vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling clay;
'Tis a lamp that waſtes its fires;
'Tis a ſmoke that quick expires;
'Tis a bubble, 'tis a ſigh,
Be prepar'd, O Man! to die.

An Anatomical Epitaph on an Invalid.
Written by HIMSELF.

HERE lies an head that often ach'd:
Here lie two hands that always ſhak'd:
Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
Here lies a heart that often beat:
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in the night but ſeldom ſlept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd;
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
Here lie the midriff and the breaſt,
With loads of indigeſtion preſt;
Here lies the liver, full of bile,
That ne'er ſecreted proper chyle;
Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
Tortur'd with wind and twiſting gripes;
Here lies the livid dab, the ſpleen,
The ſource of life's ſad tragic ſcene;
That left-ſide weight that clogs the blood,
And ſtagnates nature's circling flood:
Here lie the nerves, ſo often twitch'd,
With painful cramps and poignant ſtitch;
Here lies the back, oft rack'd with pains,
Corroding kidneys, loins and reins;
Here lies the ſkin, by ſcurvy fed,
With pimples and eruptions red;
Here lies the man, from top to toe,
That fabric fram'd for pain and woe.

A Poem.
By Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I like an hermit dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the ſmalleſt part
That is miſſing of my heart,
To beſtow it where I may
Meet a rival ev'ry day!
If ſhe undervalue me,
What care I how fair ſhe be?
Were her treſſes angel gold,
If a ſtranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a brayde,
And, with little more a-do,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown ſo free,
What care I how rich it be?
Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hair, or precious eyes;

* Dr. Sheridan. † The Dean's friends. ‡ Mr. D. Jackſon.

If

If she laid them out to take
Kisses, for good manners sake;
And let ev'ry lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No: she must be perfect snow
In effect, as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second Lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewel her, whate'er she be!

A Poem.
Occasioned by the foregoing.

PAINT, paint no more, no more with blots,
Or chequer so thy face with spots,
That I must view thee, as men strive
To see eclipses, through a sieve;
Be thou but pleasing unto me,
What care I what else thou be?

Be thou fatter than a hog,
A butcher's doublet, or his dog;
Be thy cheeks butter, thy nose grease;
May we make brewis on thy face;
Yet if thou do not melt to me,
What care I how fat thou be?

Be thy nose like fiery coals,
Or a grater, full of holes,
Let it turn up, or else hook in,
And so be clasp'd unto thy chin;
Yet, if it turn not unto me,
What care I how crook'd it be?

Though reading, thou must look so close,
As thou wert reading with thy nose;
From thine eyes let filth run more
Than broken boil, or plaguy sore;
Yet, if they do not look on me,
What care I how foul they be?

Canst thou outscold a butter wench,
Or a fresh lawyer at the bench?
Canst thou the noise of thunder drown,
Sour all the beer about the town?
Yet, if thou wilt not speak to me,
What care I how loud thou be?

Be thy mouth like jaws of death,
That they who kiss, must kiss thy teeth;
And hold by th' handle of thy chin,
Lest their foot slip, and they fall in;
Yet, if thou wilt not gape on me,
What care I how broad it be?

Smells thy breath like nurse's clout,
Or a candle just burnt out;
Or so, that men mistake the place,
And untruss, coming near thy face?
Yet, if it smell not so to me,
What care I how strong it be?

Women, like paper, whilst they're white,
Are fit for ev'ry man to write;
I'd have a mistress such a one,
I might be sure she was my own;
Be thou then but such to me,
What care I what else thou be?

The Stage Coach.

RESOLV'D to visit a far distant friend,
A porter to the Bull-and-Gate I send,
And bid the slave at all events engage
Some place or other in the Chester stage.
The slave returns—'tis done as soon as said—
Your honour's sure when once the money's paid;
My brother whip, impatient of delay,
Puts-to at three, and swears he cannot stay
(Four dismal hours ere the break of day).
Rous'd from sound sleep, thrice call'd, at length I rise,
Yawning, stretch out my arms, half clos'd my eyes;
By steps and lanthorn enter the machine,
And take my place, how cordially! between
Two aged matrons of excessive bulk,
To mend the matter too, of meaner folk;
While in like mode jamm'd in on t' other side
A bullying captain and a fair-one ride;
Foolish as fair, and in whose lap a boy—
Our plague eternal, but her only joy;
At last, the glorious number to complete,
Steps in my landlord for that bodkin seat:
When soon, by ev'ry hillock, rut, and stone,
Into each other's face by turns we're thrown;
This grannam scolds, that coughs, and captain swears,
The fair-one screams, and has a thousand fears;
While our plump landlord, train'd in other lore,
Slumbers at ease, nor yet asham'd to snore;
And master Dicky, in his mother's lap,
Squalling brings up at once three meals of pap;
Sweet company! next time, I do protest, Sir,
I'll walk to Dublin, ere I'd ride to Chester.

Mr. Garrick being asked by a Nobleman if he did not intend to sit in Parliament? gave him an Answer in the following Lines.

MORE than content with what my talents gain,
Of public favour though a little vain,
Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,
To wish to play the fool in Parliament;
In each dramatic unity to err,
Mistaking time, and place, and character:
Were it my fate to quit the mimic art,
I'd "strut and fret" no more in any part;
No more in public scenes would I engage,
Or wear the cap and mask on any stage.

The Thought; or, a Song of Similies.

I'VE thought; the fair Narcissa cries,
What is it like, Sir?——"Like your eyes—
"'Tis like a chair—'tis like a key—
"'Tis like a purge—'tis like a flea—
"'Tis like a beggar—like the sun—
"'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon—
"'Tis like a kilderkin of ale—
"'Tis like a doctor—like a whale—"
Why are my eyes, Sir, like a SWORD?
For that's the Thought, upon my word.
"Ah!

" Ah! witneſs every pang I feel,
" The deaths they give the likeneſs tell.
" A ſword is like a chair, you'll find,
" Becauſe 'tis moſt an end behind.
" 'Tis like a key, for 'twill undo one;
" 'Tis like a purge, for 'twill run thro' one;
" 'Tis like a flea, and reaſon good,
" 'Tis often drawing human blood."
Why like a beggar? —" You ſhall hear;
" 'Tis often carried 'fore the May'r;
" 'Tis like the ſun, becauſe 'tis gilt,
" Beſides, it travels in a *belt*.
" 'Tis like the Dutch, we plainly ſee,
" Becauſe that ſtate, whenever we
" A puſh for our own int'reſt make,
" Does inſtantly our ſides forſake."
The moon?—" Why, when all's ſaid and done,
" A ſword is very like the moon;
" For if his Majeſty (God bleſs him)
" When County Sheriff comes t' addreſs him,
" Is pleas'd his favours to beſtow
" On him, before him kneeling low,
" This o'er his ſhoulders glitters bright,
" And gives the glory to the Knight (night):
" 'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
" For 'tis not long in drawing out.
" 'Tis like a doctor, for who will
" Diſpute a doctor's power to kill?"
But why a Sword is like a whale
Is no ſuch eaſy thing to tell,
' But ſince all Swords are Swords, d' ye ſee,
' Why, let it then a backſword be;
' Which, if well us'd, will ſeldom fail
' To raiſe up ſomewhat like a whale."

The Aſtronomer's Room.

One day I call'd, and Philo out,
I op'd the door, and look'd about;
When, all his goods being full in view,
I took this inventory true:—
Item. A bed without a curtain,
A broken jar to empty dirt in;
A candleſtick, a greaſy night-cap,
A ſpitting-pot to catch what might hap;
Two ſtockings darn'd with numerous ſtitches,
A piece of ſhirt, a pair of breeches;
A three-legg'd ſtool, a four-legg'd table,
Were fill'd with books unfit for rabble;
Sines, tangents, ſecants, radius, co-ſines,
Subtangents, ſegments, and all thoſe ſigns;
Enough to ſhew the man who made 'em:
Was full as mad as he who read 'em:
An almanack of ſix years ſtanding,
A cup with ink, and one with ſand in;
One corner held his books and cheſt,
And round the floor were ſtrew'd the reſt;
That all things might be like himſelf,
He'd neither cloſet, drawer, or ſhelf;
Here piſs-pot, ſauce-pot, broken platter,
Appear'd like heterogeneous matter.
In antient days the walls were white,
But who 'gainſt damps and ſnails can fight?
They're now in wreathy ringlets bound,
Some ſquare, ſome oval, and ſome round;
The antiquarian then may find
Each hieroglyphic to his mind;
Such faces there may fancy trace,
As never yet knew time or place.
And he who ſtudies maps or plans,
Has all the work done to his hands;
In ſhort, the room, the goods and author,
Appear'd to be one made for t' other.

Epitaph by a Gentleman to the Memory of his Lady.

Farewel, my beſt belov'd, whoſe heavenly mind,
Genius and virtue ſtrength with ſoftneſs join'd,
Devotion undebas'd by pride or art,
With meek ſimplicity, and joy of heart;
Tho' ſprightly, gentle, tho' polite, ſincere;
And only of thyſelf a judge ſevere;
Unblam'd, unequall'd in each ſphere of life,
The tendereſt daughter, ſiſter, parent, wife;
In thee their patroneſs th' afflicted loſt,
Thy friends, their patron, ornamental boaſt;
And I—but ah! can words my loſs declare,
Or paint th' extremes of tranſport and deſpair?
O thou beyond what verſe or ſpeech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my beſt belov'd, farewel!

On ſeeing a great Commander effeminately dreſt at a Ball.

'Tis ſaid that our ſoldiers ſo lazy are grown,
With pleaſure and plenty undone,
That they more for their carriage than courage are known,
And ſcarce know the uſe of a gun. [galls,
Let them ſay what they will, ſince it nobody
And exclaim out ſtill louder and louder;
But there ne'er was more money expended in balls,
Or a greater conſumption of *powder*.

An original Epitaph.

Here lies, faſt aſleep, awake me who can,
That medley of paſſions and follies, *a Man*;
Who ſometimes lov'd licence, and ſometimes reſtraint,
Too much of the ſinner, too little of ſaint;
From quarter to quarter I ſhifted my tack;
'Gainſt the evils of life a moſt notable quack;
But, alas! I ſoon found the defects of my ſkill,
And my noſtrums in practice prov'd treacherous ſtill;
From life's certain ills 'twas in vain to ſeek eaſe,
The remedy oft prov'd another diſeaſe;
What in rapture began often ended in ſorrow,
And the pleaſure to-day brought reflection to-morrow; [ſecure,
When each action was o'er, and its errors were
Then I view'd with ſurpriſe the ſtrange thing I had been;
My body and mind were ſo oddly contriv'd,
That at each other's failing both parties conniv'd;
Imprudence of mind brought on ſickneſs and pain,
The body diſeas'd paid the debt back again:
Thus coupled together life's journey they paſs'd,
Till they wrangled and jangled, and parted at laſt;

Thus

Thus tir'd and weary, I have finish'd my course,
Am glad it is bed-time, and things are no worse.

Epitaph on an Honest Sailor.

WHETHER sailor or not, for a moment avast!
Poor Tom's mizen top-sail is laid to the mast,
He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead;
He's now all-a-back, nor will sails shoot a-head:
He ever was brisk; and, tho' now gone to wreck,
When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon deck.

The Consultation.

THREE Doctors met in consultation
Proceed with great deliberation;
The case was desperate, all agreed;
But what of that? they must be feed;
They write then, as 'twas fit they should,
But for their own, not patient's good;
Consulting wisely, don't mistake, Sir,
Not what to give, but what to take, Sir.

On a Landlord drunk.

LANDLORD, with thee now even is the wine;
For thou hast pierc'd his hogshead, and he thine.

A Rhapsody.

AS I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me;
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.
Then I said to myself, and thus answer'd myself,
With the self same repartee;
Look to thyself, or look not to thyself,
'Tis the self same thing to me.

To-day and To-morrow.

TO-DAY man's dress'd in gold and silver bright,
Wrapp'd in a shroud before to-morrow night;
To-Day he's feeding on delicious food,
To-Morrow dead, unable to do good;
To-Day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
To-Morrow he's himself a dish for worms;
To-Day he's honour'd, and in vast esteem,
To-Morrow not a beggar values him;
To-Day he rises from the velvet bed,
To-Morrow lies in one that's made of lead;
To-Day his house, tho' large, he thinks but small,
To-Morrow no command, no house at all;
To-Day has forty servants at his gate,
To-Morrow scorn'd, not one of them will wait!
To-Day perfum'd as sweet as any rose,
To-Morrow stinks in every body's nose;
To-Day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
Ghastful and pale before to-morrow night:
True, as the scripture says, "man's life's a span,"
The present moment is the life of man.

An Inscription over a Gentleman's Chimney-Piece near Barnsley.

TO my best my friends are free;
Free with that, and free with me;
Free to pass the harmless joke,
And the tube sedately smoke;
Free to drink just what they please,
As at home, and at their ease;
Free to speak, and free to think—
No informers with me drink;
Free to stay a night, or so;
When uneasy, free to go.

The Character.

AN easy mien, engaging in address, [express,
Looks which at once each winning grace
A life where love and truth are ever join'd,
A nature ever great and ever kind,
A wisdom solid, and a judgment clear,
The smile indulgent, and a soul sincere;
Meek without meanness, gentle and humane;
Fond of improving, but yet never vain;
So justly good, so faithful to his friend,
Ever obliging, cautious to offend;
A mind where gen'rous pity stands confess'd,
Ready to ease and succour the distress'd:
If these respect and admiration raise,
They surely must demand our greatest praise;
In one bright view th' accomplish'd youth we see,
These virtues all are thine—and thou art he.

Poverty and Poetry.

'TWAS sung of old, how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a Lion,
And by his strange enchanting tunes
Make Bears and Wolves dance rigadoons:
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town.
But it is plain, now in these times,
No house is rais'd by poets' rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few old castles in the air.
Poor are the brethren of the Bays,
Down from high strains to ekes and ayes;
The muses too are virgins yet,
And may be till they portions get.
Yet still the doting rhymer dreams,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields nothing but insipid water;
Yet, even athirst, he sweetly sings
Of Nectar and Elysian springs.
The grave physician, who by physic,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade;
Tho' patients die, the doctor's paid:
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace
For what another mounts a gallows.
In shady groves the muses play,
And love in flow'ry meads to stray;
Pleas'd with a bleaky barren ground,
Where rip'ning fruits are never found.
But then, some say, you purchase fame,
And gain a never-dying name;
Great recompense for real trouble!
To be rewarded with a bubble.

Thus soldiers, who in many battles [else,
Get bangs and blows, and God knows what
Are paid with fame and wooden leg,
And gain a pass, with leave to beg.

On Bribery.

A poor man once a Judge besought
To judge aright his cause;
And with a pot of oil salutes
This judger of the laws.

My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good;
He glad away did trudge:
Anon his wealthy foe did come
Before this partial Judge.

A hog well fed this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cried, O partial Judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When oil I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run.

Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And see thy cause of foil;
A hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil.

Queen Elizabeth being asked her Opinion concerning the real Presence in the Sacrament, gave the following artful and solid Answer:

Christ was the word that spake it;
He took the bread, and brake it;
And what the word did make it,
That I believe, and take it.

Epigram.

It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confess'd [to the priest,
Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the ocean.

Epigram.

Kind Peggy kiss'd her husband, with these words: [thee!"
"Mine own sweet Will, how dearly I love
If true, quoth Will, the world none such affords:
And that 'tis true I dare her warrant be:
For ne'er was woman yet, or good or ill,
But loved always best her own sweet Will.

Dialogue between Harry, who had a large Library, and Dick, who had more Understanding than Books.

Quoth Harry to his friend one day,
"Would, Richard, I'd *thy* head!"
'What wilt thou give for't? (Dick replied)
'The bargain's quickly made.'
"*My* head and all my books I'd give,
"With readiness and freedom."
'I'd take thy books; but with *thy* head,
'Gadzooks! I ne'er could read 'em.'

Epitaph on a Cobler.

Death at a cobler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the mending hand;
At last came Death, in very dirty weather,
And ripp'd the sole from off the upper-leather.
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't?
The Cobler call'd for's awl, Death brought his last.

True Benevolence.

The other day, says Ned to Joe,
Near Bedlam's confines groping
Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
My hand is always open.

I own, says Joe, that to the poor
(You prove it ev'ry minute)
Your hand is open, to be sure,
But then there's nothing in it.

Epigram on Bishop Atterbury's burying the Duke of Buckingham.

I have no hopes, the Duke he says, and dies.
"In sure and certain hopes," the prelate cries.
Of these two learned peers, I prithee say, man,
Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman?
The Duke he stands an infidel confest;
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly priest.
The Duke, the knave, still brother dear he cries,
And who can say the reverend prelate lyes?

Written under a Lady's Name in a Window.

Three brilliants fair Celinda grac'd
(There love's artillery lies):
One from her snowy finger blaz'd,
Two sparkled in her eyes.

The first, which shone with fainter rays,
Could here her name impart;
The others drew her charming face
More deeply on my heart.

On the Death of Dean Swift.

When Gay breath'd his last, we in silence complain'd,
But yet we'd a Pope and a Swift who remain'd;
Pope falls! all Parnassus resounds with our cries,
And pray'rs daily made to keep Swift from the skies: [are given,
Vain wishes! vain pray'rs! to the winds they
For death comes relentless, and takes him to heaven.
At little misfortunes we're soberly sad, [mad.
But it's time, now we've lost all our wits, to run

Spoken extempore to a Lady, on being asked what this World was like.

This world is a prison in ev'ry respect,
Whose walls are the heavens in common;
The gaoler is sin, and the prisoners men,
And the fetters are nothing but—women,

The

The Thief.

I TELL, with equal truth and grief,
That little Kitt's an arrant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She ſtole the whiteneſs of the ſnow;
And more—that whiteneſs to adorn,
She ſtole the bluſhes of the morn;
Stole all the ſoftneſs Æther pours
On primroſe buds, in vernal ſhow'rs.
There's no repeating all her wiles:
She ſtole the Graces' winning ſmiles;
'Twas quickly ſeen ſhe robb'd the ſky,
To plant a ſtar in either eye;
She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,
And ſtole the cow's ambroſial breath;
The cherry, ſteep'd in morning dew,
Gave moiſture to her lips, and hue.
Theſe were her infant ſpoils; a ſtore
To which, in time, ſhe added more:
At twelve ſhe ſtole from Cyprus' Queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity; and ſtole,
From Pallas, ſenſe to charm the ſoul;
She ſung—amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to aſſert their voice appear'd;
She play'd—the Muſes from their hill
Wonder'd who thus had ſtole their ſkill;
Apollo's wit, was next her prey,
And then riſe beams that light the day;
While Jove, her pilfering thefts to crown,
Pronounc'd theſe beauties all her own,
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art;
And t'other day ſhe ſtole—my heart.
Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge thy votary on the fair;
Do juſtice on her ſtolen charms,
And let her priſon be—my arms.

Beauty's Value. By SHAKSPEARE.

BEAUTY is but a vain, a fleeting good,
A ſhining gloſs that faded ſuddenly;
A flow'r that dies when almoſt in the bud,
A brittle glaſs that breaketh preſently.
A fleeting good, a gloſs, a glaſs, a flow'r,
Loſt, faded, broken, dead, within an hour.
As goods when loſt we know are ſeldom found,
As fading gloſs no rubbing can excite;
As flow'rs when dead are trampled on the ground,
As broken glaſs no cement can unite;
So beauty, blemiſh'd once, is ever loſt,
In ſpite of phyſic, painting, pains, and coſt.

On the frequent Defeats of the French Army in the laſt War. An Epigram.

THE toaſt of each Briton in war's dread alarms,
O'er bottle or bowl, is ſucceſs to our *arms*;
Attack'd, put to flight, and ſoon forc'd from each trench,
Succeſs to our *legs* is the toaſt of the French.

A Sailor having been ſentenced to the Cat-o'-Nine Tails, when tied ready for Puniſhment, ſpoke the following Lines to his Commander, who had an Averſion to a Cat.

BY your honour's command, an example I ſtand
Of your juſtice to all the ſhip's crew;
I am hamper'd and ſtript, and if I am whipt,
'Tis no more than I own is my due.
In this ſcurvy condition, I humbly petition
To offer ſome lines to your eye:
Merry Tom by ſuch traſh once avoided the laſh,
And, if fate and you pleaſe, ſo may I.
There is nothing you hate, I'm inform'd, like a cat;
Why your honour's averſion is mine:
If puſs then with one tail can make your heart fail,
O ſave me from that which has nine!

N. B. He was pardoned.

On a certain Lady's Study.

TO Chloe's ſtudy ſhall we go,
(For ladies have their ſtudies now)
O what a ſplendid ſight is there!
'Twould make the dulleſt hermit ſtare;
There ſtand, all rang'd in proud array,
Each French romance, and modern play;
Love's magazine of flames and darts,
Whole hiſtories of eyes and hearts!
But, O! view well the outward ſcene,
You'll never need to look within;
What Chloe loves ſhe plainly ſhews,
For, lo! her very books are beaus.

Epitaph on a Scolding Wife.

HERE lies my wife; poor Molly! let her lie:
She finds repoſe at laſt—and ſo do I.

An Epigram.

THE lofty oak from a ſmall acron grows,
And to the ſkies aſcends with ſpreading boughs;
As years increaſe, it ſhades th' extended plain,
Then, big with death and vengeance, ploughs the main:
Hence riſes fame, and ſafety to our ſhore;
And from an acorn ſprings Britannia's pow'r.

The Modern Courtier.

PRAY ſay what's that which ſmirking trips this way,
That powder'd thing, ſo neat, ſo trim, ſo gay?
Adorn'd with tambour'd veſt, and ſpangled ſword,
That ſupple ſervile thing?—O! that's a Lord!
You jeſt—that thing a Peer? an Engliſh Peer?
Who ought (with head, eſtate, and conſcience clear)

Either in grave debate, or hardy fight,
Firmly maintain a free-born people's right:
Surely those lords were of another breed
Who met their monarch John at Runnemede;
And, clad in steel, there in a glorious hour
Made the curst tyrant feel the people's pow'r;
Made him confess, beneath that awful rod,
Their voice united is the voice of God.

Epitaph on a beautiful and virtuous young Lady.

SLEEP soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

An Epitaph on a Poor but Honest Man.

STOP, reader, here, and deign to look
On one without a name,
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
Of fortune or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife;
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;
His coat of arms, "a spotless life,"
"An honest heart" his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence;
And thus his motto ran:
"A conscience void of all offence
"Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, tho' pride
Now scorns his pedigree;
Thousands shall wish they'd been allied
To this great family.

An Epitaph on a very idle Fellow.
From CAMBDEN.

HERE lieth one that once was born and cried,
Liv'd several years, and then—and then—
he died.

The Picture of Slander.

WHAT mortal but Slander, that serpent, hath stung, [tongue?
Whose teeth are sharp arrows, a razor her
The poison of asps her vivid lip loads,
The rattle of snakes with the spittle of toads;
Her throat is an open sepulchre; her legs
Set hatching of vipers, and cockatrice eggs;
Her sting is a scorpion's; like hyena she'll cry;
With the ear of an adder, a basilisk's eye;
The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,
The head of a parrot, the chat of a hare;
The wing of a magpye, the snout of a hog,
The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog;
Her claw is a tyger's, her forehead is brass,
With the hiss of a goose, and the bray of an ass.

On a Covetous old Parson.

CRIES Spintext, in spleen, "This public donation
Methinks favours much of vain ostentation;
G—d bless me! five pounds! Why the sum is immense!
And for pity, mere pity! 'tis show and pretence.
When I do an alms, fame's trumpet ne'er blows,
What my right hand is doing, my left never knows;
All my gifts I bestow in so private a way,
That when, how, or where, no mortal can say."
Spintext, it is true, has such art to conceal 'em,
That his parish ne'er see, nor the poor never feel 'em, ['em.
And thus he makes sure that none shall reveal

Epigram to a pretended Friend, and real Enemy.

THY hesitating tongue, and doubtful face,
Shew all thy kindness to be mere grimace.
Throw off the mask; at once be foe or friend;
'Tis base to sooth, when malice is the end;
The rock that's seen gives the poor sailor dread,
But double terror that which hides its head.

On a Tombstone in Essex.

HERE lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard;
They liv'd without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches;
They nor care had nor pain,
And the wife WORE THE BREECHES.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montague. By Mr. POPE.

IN beauty or wit, no mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning have thought that in learning
To yield to a Lady was hard.

Impertinent schools, with musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied;
So Papists refuse the Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas a woman at first (indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight;
And sages agree, the laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

Then bravely, fair dame, resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong:
And let men receive from a second bright EVE
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the first Eve hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she; [you,
What punishment new shall be found out for
Who, tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

On the Death of a Wife, a notable Scold and a Shrew. By the Husband.

WE liv'd one-and-twenty year
As man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone—I know not whither.

Could

Could I but gueſs, I do proteſt,
I ſpeak it not to flatter;
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.
Her body is beſtowed well,
A handſome grave doth hide her;
And ſure, her ſoul is not in hell—
The devil would ne'er abide her.
I rather think ſhe 's ſoar'd aloft;
For in the laſt great thunder
Methought I heard her very voice
Rending the clouds in ſunder.

The Roſe. By Mr. PHILIPS.

THE roſe's age is but a day,
Its bloom the pledge of its decay;
Sweet in ſcent, in colour bright,
It blows at morn, and fades at night.

Imitated by Dr. SWIFT.

My age is not a moment's ſtay,
My birth the ſame with my decay;
I ſavour ill; no colour know;
And fade the inſtant that I blow.

A Boſton Epigram—Written in 1774.
To the Miniſtry.

YOU 've ſent a rod to Maſſachuſſet,
Thinking th' Americans will buſs it;
But much I fear, for Britain's ſake,
That this ſame rod will prove a ſnake.

Epitaph on Mr. Thomas Hammond, a Pariſh Clerk, a good Man, and an excellent Back-gammon Player; who was ſucceeded in his Office by a Mr. Trice.

BY the chance of the die,
On his *back* here doth lie
Our moſt audible clerk, Maſter Hammond;
Tho' he *bore many men*,
Till threeſcore and ten,
Yet at length he by Death is *back-gammon'd*.
But hark! neighbours, hark!
Here again comes the clerk;
By a *hit* very lucky and nice,
With death we 're now even;
He juſt ſtepp'd to heaven,
And is with us again in a TRICE.

On Matrimony. An Epigram.

TOM prais'd his friend, who chang'd his ſtate,
For binding faſt himſelf and KATE
In union ſo divine;
"Wedlock 's the end of life," he cried;
"Too true, alas!" ſaid Jack, and ſigh'd,
"'Twill be the end of mine."

An Epitaph on the Death of a favourite Parrot that was found in a Neceſſary-Houſe.

HERE ſafe lie interr'd the remains of a bird,
Who ſubmits to all-conquering fate;
Whoſe maſter took care to teach it to ſwear,
As his miſtreſs had taught it to prate.
If complaint ſhould be made of the place where he 's laid,
Poor Betty is only in fault;
Poor Betty, to ſave the expence of a grave,
Thought proper to chooſe it a vault.
To preſerve its dear ſame, for time without name,
His miſtreſs, ſtill kinder and kinder,
Declar'd with a tear, ſhe 'd never come here,
Without leaving ſomething behind her.

Epitaph on Lady Moleſworth, who was burnt to Death by a Fire which broke out in her Dwelling-Houſe, London, the 6th of May, 1763.

A PEERLESS matron, pride of female life,
In ev'ry ſtate, as widow, maid, or wife,
Who, wedded to threeſcore, preſerv'd her fame:
She liv'd a Phœnix, and expir'd in flame.

Verſes ſuppoſed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his ſolitary Abode in the Iſland of Juan Fernandez. COWPER.

I AM monarch of all I ſurvey,
My right there is none to diſpute,
From the centre all round to the ſea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O ſolitude! where are the charms
That ſages have ſeen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midſt of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I muſt finiſh my journey alone,
Never hear the ſweet muſic of ſpeech,
I ſtart at the ſound of my own.
The beaſts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference ſee;
They are ſo unacquainted with man,
Their tameneſs is ſhocking to me.

Society, friendſhip, and love,
Divinely beſtow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove,
How ſoon would I taſte you again!
My ſorrows I then might aſſuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wiſdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the ſallies of youth.

Religion! what treaſure untold
Reſides in that heavenly word!
More precious than ſilver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the ſound of the church-going bell
Theſe valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er ſigh'd at the ſound of a knell,
Or ſmil'd when a ſabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your ſport
Convey to this deſolate ſhore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I ſhall viſit no more.

My friends—do they now and then ſend
A wiſh or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to ſee.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!—
Compar'd with the ſpeed of its flight,
The tempeſt itſelf lags behind,
And the ſwift-winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I ſeem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to deſpair.

But the ſea-fowl is gone to her neſt,
The beaſt is laid down in his lair.
Ev'n here is a ſeaſon of reſt,
And I to my cabin repair.

There is mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

Ode to Peace. COWPER.

COME, peace of mind, delightful gueſt!
Return and make thy downy neſt
Once more in this ſad heart:
Nor riches I nor pow'r purſue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view,
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From av'rice and ambition free,
And pleaſure's fatal wiles?
For whom, alas! doſt thou prepare
The ſweets that I was wont to ſhare—
The banquet of thy ſmiles?

The great, the gay, ſhall they partake
The heaven that thou alone canſt make?
And wilt thou quit the ſtream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the ſequeſter'd ſhed,
To be a gueſt with them?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly ſacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before;
And ſhall I ſee thee ſtart away,
And helpleſs, hopeleſs, hear thee ſay—
Farewel! we meet no more?

Human Frailty. COWPER.

WEAK and irreſolute is man;
The purpoſe of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and ſmart the ſpring,
Vice ſeems already ſlain;
But paſſion rudely ſnaps the ſtring,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his aſſent,
But pleaſure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wiſe
Through all his art we view;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conſcience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A ſtranger to ſuperior ſtrength,
Man vainly truſts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the diſtant coaſt;
The breath of heaven muſt ſwell the ſail,
Or all the toil is loſt.

On obſerving ſome Names of little Note recorded in the Biographia Britannica. COWPER.

O FOND attempt to give a deathleſs lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
In vain recorded in hiſtoric page,
They court the notice of a future age:
Thoſe twinkling tiny luſtres of the land
Drop one by one from fame's neglecting hand!
Lethæan gulphs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion ſoon abſorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children uſe,
Has burnt to tinder a ſtale laſt year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,
There goes my lady, and there goes the 'ſquire;
There goes the parſon, O illuſtrious ſpark!
And there, ſcarce leſs illuſtrious, goes the clerk.

The Nightingale and Glow-Worm. COWPER.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his ſong,
Nor yet at eve his note ſuſpended,
Nor yet when even-tide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He ſpied far off, upon the ground,
A ſomething ſhining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his ſpark:
So, ſtooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop;
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:

Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your minſtrelſy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to ſpoil your ſong;
For 'twas the ſelf-ſame Pow'r divine
Taught you to ſing, and me to ſhine,
That you with muſic, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.—
The Songſter heard his ſhort oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Releas'd him, as my ſtory tells,
And found a ſupper ſomewhere elſe.

Hence jarring ſectaries may learn
Their real intereſt to diſcern:
That brother ſhould not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other,
But ſing and ſhine by ſweet conſent,
Till life's poor tranſient night is ſpent,

Reſpecting

Respecting in each other's ease
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

On a Goldfinch starved to Death in his Cage.
COWPER.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.
But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For caught and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.
Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of ev'ry ill!
More cruelty could none express;
And I, if you had shewn me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

The Pine-apple and the Bee.

THE pine-apples in triple row
Were basking hot and all in blow;
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd.
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And search'd for crannies in the frame;
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied;
But still in vain, the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light.
Thus having wasted half the day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.
Methinks, I said, in thee I find
The sin and madness of mankind;
To joys forbidden man aspires,
Consumes his soul with vain desires;
Folly the spring of his pursuit,
And disappointment all the fruit.
While Cynthio ogles as she passes
The nymph between two chariot-glasses,
She is the pine-apple, and he
The silly unsuccessful bee.
The maid who views with pensive air
The show-glass fraught with glitt'ring ware,
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
But sighs at thought of empty pockets;
Like thine her appetite is keen,
But, ah, the cruel glass between!
Our dear delights are often such,
Expos'd to view, but not to touch:
The sight our foolish heart inflames
We long for pine-apples in frames.
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers,
One breaks the glass, and cuts his fingers;
But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

The Poet, the Oyster, and Sensitive Plant.
COWPER.

AN Oyster cast upon the shore
Was heard, though never heard before,
Complaining in a speech well worded,
And worthy thus to be recorded:
Ah, hapless wretch! condemn'd to dwell
For ever in my native shell,
Ordain'd to move when others please,
Not for my own content or ease,
But toss'd and buffetted about,
Now in the water, and now out.
'Twere better to be born a stone
Of ruder shape and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine,
And sensibility so fine:
I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast-rooted against ev'ry rub.
The plant he meant grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough;
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
And with asperity replied.
When, cry the botanists, and stare,
Did plants call'd sensitive grow there?
No matter when—a poet's muse is
To make them grow where just she chooses.
You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion
To wish myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you.
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay unletter'd spark,
With curious touch examines me,
If I can feel as well as he;
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
Says—Well, 'tis more than one would think.
Thus life is spent, O fie upon 't!
In being touch'd, and crying, Don't!
A poet, in his evening walk,
O'erheard and check'd this idle talk.—
—And your fine sense, he said, and yours,
Whatever evil it indures,
Deserves not, if so soon offended,
Much to be pitied or commended.
Disputes, though short, are far too long,
Where both alike are in the wrong;
Your feelings, in their full amount,
Are all upon your own account.
You in your grotto-work inclos'd
Complain of being thus expos'd,
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
Save when the knife is at your throat,
Wherever driven by wind or tide,
Exempt from ev'ry ill beside.
And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
Who reckon ev'ry touch a blemish,
If all the plants that can be found
Embellishing the scene around
Should droop and wither where they grow,
You would not feel at all, not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love.

These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine.
His censure reach'd them as he dealt it,
And each by shrinking shew'd he felt it.

A Fable. COWPER.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
And on her wicker-work high mounted
Her chickens prematurely counted
(A fault philosophers might blame,
If quite exempted from the same),
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day;
'Twas April, as the bumpkins say,
The legislature call'd it May.
But suddenly a wind as high
As ever swept a winter sky
Shook the young leaves about her ears,
And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.
But just at eve the blowing weather,
And all her fears, were hush'd together:
And now, quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
'Tis over, and the brood is safe;
(For Ravens, though as birds of omen
They teach both conj'rors and old women
To tell us what is to befal,
Can't prophesy themselves at all).
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,
And destin'd all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting Fair.
Climb'd like a squirrel to his prey
And bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

'Tis providence alone secures,
In ev'ry change, both mine and yours.
Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape:
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.
Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oft'nest in what least we dread,
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
And in the sunshine strikes the blow.

The Love of the World detected. COWPER.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk:
Good mussulman, abstain from pork;
There is a part in ev'ry swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.
—Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the rest:
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarr'd,
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy straight arose,
These chooše the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head;
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.
You laugh—'tis well—the tale applied
May make you laugh on t' other side.
Renounce the world, the preacher cries:
We do, a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert, or a race,
And others, shooting and the chase.
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd:
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he:
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

The Jackdaw. COWPER.

THERE is a bird who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be suppos'd a crow
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch
And dormitory too.

About the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the whether;
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show
That occupies mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think no doubt he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall;
No, not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its business
Are no concern at all of his,
And says, what says he? Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men,
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

The Country Parson's Blessings.

WOULD ye, my friends, live free from care,
Attentive lend a willing ear;
While I in humble verse relate
The blessings of my humble state.

I have a living brings in clear
About a hundred pounds a year;
The tythe well paid, without law strife,
(I'm not encumber'd with a wife).
A single church, not grand, but neat;
My people rather good than great;
A strong-built house, and pasture good,
Where Sorrel crops his livelihood:
A garden cloth'd with greens and fruits,
And intermix'd with flow'ry roots;
A walk with well-mow'd greensward laid,
Where I may smoke in sun or shade;
A terrace rais'd, whence I survey
The market folk who pass that way;
A shaded bench where I may read
Old Baker's Chronicle, or Speed:
The neighb'ring clergy kind and free,
Who give and take civility;
Of humour good, of mirth and sense,
Who o'er a glass some wit dispense;
(For where 's the crime to meet and prate
Of country news and tricks of state?)
Some social gents of goodly worth,
Who scorn to boast of wealth or birth;
Who ne'er assumes the courtier's frown,
Yet keep above the homely clown;
Who love their country, king, and church,
And in no dues the parson lurch;
With ease I keep a maid and man,
This *Harry* call'd, the other *Nan*:
A table sleek, with pudding grac'd,
Or plain or plum, as suits my taste;
Attended by a sav'ry dish
Of mutton, beef, or fowl, or fish;
A pile of sallad, fresh and green;
In summer, fruit well pick'd and clean;
Sound sparkling ale, and sometimes wine,
When patron deigns with Vic—— to dine
Oft o'er the fields with gun I stride,
And faithful *Banter* by my side;
Then, if a mushroom is in sight,
It serves to supper me at night;
Or else a veltfare or a snipe,
Sometimes a dish of double tripe.

Thus joyous do I pass my life,
Stranger to tumult or to strife;
Pleasures I feel in this blest state,
Unfelt, unknown, to rich and great;
When airy fancy mounts on wing,
I think myself a sort of king;
My pipe my sceptre, cup my crown,
My elbow chair my regal throne.

On hearing of a Gentleman's Pocket being picked of his Watch.

HE that a watch would wear, this he must do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

The Happy Fire-Side.

THE hearth was clean, the fire clear,
The kettle on for tea;
PALEMON, in his elbow chair,
As blest as man could be.
Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,
And was his new-made bride,
With head reclin'd upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.
Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
A fav'rite dog was laid;
By whom a little sportive cat
In wanton humour play'd.
Clarinda's hand he gently press'd;
She stole an am'rous kiss,
And, blushing, modestly confess'd
The fulness of her bliss.
Palemon, with a heart elate,
Pray'd to Almighty Jove,
That it might ever be his fate,
Just so to live and love.
Be this eternity, he cried,
And let no more be given;
Continue thus my lov'd fire-side,
I ask no other heaven.

The Retrospect of Life.

RICHES chance may take or give;
Beauty lives a day, and dies;
Honour lulls us while we live;
Mirth 's a cheat, and pleasure flies.
Is there nothing worth our care,
Time, and chance, and death, our foes?
If our joys so fleeting are,
Are we only tied to woes?
Let bright virtue answer, No;
Her eternal pow'rs prevail,
When honours, riches, cease to flow,
And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail.

An Invitation into the Country.

THE swallows in their torpid state
Compose their useless wing,
And bees in hives as idly wait
The call of early spring.
The keenest frost that binds the stream,
The wildest wind that blows,
Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,
Secure of their repose.
But man, all feeling and awake,
The gloomy scene surveys;
With present ills his heart must ache,
And pant for brighter days.
Old winter, halting o'er the mead,
Bids me and Mary mourn;
But lovely spring peeps o'er his head,
And whispers your return.
Then April, with her sister May,
Shall chase him from the bow'rs,
And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day,
To crown the smiling hours.

And

And if a tear, that ſpeaks regret
Of happier times, appear,
A glimpſe of joy that we have met
Shall ſhine, and dry the tear.

Invitation to the feathered Race. GREAVES.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Freſh verdure decks the grove;
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers! hither fly,
And ſhun the noon-tide heat:
My ſhrubs a cooling ſhade ſupply;
My groves, a ſafe retreat.

Here, freely hop from ſpray to ſpray,
Or weave the moſſy neſt:
Here, rove and ſing the live-long day:
At night, here ſweetly reſt.

Amid this cool tranſlucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the ſhade.

No ſchool-boy rude, to miſchief prone,
E'er ſhews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a ſtone,
In this ſequeſter'd place.

Hither the vocal thruſh repairs;
Secure the linnet ſings;
The goldfinch dreads no ſlimy ſnares
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt
Yon diſtant woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chant
Thy ſweetly plaintive ſong.

Let not the harmleſs red-breaſt fear,
Domeſtic bird, to come,
And ſeek a ſure aſylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artleſs tribe!
Shall ſtore of fruit preſerve:
O! let me thus your friendſhip bribe;
Come, feed, without reſerve.

For you theſe cherries I protect,
To you theſe plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
But ſweeter far your ſong.

Let then this league betwixt us made
Our mutual intereſts guard:
Mine be the gift of fruit and ſhade;
Your ſongs be my reward.

Addreſs to a Nightingale. THOMSON.

O NIGHTINGALE! beſt poet of the grove,
That plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong to thee,
Bleſt in the full poſſeſſion of thy love:
O lend that ſtrain, ſweet Nightingale! to me.
'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my boſom charms,
Yet loſe my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.
You, happy birds! by nature's ſimple laws
Lead your ſoft lives, ſuſtain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving Fancy draws,
And love and ſong is all your pleaſing care:
But we, vain ſlaves of int'reſt and of pride,
Dare not be bleſt, leſt envious tongues ſhould blame;
And hence in vain I languiſh for my bride:
O mourn with me, ſweet bird! my hapleſs flame.

RETALIATION:

A POEM. GOLDSMITH.

THE title and nature of this POEM *ſhew that it owed its birth to ſome preceding circumſtances of feſtive merriment, which from the wit of the company, and the very ingenious Author's peculiar oddities, were probably enlivened by ſome poignant ſtrokes of humour. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amuſement, and that of the particular friends who were its ſubject; and he unfortunately did not live to reviſe, or even finiſh it, in the manner which he intended. The public have, however, already ſhewn how much they were pleaſed with its appearance, even in its preſent form.*

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each gueſt brought his diſh, and the feaſt was united;
If our *landlord ſupplies us with beef and with fiſh
Let each gueſt bring himſelf, and he brings the beſt diſh:
Our †Dean ſhall be veniſon, juſt freſh from the plains;
Our ‡Burke ſhall be tongue, with a garniſh of brains;
Our §Will ſhall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour;
And ||Dick with his pepper ſhall heighten their ſavour:
Our ¶Cumberland's ſweet-bread its place ſhall obtain,
And **Douglas is pudding, ſubſtantial and plain;

* The maſter of the St. James's Coffee-houſe, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, held an occaſional club.

† Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greateſt orators in this kingdom.

§ Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

|| Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Granada, no leſs remarkable in the walks of wit and humour than his brother Edmund Burke is juſtly diſtinguiſhed in all the branches of uſeful and polite literature.

¶ Author of the Weſt Indian, Faſhionable Lover, The Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

** Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windſor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no leſs diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a Citizen of the World, than a ſound Critic, in detecting ſeveral literary miſtakes, or rather forgeries, of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's Hiſtory of the Popes.

Our

Our * Garrick's a sallad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am
That † Ridge is anchovy, and ‡ Reynolds is lamb,
That § Hickey's a capon; and by the same rule
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool:
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who 'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I 'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then with chaos and blunders encirling my head
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade || Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote; [fining,
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on re-
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in 't;
The puple of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home:
Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at,
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb ¶;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine;
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it, that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks;
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines.
When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture;
Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches; and I shall compile; [over,
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can?
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine,
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.

* David Garrick, Esq. joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

† Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the relish of whose agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above sauce.

‡ Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

§ An eminent Attorney.

|| Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

¶ Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

On

On the ſtage he was natural, ſimple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting;
With no reaſon on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
Tho' ſecure of our hearts, yet confoundedly ſick
If they were not his own by fineſſing and trick;
He caſt off his friends as a huntſman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whiſtle them back.
Of praiſe a mere glutton, he ſwallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he miſtook it for fame;
Till his reliſh grown callous, almoſt to diſeaſe,
Who pepper'd the higheſt was ſure to pleaſe.
But let us be candid, and ſpeak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls ſo grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-ſtreet re-echo the ſhouts that you rais'd, [prais'd!
While he was be-Roſcius'd, and you were be-
But peace to his ſpirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the ſkies!
Thoſe poets who owe their beſt fame to his ſkill,
Shall ſtill be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakſpeare receive him with praiſe and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.
Here Hickey reclines, a moſt blunt, pleaſant creature,
And ſlander itſelf muſt allow him good-nature:
He cheriſh'd his friend, and he reliſh'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had; and that one was a thumper:
Perhaps you may aſk if the man was a miſer?
I anſwer, No, no, for he always was wiſer:
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worſt foe can't accuſe him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And ſo was too fooliſhly honeſt?—Ah no! [ye,
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn
He was, could he help it? a ſpecial attorney.
Here Reynolds is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiſer or better behind: [mind,
His pencil was ſtriking, reſiſtleſs, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averſe, yet moſt civilly ſteering,
When they judg'd without ſkill he was ſtill hard of hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and ſtuff,
He ſhifted his * trumpet, and only took ſnuff.

LINES *from Dr.* Barnard, *Dean of* Derry, *to Dr.* Goldsmith *and Mr.* Cumberland.

Dear Noll and dear Dick, ſince you 've made us ſo merry, [ry!
Accept the beſt thanks of the poor Dean of Der-
Tho' I here muſt confeſs that your meat and your wine
Are not quite to my taſte, thou' they 're both very fine;
For ſherry 's a liquor monaſtic, you own;
Now there 's nothing I hate ſo—as drinking alone:
It may do for your monks, or your curates and vicars; [quors.
But, for my part, I 'm fond of more ſociable li-
Your veniſon's delicious, tho' two ſweet your ſauce is—
Sed non ego maculis offendar paucis. [diſh up
So ſoon as you pleaſe, you may ſerve me your
But inſtead of your ſherry, pray make me a *biſhop!*

On Dr. Goldsmith's *Characteriſtical Cookery. A Jeu d'Eſprit.*

By D. Garrick, *Eſq.*

Are theſe the choice diſhes the Doctor has ſent us? [us?
Is this the great poet whoſe works ſo content
This Goldſmith's fine feaſt, who has written fine books? [*cooks*,
Heaven ſends us good *meat*—but the *Devil ſends*

JUPITER *and* MERCURY. *A Fable.*

Written ſome Time ſince. Garrick.

Here, *Hermes*, ſays *Jove*, who with nectar was mellow, [*fellow*;
Go fetch me ſome clay—I will make an *odd*
Right or wrong ſhall be jumbled—much gold and ſome droſs; [droſs.
Without cauſe be he pleas'd, without cauſe be he
Be ſure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions:
Now mix theſe ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn to *learning*, and *gaming*, *religion*, and *raking*,
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaſte;
Tip his tongue with ſtrange matter, his pen with fine taſte;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and ſet fire to the tail:
For the joy of each ſex, on the world I 'll beſtow it,
This *Scholar*, *Rake*, *Chriſtian*, *Dupe*, *Gameſter*, and *Poet*:
Tho' a mixture ſo odd, he ſhall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals—be Goldsmith his name!
When on earth this ſtrange meteor no more ſhall appear, [here!
You, *Hermes*, ſhall fetch him to make us ſport

The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch *for the Loſs of* Grildrig.

A Paſtoral. Gay.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miſs'd her pleaſing care,
She wept, ſhe blubber'd, and ſhe tore her hair.
No Britiſh miſs ſincerer grief has known,
Her ſquirrel miſſing, or her ſparrow flown.

* Sir Joſhua Reynolds was ſo remarkably deaf as to be under the neceſſity of uſing an ear-trumpet in company.

She

She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall. [fall
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow;
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain.
When from the thatch drips fast a show'r of rain.

In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this (she cried) with daily care
"Within thy reach I set the vinegar;
"And filled the cruet with the acid tide,
"While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied,
"Were twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
"And all the little monsters of the brook?
"Sure in that lake he dropp'd: my Grilly's
"drown'd."
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast:
"But little creatures enterprise the most.
"Trembling I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
"Nay mix with children as they play'd at taw,
"Nor fear'd the marbles as they bounding flew;
"Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
"Who from a page can never learn the truth?
"Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
"To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
"Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play,
"As children tear the wings of flies away.
"From place to place o'er Brobdignag I'll roam,
"And never will return or bring thee home.
"But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
"How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
"Dost thou, bewilder'd, wander all alone
"In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
"Or tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
"Perhaps, all maim'd, lie grovelling on the ground?
"Dost thou imbosom'd in the lovely rose,
"Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
"Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
"Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,
"O shew me, Flora, 'midst those sweets the flow'r
"Where sleeps my Grildrig in this fragrant
"bow'r!
"But, ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
"On little females, and on little loves,
"Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
"The baby playthings that adorn thy house,
"Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious
"rooms,
"Equal in size to cells of honey-combs.
"Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the
"shore,
"Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
"Or, in thy box now bounding on the main,
"Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
"And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
"To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
"My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,
"Mimic the actions of a real man?
"No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
"As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh? [tread,
"How wast thou wont to walk with cautious
"Adish of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head!
"How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
"And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
She said; but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
Soft as the speaking trumpet's mellow noise.
She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies,
O squander not thy grief; those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

A Receipt for stewing Veal. GAY.

TAKE a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it or steal:
In a few pieces cut it,
In a stewing pan put it,
Salt, pepper, and mace
Must season this knuckle;
Then * what 's join'd to a place,
With other herbs muckle;
That which kill'd king † Will;
And what never ‡ stands still.
Some § sprigs of that bed
Where children are bred;
Which much you will mend, if
Both spinach and endive,
And lettuce, and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all,
For it maketh things small;
Which lest it should happen,
A close cover clap on.
Put this pot of ‖ Wood's metal
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me see—
Thrice as long as you preach ¶.
So skimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then! with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter!

Spring. An Ode. Dr. JOHNSON.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long continued strife;
And nature, on her naked breast
Delights to catch the gales of life.
Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure with her laughing train;
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

* Vulgo, salary. † Supposed sorrel. ‡ This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be time or thyme.
§ Parsley. Vide Chamberlayne. ‖ Of this composition, see the Works of the Copper farthing Dean.
¶ Which we suppose to be near four hours.

Unhappy whom to beds of pain
Arthritic * tyranny conſigns!
Whom ſmiling nature courts in vain,
Tho' rapture ſings, and beauty ſhines!

Yet tho' my limbs diſeaſe invades,
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful ſhades
Where———'s humble turrets riſe.

Here ſtop, my ſoul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleaſing groves depart,
Where firſt great nature charm'd my ſight,
Where wiſdom firſt inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales purſue
A guide—a father—and a friend;
Once more great nature's works review,
Once more on wiſdom's voice attend.

From falſe careſſes, cauſeleſs ſtrife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the uſe of life,
When beſt enjoy'd, when moſt improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bow'r,
Cool meditation's quiet ſeat,
The generous ſcorn of venal pow'r,
The ſilent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatneſs climbs,
Or raging factions ruſh to war,
Here let me learn to ſhun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not ſhare.

But leſt I fall by ſubtler foes,
Bright wiſdom, teach me Curio's art
The ſwelling paſſions to compoſe,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

The MIDSUMMER'S WISH. *An Ode.*

Dr. JOHNSON.

O PHOEBUS! down the weſtern ſky
Far hence diffuſe thy burning ray;
Thy light to diſtant worlds ſupply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come gentle eve, the friend of eaſe!
Come Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refreſh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature ſpreads;
Where the green bow'r, with roſes crown'd,
In ſhow'rs its fragrant foliage ſheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let muſic die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every ſtrain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vaſt deſires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inſpires.

Whilſt, all my wiſh and thine complete,
By turns we languiſh and we burn,
Let ſighing gales our ſighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when nature calls to reſt,
And bluſhing ſkies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breaſt,
And bid the waking world farewel.

AUTUMN. *An Ode.*

Dr. JOHNSON.

ALAS! with ſwift and ſilent pace
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The ſeaſons change, and nature's face
Now ſweetly ſmiles, now frowns ſevere.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flow'rs of Spring are ſwept away,
And Summer fruits deſert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the weſtern breeze,
Now trod in duſt neglected lie,
As Boreas ſtrips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As ruſſet heaths are wild and bare,
Not moiſt with dew, but drench'd in rain;
Nor health nor pleaſure wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight ſhade
Beneath the moon's pale orb I ſtray,
Soft pleaſing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime ſhe ſoars,
O would ſome god but wings ſupply!
To where each morn the Spring reſtores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wiſh! me fate compels to bear
The downward ſeaſons iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And ſhiver on a blaſted plain.

What bliſs to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and ſhow'rs, and ſtorms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flow'rs, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

O! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains, the friend of wit,
In love and mirth of mighty pow'r.

Haſte, preſs the cluſters, fill the bowl;
Apollo, ſhoot thy parting ray:
This gives the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
This god of health, and verſe, and day.

Still, ſtill the jocund ſtrain ſhall flow,
The pulſe with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms ſhall glow,
And every bliſs in wine ſhall meet.

WINTER. *An Ode.*

Dr. JOHNSON.

NO more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flow'r of various hue;
Noon ſpreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve diſtils the dew.

* The author being ill of the gout.

The

The lingering hours prolong the night;
Uſurping darkneſs ſhares the day,
Her miſts reſtrain the force of light;
And Phœbus holds a doubtful ſway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With ſighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafleſs wood, the naked field,
The ſnow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No muſic warbles thro' the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious ſteps I rove
Thro' verdant paths now ſought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempeſt roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous ſhow'rs deſcend;
Haſte, cloſe the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art ſupply
With light and heat my little ſphere;
Rouſe, rouſe the fire, and pile it high;
Light up a conſtellation here.

Let muſic ſound the voice of joy,
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the ſeaſon wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tail ſhall pleaſe no more;
Nor muſic charm, though Stella ſings;
Nor love, nor wine, the Spring reſtore.

Catch then, O catch, the tranſient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies.
Life 's a ſhort Summer—man a flow'r;
He dies—alas! how ſoon he dies!

An EVENING ODE. *To Stella.* *Dr.* JOHNSON.

Evening now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts ſhe brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes ſhake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the ſtream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd lonely grove
Hears and keeps thy ſecrets, love.
Stella, thither let us ſtray,
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his ſtead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that ſeems but juſt to ſhew
Breaſts that beat, and cheeks that glow.
Let us now, in whiſper'd joy,
Evening's ſilent hours employ;
Silence beſt, and conſcious ſhades,
Pleaſe the hearts that love invades:
Other pleaſures give them pain,
Lovers all but love diſdain.

The NATURAL BEAUTY. *To Stella.* *Dr.* JOHNSON.

Whether Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth or glancing round,
If her face with pleaſure glow,
If ſhe ſigh at others' woe,
If her eaſy air expreſs
Conſcious worth or ſoft diſtreſs,
Stella's eyes and air, and face,
Charm with undiminiſh'd grace.
If on her we ſee diſplay'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade;
If her chintz with leſs expence
Flows in eaſy negligence;
Still ſhe lights the conſcious flame,
Still her charms appear the ſame;
If ſhe ſtrikes the vocal ſtrings,
If ſhe 's ſilent, ſpeaks, or ſings,
If ſhe ſit, or if ſhe move,
Still we love, and ſtill approve.
Vain the caſual, tranſient glance,
Which alone can pleaſe by chance,
Beauty which depends on art,
Changing with the changing heart,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems, and rich brocade.
I thoſe charms alone can prize
Which from conſtant nature riſe,
Which nor circumſtance nor dreſs
E'er can make or more or leſs.

The Vanity of Wealth. *Dr.* JOHNSON.

No more, thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the preſent ſtore,
Still endleſs ſighs are breath'd for more.
O quit the ſhadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treaſure buys!
To purchaſe heaven has gold the pow'r?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendſhip's pleaſures to be ſold?
No—all that 's worth a wiſh, a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Ceaſe then on traſh thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With ſcience tread the wondrous way,
Or learn the Muſes' moral lay;
In ſocial hours indulge thy ſoul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love reſign thy breaſt,
And be, by bleſſing beauty, bleſt.
Thus taſte the feaſt by nature ſpread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taſte with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and ſtrife.
I boaſt whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And ſcorn (O let that ſcorn be thine!)
Mere things of clay that dig the mine.

To Miſs ———, on her giving the Author a Gold and Silk Net-work Purſe of her own weaving. *Dr.* JOHNSON.

Though gold and ſilk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,

In

In vain the varied work would shine
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand, that knows the subtler art
To weave those nets that catch the heart.
Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy silken chain
The glittering vagrants shall restrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed,
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed?

To LYCE, *an elderly Lady.* *Dr.* JOHNSON.

YE Nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flattering poets given,
Who shine by lavish lovers drest
In all the pomp of heaven!
Engross not all the beams on high
Which gild a lover's lay;
But, as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.
Her silver locks display the moon,
Her brows a cloudy show:
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And show'rs from either flow.
Her teeth the night with darkness dyes.
She 's starr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.
But some Zelinda, while I sing,
Denies my Lyce shines:
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.
Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
And I but flatter less.

Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Dr.* JOHNSON.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at this tomb where HANMER's ashes lie:
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.
Thus early wise th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade:
In life's first bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.
In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state:
In every speech persuasive wisdom'd flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd;
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.
Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair—and ANNE the throne!
Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The Moderator firmly mild appear'd,
Beheld with love, with veneration heard.
This task perform'd, he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost:
Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
With temperate zeal, and wise anxiety;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled;
And fam'd pursued him where Conviction led.
Age call'd at length his active mind to rest,
With honours fated, and with cares oppress:
To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur and domestic worth:
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.
Calm Conscience then his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade;
Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

SONNETS BY WARTON.

Written at Wynslade in Hampshire.

WYNSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain [lawn,
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
Can the grey mist with orient purple stain.
Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her fairest landskips whence my Muse has drawn,
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain.
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he far-distant strays
With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recal those happier days.

On Bathing.

WHEN late the trees were stript by winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;
She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' tow'red brim:
And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

Written

Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monaſticon.

DEEM not devoid of elegance the ſage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful Pedantry the poring child, [page,
Who turns of theſe proud domes th' hiſtoric
Now ſunk by Time and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'ſt thou the warbling Muſes never ſmil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thought on themes unclaſſic falſely ſtyl'd,
Intent. While cloiſter'd Piety diſplays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the penſive bard his pictur'd ſtores.
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but ſtrewn with flow'rs.

Written at Stonehenge.

THOU nobleſt monument of Albion's iſle!
Whether by Merlin's aid, from Scythia's ſhore
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Briton's ſlain by Hengiſt's guile*;
Or Druid prieſts, ſprinkled with human gore,
Taught 'mid thy maſſy maze their myſtic lore:
Or Daniſh chiefs, enrich'd with ſavage ſpoil,
To victory's idol vaſt, an unhewn ſhrine,
Rear'd the rude heap; or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repoſe the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here thoſe kings in ſolemn ſtate were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,
We muſe on many an ancient tale renown'd.

Written after ſeeing Wilton-Houſe.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowr's,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble ſtart,
How to life's humbler ſcene can I depart?
My breaſt all glowing from thoſe gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the ſullen hours?
Vain the complaint: for fancy can impart
(To Fate ſuperior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the ſtately-ſtoried hall:
She 'mid the dungeon's ſolitary gloom,
Can dreſs the Graces in their Attic pall;
Bid the green landſcape's vernal beauty bloom;
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

To Mr. Gray.

NOT that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My ruſtic Muſe her votive chaplet brings;
Unſeen, unheard, O Gray, to thee ſhe ſings!
While ſlowly-pacing through the church-yard dew,
At curfew-time, beneath the dark green yew,
Thy penſive genius ſtrikes the moral ſtrings;
Or, borne ſublime on Inſpiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murthers foul defil'd:
Can ought my pipe to reach thine ear eſſay?
No bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the ſweet magic of thy ſoothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and viſion wild,
To thee this ſtrain of gratitude I pay!

Sonnet.

WHILE ſummer-ſuns o'er the gay proſpect play'd,
Through Surry's verdant ſcenes, where Epſom ſpreads,
'Mid intermingling elms, her flow'ry meads;
And Haſcombe's hill, in tow'ring groves array'd,
Rear'd its romantic ſteep—with mind ſerene
I journey'd blythe. Full penſive I return'd;
For now my breaſt with hopeleſs paſſion burn'd:
Wet with hoar miſts appear'd the gaudy ſcene
Which late in careleſs indolence I paſs'd;
And Autumn all around thoſe hues had caſt
Where paſt delight my recent grief might trace,
Sad change! that Nature a congenial gloom
Should wear, when moſt, my cheerleſs mood to chaſe,
I wiſh'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

On King Arthur's Round Table at Wincheſter.

WHERE Venta's Norman caſtle ſtill uprears
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the graſſy foſs,
And ſcatter'd flinty fragments, clad in moſs,
On yonder ſteep in naked ſtate appears:
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round
Some Britiſh pen has ſketch'd the names renown'd,
In marks obſcure, of his immortal peers.
Though join'd by magic ſkill, with many a rhyme,
The Druid frame unhonour'd falls a prey
To the ſlow vengeance of the wizard Time,
And fade the Britiſh characters away;
Yet Spenſer's page, that chants in verſe ſublime
Thoſe chiefs, ſhall live unconſcious of decay.

To the River Lodon.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since firſt I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy-ground,
Beneath thy azure ſky, and golden ſun:
Where firſt my muſe to liſp her notes began!
While penſive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between,
Much pleaſure, more of ſorrow, marks the ſcene.

* One of the bardiſh traditions about Stonehenge.

Sweet native ſtream! thoſe ſkies and ſuns ſo pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road!
Yet ſtill one joy remains, that not obſcure
Nor uſeleſs all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muſe's laurel unbeſtow'd.

The Old Cheeſe. KING.

YOUNG Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniences of life,
Whoſe diligence and cleanlineſs ſupplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then ſhe had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afeard.
This made cenſorious perſons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his ſoul his own;
For, if he went abroad too much, ſhe 'd uſe
To give him ſlippers, and lock up his ſhoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was diſturb'd or contradicted;
Yet ſtill into his ſtory ſhe would break
With—"'Tis not ſo; pray give me leave to
"ſpeak"
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not diff'ring much from calling of him fool!
Told him he muſt exert himſelf, and be
In fact the maſter of his family.
He ſaid, "That the next Tueſday-noon would
"ſhow
"Whether he were the lord at home or no;
"When their good company he would entreat
"To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely
"meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his raſh act diſcloſe;
And prays dear Sukey, that one day at leaſt,
He might appear as maſter of the feaſt.
"I 'll grant your wiſh," cries ſhe, "that you
"may ſee
"'Twere wiſdom to be govern'd ſtill by me."
The gueſts upon the day appointed came,
Each bowſy farmer with his ſimp'ring dame.
"Ho, Sue!" cries Slouch, "why doſt not thou
"appear?
"Are theſe thy manners when aunt Snap is
"here?"
"I pardon aſk," ſays Sue; "I 'd not offend
"Any my dear invites, much leſs his friend."
Slouch by his kinſman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His ſaying—"there was nothing fit to eat;
"The boil'd Pork ſtinks, the roaſt Beef 's not
"enough,
"The Bacon 's ruſty, and the Hens are tough;
"The Veal 's all rags, the Butter 's turn'd to oil;
"And thus I buy good meat for ſluts to ſpoil.
"'Tis we are the firſt Slouches ever ſat
"Down to a Pudding without Plums or Fat.
"What Teeth or Stomach 's ſtrong enough to
"feed
"Upon a Gooſe my Grannum kept to breed?"
"Why muſt old Pigeons, and they ſtale, be
"dreſt,
"When there 's ſo many ſquab ones in the neſt?
"This Beer is ſour; 'tis muſty, thick, and ſtale,
"And worſe than any thing, except the Ale."
She all this while many excuſes made,
Some things ſhe own'd; at other times ſhe laid
The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.
Then Cheeſe was brought. Says Slouch—
"This e'en ſhall roll;
"I 'm ſure 'tis hard enough to make a Bowl:
"This is ſkim-milk, and therefore it ſhall go;
"And this, becauſe 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waſte;
Nor longer could diſſimulation laſt.
"Pray let me riſe," ſays Sue, "my dear; I'll find
"A Cheeſe perhaps may be to lovy's mind."
Then in an entry ſtanding cloſe, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends, might ſee;
And brandiſhing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough, on this occaſion, ſmelt—
"I 'll try, my joy," ſhe cried, "if I can pleaſe
"My deareſt with a taſte of his Old Cheeſe!"
Slouch turn'd his head, ſaw his wife's vigorous hand
Wielding her oaken ſapling of command,
Knew well the twang—"Is 't the Old Cheeſe,
"my Dear?" ["I 'll ſwear,
"No need, no need of Cheeſe," cries Slouch;
"I think I've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!"

The PILGRIM *and the* PEAS. *A true Story.*
PETER PINDAR.

A BRACE of ſinners, for no *good*,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's ſhrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, ſtone, wood,
And in a fair white wig look'd wondrous fine.
Fifty long miles had thoſe ſad rogues to travel,
With ſomething in their ſhoes much worſe than
gravel;
In ſhort, their toes ſo gentle to *amuſe*,
The prieſt had ordered peas into their ſhoes:
A *noſtrum* famous in old Popiſh times
For purifying ſouls that ſtunk with crimes;
A ſort of apoſtolic ſalt,
That Popiſh parſons for its pow'rs exalt
For keeping ſouls of ſinners *ſweet*,
Juſt as our kitchen ſalt keeps *meat*.

The knaves ſet off on the ſame day,
Peas in their ſhoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their ſpeed, I wot:
One of the ſinners gallop'd on
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd as if he had been *ſhot*.

ONE ſaw the VIRGIN ſoon—*pescavi* cried—
Had his ſoul whitewaſh'd all ſo clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with ſaints above to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me ſay,
He met his brother rogue about half way, [knees,
Hobbling with outſtretch'd bum and bending
Damning the ſouls and bodies of the peas:

His

His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.
"How now," the light-toed, whitewash'd pilgrim broke,
"You lazy lubber?"—
"Odds curse it!" cried the other, "'tis no *joke*:
"My feet, once hard as any rock,
"Are now as soft as *blubber*.
"Excuse me Virgin Mary, that I swear—
"As for Loretto, I shall not get there:
"No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
"For damme if I ha'nt lost ev'ry toe.
"But, brother sinner, do explain
"How 'tis that you are not in pain;
"What Pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *your* "toes;
"Whilst *I* just like a snail am crawling,
"Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawl-"ing,
"Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?
"How is't that *you* can like a greyhound *go*,
"Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn "ye?"—
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must "*know*,
"That, just before I ventur'd on my journey,
"To walk a little more at ease,
"I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

A Country Bumpkin and Razor-seller.
PETER PINDAR.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man would buy with cash and sense.
A country bumpkin the great offer heard,—
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himself in whispers said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.
"No matter, if the fellow *be* a knave,
"Provided that the razors *shave*,
"It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown with his good fortune went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.
Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor! then the rest he tried—
All were impostors—"Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
"I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."
In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and swore;
Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.
His MUZZLE, form'd of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not loose its ruff:
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:
Hodge, in a passion stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.
"Razors!—a damn'd, confounded dog!—
"Not fit to scrape a hog!" [gun—
Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and be-
"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
"That people flay themselves out of their "lives:
"You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
"Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,
"With razors just like oyster knives.
"Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,
"To cry up razors that can't *shave*."
"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I 'm not a "knave:
"As for the razors you have bought,
"Upon my soul I never thought
"That they would *shave*."
"Not think they 'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries:
"Made! quoth the fellow, with a smile—
"to *sell*."

The Bald-pated Welshman and the Fly.
SOMERVILLE.

——"Qui non moderabitur irae,
"Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit et mens,
"Dum poenas odio per vim festinat inulto." HOR.

A SQUIRE of Wales, whose blood ran higher
Than that of any other squire,
Hasty and hot; whose peevish honour
Reveng'd each slight was put upon her,
Upon a mountain's top one day
Expos'd to sol's meridian ray.
He fum'd he rav'd, he curs'd he swore,
Exhal'd a sea at ev'ry pore;
At last, such insults to evade,
Sought the next tree's protecting shade;
Where as he lay dissolv'd in sweat,
And wip'd off many a rivulet,
Off in a pet the beaver flies,
And flaxen wig, time's best disguise,
By which folks of maturer ages
Vie with smooth beaux, and ladies pages:
Though 'twas a secret rarely known,
Ill-natur'd age had cropp'd his crown,
Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
A large smooth plain extends his brow.
Thus as he lay with numskull bare,
And courted the refreshing air,
New persecutions still appear,
A noisy fly offends his ear.
Alas! what man of parts and sense
Could bear such vile impertinence?
Yet, so discourteous is our fate,
Fools always buz about the great.

This inſect now, whoſe active ſpite
Teas'd him with never-ceaſing bite,
With ſo much judgment play'd his part,
He had him both in tierce and quart:
In vain with open hands he tries
To guard his ears, his noſe, his eyes;
For now at laſt, familiar grown,
He perch'd upon his worſhip's crown,
With teeth and claws his ſkin he tore,
And ſtuff'd himſelf with human gore.
At laſt in manners to excel,
Untruſs'd a point, ſome authors tell.
But now what rhetoric could aſſuage
The furious ſquire, ſtark mad with rage?
Impatient at the foul diſgrace
From inſect of ſo mean a race,
And plotting vengeance on his foe,
With double fiſt he aims a blow.
The nimble fly eſcap'd by flight,
And ſkipp'd from this unequal fight.
Th' impending ſtroke with all its weight
Fell on his own beloved pate.
Thus much he gain'd by this advent'rous deed,
He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL:

Let ſenates hence learn to preſerve their ſtate,
And ſcorn the fool, below their grave debate,
Who by th' unequal ſtrife grows popular and great.
Let him buz on, with ſenſeleſs rant defy
The wiſe, the good; yet ſtill 'tis but a fly.
With puny foes the toil 's not worth the cost,
Where nothing can be gain'd much may be lost;
Let cranes and pigmies in mock-war engage,
A prey beneath the gen'rous eagle's rage,
True honour o'er the clouds ſublimely wings;
Young Ammon ſcorns to run with leſs thankings.

The incurious Bencher. SOMERVILLE.

AT Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
And lay their laurels at her feet;
The modern Pallas, at whoſe ſhrine
They bow, and by whoſe aid they dine:
Colonel Brocade, among the reſt,
Was every day a welcome guest.
One night as careleſsly he ſtood,
Cheering his reins before the fire
(So every true-born-Briton ſhould),
Like that he chaf'd and fum'd with ire.
"Jenny," ſaid he, "'tis very hard,
"That no man's honour can be ſpar'd;
"If I but ſup with Lady Ducheſs,
"Or play a game at ombre, ſuch is
"The malice of the world, 'tis ſaid,
"Although his Grace lay drunk in bed,
"'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.
"If Madam Doodle would be witty,
"And I am ſummon'd to the city,
"To play at blindman's-buff or ſo,
"What won't ſuch helliſh malice do?
"If I but catch her in a corner,
"Humph! 'tis, Your ſervant, Colonel Horner:
"But rot the ſneering fops, if e'er
"I prove it, it ſhall coſt them dear;
"I ſwear by this dead-doing blade,
"Dreadful examples ſhall be made.
"What can't they drink bohea and cream,
"But (d—n them) I muſt be their theme?
"Other men's buſineſs let alone,
"Why ſhould not coxcombs mind their own?"
As thus he rav'd with all his might
(How inſecure from fortune's ſpite
Alas, is ev'ry mortal wight!)
To ſhew his ancient ſpleen to Mars,
Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—;
Stuck to his ſkirts, inſatiate varlet?
And fed with pleaſure on the ſcarlet.
Hard by, and in the corner ſate
A Bencher grave, with look ſedate,
Smoking his pipe, warm as a toaſt,
And reading over laſt week's poſt;
He ſaw the foe the fort invade,
And ſoon ſmelt out the breach he made:
But not a word—a little fly
He look'd, 'tis true; and from each eye
A ſidelong glance ſometimes he ſent,
To bring him news, and watch th' event.
At length, upon that tender part
Where honour lodges (as of old
Authentic Hudibras has told)
The bluſt'ring colonel felt a ſmart;
Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
Friſk'd, ſkipp'd, and bounc'd about the room:
Then turning ſhort—"Zounds, ſir," he cries;
"Pox on him! had the fool no eyes?
"What! let a man be burnt alive?"
"I am not, Sir, inquiſitive,"
Replied Sir Gravity, "to know
"Whate'er your Honour 's pleas'd to do;
"If you will burn your tail to tinder,
"Pray what have I to do to hinder?
"Other men's buſineſs let alone,
"Why ſhould not coxcombs mind their own?"
Then, knocking out his pipe with care,
Laid down his penny at the bar;
And rapping round his frieze ſurtout,
Took up his crab-tree, and walk'd out.

The officious Meſſenger. A Tale. SOMERVILLE.

MAN, of precarious ſcience vain,
Treats other creatures with diſdain;
Nor Pug, nor Shock have common ſenſe,
Nor even Poll the leaſt pretence,
Though ſhe prates better than us all,
To be accounted rational.
The brute creation here below,
It ſeems, is nature's puppet-ſhow;
But clock-work all, and mere machine,
What can theſe idle gimcracks mean?
Ye world-makers of Greſham hail,
Dog Rover ſhall confute you all;
Shall prove that ev'ry reaſoning brute
Like Ben of Bangor can diſpute;
Can apprehend, judge, ſyllogize,
Or like proud Bentley criticize;
At a moot point, or odd diſaſter,
Is often wiſer than his maſter.
He may miſtake ſometimes, 'tis true;
None are infallible but you.

The

The dog whom nothing can mislead
Must be a dog of parts indeed.
But to my tale: hear me, my friend,
And with due gravity attend.
Rover, as heralds are agreed,
Well-born, and of the setting breed,
Rang'd high, was stout, of nose acute,
A very learn'd and courteous brute.
In parallel lines his grounds he beat,
Not such as in one centre meet;
In those let blund'ring doctors deal,
His were exactly parallel.
When tainted gales the game betray,
Down close he sinks and eyes his prey.
Though diff'rent passions tempt his soul,
True as the needle to the pole,
He keeps his point, and panting lies;
The floating net above him flies,
Then dropping, sweeps the flutt'ring prize.
Nor this his only excellence:
When surly farmers took offence,
And the rank corn the sport denied,
Still, faithful to his master's side,
A thousand pretty pranks he play'd,
And cheerful each command obey'd:
Humble his mind, though great his wit,
Would lug a pig, or turn the spit;
Would fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks,
And forty such diverting tricks.
Nor Partridge, nor wise Gadbury,
Could find lost goods as soon as he:
Bid him go back a mile or more,
And seek the glove you hid before,
Still his unerring nose would wind it;
If above ground, was sure to find it;
Whimp'ring for joy his master greet,
And humbly lay it at his feet.
But hold—it cannot be denied
That useful talents, misapplied,
May make wild work. It happ'd one day,
Squire Lobb, his master, took his way,
New shav'd and smug, and very tight,
To compliment a neighb'ring knight;
In his best trowsers he appears
(A comely person for his years);
And clean white drawers, that many a day
In lavender and rose-cakes lay.
Across his brawny shoulders strung,
On his left side his dagger hung;
Dead-doing blade! a dreadful guest
Or in the field or at the feast.
No Franklin, carving of a chine
At Christide, ever look'd so fine.
With him obsequious Rover trudg'd,
Nor from his heels one moment budg'd:
Awhile they travell'd, when within
Poor Lobb perceiv'd a rumbling din:
Then warring winds for want of vent
Shook all his earthly tenement.
So in the body politic
(For states sometimes, like men, are sick)
Dark faction mutters through the crowd,
Ere bare-fac'd treason roars aloud:
Whether crude humours undigested
His lab'ring entrails had infested;
Or last night's load of bottled ale,
Grown mutinous, was breaking gaol;
The cause of this his awkward pain
Let Johnston or let H——th explain;
Whose learned noses may discover
Why nature's stink-pot thus ran over.
My province is th' effect to trace
And give each point its proper grace:
Th' effect, O lamentable case!
Long had he struggled, but in vain,
The factious tumult to restrain.
What should he do? Th' unruly rout
Press'd on; and it was time, no doubt,
T' unbutton, and to let all out.
The trowsers soon his will obey:
Not so his stubborn drawers; for they,
Beneath his hanging paunch close tied,
His utmost art and pains defied:
He drew his dagger on the spot,
Resolv'd to cut the Gordian knot.
In the same road just then pass'd by
(Such was the will of destiny)
The courteous curate of the place,
Good nature shone o'er all his face.
Surpris'd the flaming blade to view,
And deeming slaughter must ensue,
Off from his back himself he threw:
Then without ceremony seiz'd
The squire, impatient to be eas'd.
"Lord! Master Lobb, who would have
"thought
"The fiend had e'er so strongly wrought?
"Is suicide so slight a fault?
"Rip up thy guts, man? What! go quick
"To hell, outrageous lunatic?
"But, by the blessing, I'll prevent
"With this right hand thy foul intent."
Then grip'd the dagger fast: the squire,
Like Peleus' son, look'd pale with ire;
While the good man like Pallas stood,
And check'd his eager thirst for blood.
At last, when both awhile had strain'd,
Strength, join'd with zeal, the conquest gain'd
The curate in all points obey'd,
Into the sheath returns the blade;
But first th' unhappy squire he swore,
T' attempt upon his life no more.
With sage advice his speech he clos'd,
And left him (as he thought) compos'd.
But was it so, friend Lobb? I own,
Misfortune seldom comes alone;
Satan supplies the swelling tide,
And ills on ills are multiplied.
Subdued, and all his measures broke,
His purpose and intent mistook,
Within his drawers, alas! he found
His guts let out without a wound:
For in the conflict straining hard,
He left his postern-gate unbarr'd;
Most woefully bedaub'd, he moans
His piteous case, he sighs, he groans

To lose his dinner, and return,
Was very hard, not to be borne.
Hunger, they say, parent of arts,
Will make a fool a man of parts.
The sharp-set squire resolves at last,
Whate'er befel him, not to fast;
He mus'd awhile, chaf'd, strain'd his wits,
At last on this expedient hits:
To the next brook with sober pace
He tends, preparing to uncase,
Straddling and mutt'ring all the way,
Curs'd inwardly th' unlucky day.
The coast now clear, no soul in view,
Off in a trice his trowsers drew;
More leisurely his drawers, for care
And caution were convenient there:
So fast the plaster'd bird-lime stuck,
The skin came off with ev'ry pluck.
Sorely he gaul'd each brawny ham;
Nor other parts escap'd, which shame
Forbids a bashful Muse to name.
Not without pain the work achiev'd,
He scrubb'd and wash'd the parts aggriev'd;
Then with nice hand and look sedate,
Folds up his draw'rs with their rich freight,
And hides them in a bush, at leisure
Resolv'd to fetch his hidden treasure:
The trusty Rover lay hard by,
Observing all with curious eye.

Now rigg'd again, once more a beau,
And matters fix'd *in statu quo*,
Brisk as a snake in merry May,
That just has cast his slough away,
Gladsome he caper'd o'er the green,
As he presum'd, both sweet and clean;
For, O! amongst us mortal elves,
How few there are smell out themselves!
With a mole's ear, and eagle's eye,
And with a blood-hound's nose, we fly
On others' faults implacably.
But where's that ear, that eye, that nose,
Against its master will depose?
Ruddy Miss Prue, with golden hair,
Stinks like a pole-cat or a bear;
Yet romps about me ev'ry day,
Sweeter, she thinks, than new-made hay.
Lord Plausible, at Tom's and Will's,
Whose poisonous breath in whispers kills,
Still buzzes in my ear, nor knows
What fatal secrets he bestows:
Let him destroy each day a score,
'Tis mere chance-medley, and no more.
In fine, self-love bribes ev'ry sense,
And all at home is excellence.

The squire, arriv'd in decent plight,
With rev'rence due salutes the knight;
Compliments past, the dinner-bell
Rung quick and loud, harmonious knell
To greedy Lobb! Th' Orphean lyre
Did ne'er such rapturous joy inspire!
Though this the savage throng obey,
That hunger tames more fierce than they.

In comely order now appear
The footmen, loaded with good cheer;
Her ladyship brought up the rear.
Simp'ring she lisps, "Your servant, sir—
"The ways are bad, one can't well stir
"Abroad—or 'twere indeed unkind
"To leave good Mrs. Lobb behind—
"She's well, I hope?—Master, they say,
"Comes on apace—How's Miss, I pray?"
Lobb bow'd, and cring'd; and muttering low,
Made for his chair, would fain fall-to.
These weighty points adjusted, soon
My lady brandishes her spoon.
Unhappy Lobb, pleas'd with his treat,
And minding nothing but his meat,
Too near the fire had chose his seat:
When, O! th' effluvia of his bum
Began amain to scent the room,
Ambrosial sweets, and rich perfume!
The slick'ring footman stopp'd his nose;
The chaplain too, under the rose,
Made awkward mouths; the knight took snuff;
Her ladyship began to huff:
"Indeed, Sir John—pray, good my dear—
"'Tis wrong to make your kennel here—
"Dogs in their place are good, I own—
"But in the parlour—foh! be gone!"

Now Rockwood leaves th' unfinish'd bone,
Banish'd for failings not his own;
No grace ev'n Fidler could obtain,
And fav'rite Virgin fawn'd in vain.
The servants, to the stranger kind,
Leave trusty Rover still behind;
But Lobb, who would not seem to be
Defective in civility,
And, for removing of all doubt,
Knitting his brows, bids him get out:
By signs expresses his command,
And to the door points with his hand.
The dog, or through mistake, or spite
(Grave authors have not set us right),
Fled back the very way he came,
And in the bush soon found his game;
Brought in his mouth the fav'ry load,
And at his master's elbow stood.
O Lobb! what idioms can express
Thy strange confusion and distress,
When on the floor the draw'rs display'd
The fulsome secret had bewray'd?
No traitor, when his hand and seal
Produc'd his dark designs reveal,
E'er look'd with such a hanging face,
As Lobb, half-dead at this disgrace,
Wild-staring, thunder-struck, and dumb,
While peals of laughter shake the room;
Each sash thrown up to let in air,
The knight fell backward in his chair,
Laugh'd till his heart-strings almost break,
The chaplain giggled for a week
Her ladyship began to call
For hartshorn, and her Abigail;

The

The servants chuckled at the door,
And all was clamour and uproar.
Rover, who now began to quake,
As conscious of his foul mistake,
Trusts to his heels to save his life;
The squire sneaks home, and beats his wife.

The Devil outwitted. A Tale. SOMERVILLE.

A VICAR liv'd on this side Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent;
Pure was his life in deed, word, thought,
A comment on the truths he taught:
His parish large, his income small,
Yet seldom wanted wherewithal;
For against ev'ry merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.
A painful pastor; but his sheep,
Alas! within no bounds would keep;
A scabby flock, that ev'ry day
Ran riot, and would go astray.
He thump'd his cushion, fretted, vex'd,
Thumb'd o'er again each useful text;
Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain;
His parish was the more profane:
The scrubs would have their wicked will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd still.
At last, when each expedient fail'd,
And serious measures nought avail'd,
It came into his head, to try
The force of wit and raillery.
The good man was by nature gay,
Could gibe and joke as well as pray;
Not like some hide-bound folk, who chase
Each merry smile from their dull face,
And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.
At christenings and each jovial feast,
He singled out the sinful beast;
Let all his pointed arrows fly
Told this and that, look'd very sly,
And left my masters to apply.
His tales were humorous, often true,
And now and then set off to view
With lucky fictions and sheer wit,
That pierc'd where truth could never hit.
The laugh was always on his side,
While passive fools by turns deride;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering lout reform'd his brother;
Till the whole parish was with ease
Sham'd into virtue by degrees.
Then be advis'd, and try a tale,
When Chrysostom and Austin fail.

The Frog's Choice. SOMERVILLE.

Ὦ πόποι, οἷον δὴ νῶϊ θεὸς βροτὰ ἀπιάνται.
Ἐξ ἡμέων γάρ φασι καὶ ἐμμεναι οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Ζῆνα ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπερμενέα ἀλγύνουσιν.

IN a wild state of nature, long
The frogs at random liv'd,
The weak a prey unto the strong,
With anarchy oppress'd and griev'd.
At length the lawless rout,
Taught by their suff'rings grew devout
An embassy to Jove they sent,
And begg'd his highness would bestow
Some settled form of government,
A king, to rule the fens below.
Jove, smiling, grants their odd request:
A king, th' indulgent pow'r bestow'd,
Such as might suit their genius best:
A Beam of a prodigious size,
With all its cumbrous load,
Came tumbling from the skies.
The waters dash against the shore,
The hollow caverns roar:
The rocks return the dreadful sound,
Convulsions shake the ground.
The multitude with horror fled,
And in his oozy bed
Each skulking coward hid his head.

When all is now grown calm again,
And smoothly glides the liquid plain,
A frog more resolute and bold,
Peeping with caution from his hold,
Recover'd from his first surprise,
As o'er the wave his head he popp'd,
He saw—but scarce believ'd his eyes,
On the same bank where first he dropp'd,
Th' imperial lubber lies,
Stretch'd at his ease, careless, content!
"Is this the monarch Jove has sent,"
Said he, "our warlike troops to lead?
Ay, 'tis a glorious prince indeed!
By such an active general led,
The routed mice our arm shall dread,
Subdued shall quit their claim:
Old Homer shall recant his lays,
For us new trophies raise,
Sing our victorious arms, and justify our fame!
Then laughing impudently loud,
He soon alarm'd the dastard crowd.
The croaking nations with contempt
Behold the worthless indolent.
On wings of winds swift scandal flies,
Libels, lampoons, and lyes,
Hoarse treasons, tuneless blasphemies.
With active leap at last upon his back they stride,
And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove they pray'rs address'd,
And once more Jove grants their request:
A Stork he sends, of monstrous size,
Red lightning flashes in his eyes.
Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
The gazing crowds press'd to his court;
Admire his stately mien, his haughty port,
And only not adore.
Addresses of congratulation,
Sent from each loyal corporation,
Full fraught with truth and sense,
Exhausted all their eloquence.
But now, alas! 'twas night; kings must have meat:
The Grand Vizier first goes to pot;
Three Bassas next, happy their lot!
Gain'd Paradise by being eat.

"And this," said he, "and this is mine,
And this, by right divine:"
In short, 'twas all for public weal,
He swallow'd half a nation at a meal.

Again they beg Almighty Jove,
This cruel tyrant to remove.
With fierce resentment in his eyes,
The frowning Thunderer replies:
"Those evils which yourselves create,
Rash fools! ye now repent too late;
Made wretched by the public voice,
Not through necessity, but choice!
Begone! nor wrest from Heaven some heavier curse,
Better bear this, this Stork, than worse."

MORAL:

Oppress'd with happiness, and sick with ease,
Not Heaven itself our fickle minds can please.
Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial store,
The leeks and onions which we loath'd before:
Still roving, still desiring, never pleas'd, [eas'd.
With plenty starv'd, and e'en with health dis-
With partial eyes each present good we view,
Nor covet what is best, but what is new.
Ye pow'rs above, who make mankind your care,
To bless the supplicant, reject his pray'r!

The Oyster. SOMERVILLE.

——In Jus
Aeres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uterque. HOR.

Two comrades, as grave authors say
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye critics, if ye please, define)
Had found an oyster in their way.
Contest and foul debate arose:
Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
And high words soon improv'd to blows.
Actions on actions hence succeed,
Each hero's obstinately stout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn, and council fee'd.
The parson of the place, good man!
Whose kind and charitable heart
In human ills still bore a part,
Thrice shook his head, and thus began:
"Neighbours and friends, refer to me
This doughty matter in dispute,
I'll soon decide th' important suit,
And finish all without a fee.
Give me the oyster then—'tis well"—
He opens it, and at one sup
Gulps the contested trifle up,
And, smiling, gives to each a shell.
"Henceforth let foolish discord cease,
Your oyster's good as e'er was eat;
I thank you for my dainty treat;
God bless you both, and live in peace."

MORAL:

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
From this learn common sense;
Nor thrust your neighbours into gaols
For ev'ry slight offence.
Banish those vermin of debate
That on your substance feed;
The knaves who now are serv'd in plate
Would starve, if fools agreed.

Epitaph on Miss Basnet, in Pancras Church-yard.

Go, spotless Honour and unsullied Truth;
Go, smiling Innocence and blooming Youth;
Go, female sweetness, join'd with manly Sense;
Go, winning Wit, that never gave offence;
Go, soft Humanity, that bless'd the poor;
Go, saint-eyed Patience, from Affliction's door;
Go, Modesty, that never wore a frown;
Go, Virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.

Not from a stranger came this heart-felt verse;
The friend inscribes thy tomb whose tears bedew'd thy hearse.

Ode. THOMSON.

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled?
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?
Or dost thou free at pleasure roam,
And sometimes share the lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?
O! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee:
Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
O visit thou my soothing dream!

On Time. ANON.

I.

Ev'n while the careless, disencumber'd soul
Sinks all dissolving into pleasure's dream,
Ev'n then to Time's tremendous verge we roll
With headlong haste along life's surgy stream.

II.

Can gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
Or sooth the sad, inevitable hour
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead?

III.

Ah! beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor age's awful grace;
Moulder alike unknown the prince and slave,
Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race!

IV.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The long-liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust,
To dumb oblivion's ever desert shade.

SONGS, BALLADS, &c. &c.

§ 1. *Song.* *Lord* LYTTELTON.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
A ſtranger to that mind,
Which pity and eſteem can move,
Which can be juſt and kind?

Is it becauſe you fear to ſhare
The ills that love moleſt,
The jealous doubt, the tender care
That rack the am'rous breaſt?

Alas! by ſome degree of woe
We ev'ry bliſs muſt gain:
The heart can ne'er a tranſport know
That never feels a pain.

§ 2. *Song.* WALLER.

GO, lovely roſe!
Tell her that waſtes her time, and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
And ſhuns to have her graces ſpied,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſerts, where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die! that ſhe
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair.

§ 3. *Song.* *L'Amour Timide.* MOORE.

IF in that breaſt, ſo good, ſo pure,
Compaſſion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the ſorrows I endure,
The cauſe I muſt not, dare not tell.

That grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will laſt me all my days,
But feel it will not laſt me long.

§ 4. *Song.* *Earl of* DORSET *.

TO all you ladies now at land
We men at ſea indite;
But firſt would have you underſtand
How hard it is to write;
The Muſes now, and Neptune too,
We muſt implore to write to you.
With a fa la, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muſes ſhould prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouſe the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ſhips at ſea.
With a fa, &c.

Then, if we write not by each poſt,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ſhips are loſt
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we 'll ſend a ſpeedier way,
The tide ſhall bring them twice a day,
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and ſurpriſe,
Will ſwear the ſeas grow bold;
Becauſe the tides will higher riſe,
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-ſtairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our ſad and diſmal ſtory;
The Dutch would ſcorn ſo weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what reſiſtance can they find
From men who 've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worſt,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curſe,
No ſorrow we ſhall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who 's our friend, or who 's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To paſs our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or elſe at ſerious ombre play;
But why ſhould we in vain
Each other's ruin thus purſue?
We were undone when we left you:
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempeſtuous grow,
And caſt our hopes away;
Whilſt you, regardleſs of our woe,
Sit careleſs at a play:
Perhaps permit ſome happier man
To kiſs your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note;
As if it ſigh'd with each man's care
For being ſo remote:

* Written at ſea, the firſt Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement.

Think

Think then how often love we 've made
To you, when all thoſe tunes were play'd.
With a ſa, &c.

In juſtice you cannot refuſe
To think of our diſtreſs;
When we for hopes of honour loſe
Our certain happineſs:
All thoſe deſigns are but to prove
Ourſelves more worthy of your love.
With a ſa, &c.

And now we 've told you all our loves,
And likewiſe all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let 's hear of no inconſtancy,
We have too much of that at ſea.
With a ſa, &c.

§ 5. *Song.* *Lord* LANSDOWNE.

WHY, cruel creature, why ſo bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent;
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fops in court be great,
For pay let armies move:
Beauty ſhould have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

If on thoſe endleſs charms you lay
The value that 's their due;
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay,
A thouſand worlds too few.

But if a paſſion without vice,
Without diſguiſe or art,
Ah, Celia! if true love 's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

§ 6. *Song.* *Sir* CAR SCROOPE.

ONE night, when all the village ſlept,
Myrtillo's ſad deſpair
The wretched ſhepherd waking kept,
To tell the woods his care:
Begone (ſaid he), fond thoughts, begone!
Eyes, give your ſorrows o'er!
Why ſhould you waſte your tears for one
Who thinks on you no more?

Yet, O ye birds, ye flocks, ye pow'rs
That dwell within this grove,
Can tell how many tender hours
We here have paſs'd in love!
Yon ſtars above (my cruel foes!)
Have heard how ſhe has ſworn,
A thouſand times, that, like to thoſe,
Her flame ſhould ever burn!

But, ſince ſhe 's loſt, O let me have
My wiſh, and quickly die;
In this cold bank I 'll make a grave,
And there for ever lie:
Sad nightingales the watch ſhall keep,
And kindly here complain —
Then down the ſhepherd lay to ſleep,
But never roſe again.

§ 7. *A Paſtoral Elegy.*

AH, Damon, dear ſhepherd, adieu!
By love and firſt nature allied,
Together in fondneſs we grew;
Ah, would we together had died!
For thy faith, which reſembled my own,
For thy ſoul, which was ſpotleſs and true,
For the joys we together have known,
Ah Damon, dear ſhepherd, adieu!
What bliſs can hereafter be mine?
Whomever engaging I ſee,
To his friendſhip I ne'er can incline,
For fear I ſhould mourn him like thee.

Though the Muſes ſhould crown me with art,
Thou honour and fortune ſhould join;
Since thou art denied to my heart
What bliſs can hereafter be mine?
Ah Damon, dear ſhepherd, farewel!
Thy grave with ſad oſiers I 'll bind;
Though no more in one cottage we dwell,
I can keep thee for ever in mind.
Each morning I 'll viſit alone
His aſhes who lov'd me ſo well,
And murmur each eve o'er his ſtone,
"Ah Damon, dear ſhepherd, farewel!"

§ 8. *Song.* MOORE.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb
Come, Lucy, it cries, come away!
The grave of thy Colin has room
To reſt thee beſide his cold clay.
I come, my dear ſhepherd, I come;
Ye friends and companions, adieu!
I haſte to my Colin's dark home,
To die on his boſom ſo true.
All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, ſad Lucy, aroſe;
And forth to the green-turf ſhe ſprung,
Where Colin's pale aſhes repoſe.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her boſom embrac'd the cold ground;
While ſtormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.
How long, my lov'd Colin, ſhe cried,
How long muſt thy Lucy complain?
How long ſhall the grave my love hide?
How long ere it join us again?
For thee thy fond ſhepherdeſs liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would ſhe fly;
For thee has ſhe ſorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee would ſhe lie down and die.
Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her ſwain!
Her face like the lily ſo fair,
And eyes that gave light to the plain!
The ſhepherd that lov'd her is gone,
That face and thoſe eyes charm no more;
And Lucy, forgot and alone,
To death ſhall her Colin deplore.
While thus ſhe lay ſunk in deſpair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder ſhook dreadful the ground!

I hear

I hear the kind call, and obey,
O Colin, receive me, she cried:
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone, and died.

§ 9. *Song.* GAY.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days:
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what 's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast!

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests in despair;
But what 's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear!
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You 'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When, o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily, drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

§ 10. *A Persian Song of Hafiz.*
Sir WILLIAM JONES.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say;
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display;
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear:
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage)
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

§ 11. *Song.*

HARD by the hall, our master's house,
Where Mersey flows to meet the main;
Where woods, and winds, and waves dispose
A lover to complain;

With arms across, along the strand
Poor Lycon walk'd, and hung his head;
Viewing the footsteps in the sand
Which a bright nymph had made.

The tide, said he, will soon erase
The marks so lightly here impress;
But time or tide will ne'er deface
Her image in my breast.

Am I some savage beast of prey?
Am I some horrid monster grown?
That thus she flies so swift away,
Or meets me with a frown?

That

That boſom ſoft, that lily ſkin
(Truſt not the faireſt outſide ſhow)
Contains a marble heart within,
A rock hid under ſnow.

Ah me! the flints and pebbles wound
Her tender feet, from whence there fell
Thoſe crimſon drops which ſtain the ground,
And beautify each ſhell.

Ah! fair one, moderate thy flight,
I will no more in vain purſue,
But take my leave for a long night;
Adieu! lov'd maid, adieu!

With that, he took a running leap,
He took a lover's leap indeed,
And plung'd into the ſounding deep,
Where hungry fiſhes feed.

The melancholy hern ſtalks by;
Around the ſqualling ſea-gulls yell;
Aloft the croaking ravens fly,
And toll his funeral bell.

The waters roll above his head,
The billows toſs it o'er and o'er
His ivory bones lie ſcattered,
And whiten all the ſhore.

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§ 12. *Song. Jemmy Dawſon* *. SHENSTONE.

COME liſten to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
Nor will you ſcorn to heave a ſigh,
Nor will you bluſh to ſhed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerleſs maid!
Do thou a penſive ear incline;
For thou canſt weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawſon was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid ſhe lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damſel came:
And faultleſs was her beauteous form,
And ſpotleſs was her virgin fame.

But curſe on party's hateful ſtrife,
That led the favour'd youth aſtray!
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never ſeen that day!

Their colours and their ſaſh he wore,
And in that fatal dreſs was found;
And now he muſt that death endure
Which gives the brave the keeneſt wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's ſentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine ſnows
So pale, or yet ſo chill appear.

With faltering voice ſhe weeping ſaid:
"O Dawſon, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death ſhall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might ſweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George! without a pray'r for thee
My oriſons ſhould never cloſe.

The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to liſp the giver's name.

But tho' dear youth, thou ſhouldſt be dragg'd
To yonder ignominious tree;
Thou ſhalt not want a faithful friend
To ſhare thy bitter fate with thee."

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The ſledge mov'd ſlowly on before;
Though borne in her triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible beheſts of law;
And the laſt ſcene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and ſteadfaſt eye ſhe ſaw.

Diſtorted was that blooming face,
Which ſhe had fondly lov'd ſo long;
And ſtifled was that tuneful breath
Which in her praiſe had ſweetly ſung:

And ſever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breaſt
On which her love-ſick head repos'd;

And raviſh'd was that conſtant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For, though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal ſtill to her.

Amid thoſe unrelenting flames
She bore this conſtant heart to ſee;
But when 'twas moulder'd into duſt,
"Now, now, ſhe cried, I follow thee!"

My death, my death, alone can ſhew
The pure and laſting love I bore:
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more."

The diſmal ſcene was o'er and paſt,
The lover's mournful hearſe retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, ſighing forth his name, expir'd!

Though juſtice ever muſt prevail,
The tear my Kitty ſheds is due:
For ſeldom ſhall ſhe hear a tale
So ſad, ſo tender, and ſo true.

* Captain James Dawſon, the amiable and unfortunate ſubject of theſe beautiful Stanzas, was one of the eight officers, belonging to the Mancheſter Regiment of volunteers, in the ſervice of the Young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-common, in 1746: and this Ballad, written about the time, is founded on a remarkable circumſtance which actually happened at his execution. Juſt before his death he wrote a ſong on his own misfortunes, which is ſuppoſed to be ſtill extant.

§ 13. *Song. A Morning Piece: or, a Hymn for the Hay-makers.* Smart.

Brisk chaunticleer his matins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night;
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light;
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms run.

Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly strode over the dale;
He lent new perfume to the breath of the south;
On his back hung his wallet and flail.
Behind him came Health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.

First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he sung, reclining on his rake:
Now the rural Graces three
Dance beneath yon maple-tree;
First the vestal Virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her, in rosy pride,
Sweet Society, the bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly homespun vest.

The abbey-bells, in wak'ning rounds,
The warning peal have given;
And pious Gratitude resounds
Her morning hymn to Heaven.
All nature wakes; the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.
All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play;
Sylvia and Sol arise, and all is day!

Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines, our haycocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake!

Our voices let 's raise
In Phœbus's praise:
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we 'll dance to the tune of the stream!

§ 14. *Song.* *Sir* John Suckling.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can 't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can 't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her.

§ 15. *Song. Humphrey Gubbin's Courtship.*

A courting I went to my love,
Who is sweeter than roses in May;
And when I came to her, by Jove,
The devil a word could I say.
I walk'd with her into the garden,
There fully intending to woo her;
But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
While my heart was as light as a feather;
Yet nothing I said, I protest,
But—"Madam, 'tis very fine weather."
To an arbour I did her attend,
She ask'd me to come and sit by her;
I crept to the furthermost end,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which way was the wind,
For I thought in some talk we must enter:
"Why, Sir, (she answer'd, and grinn'd),
Have you just sent your wits for a venture?"
Then I follow'd her into the house,
There I vow'd I my passion would try;
But there I was still as a mouse;
O what a dull booby was I!

§ 16. *Song. The Despairing Lover.* Walsh.

Distracted with care,
For Phillis the fair;
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes;
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When, in rage, he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set:
And that he could die
Whenever he would;
But that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.

But

But bold, unconcern'd,
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

§ 17. *Song.*

A COBLER there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall,
Which ſerv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall,
No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy
If at night he could purchaſe a jug of brown nappy:
How he 'd laugh then, and whiſtle, and ſing too, moſt ſweet!
Saying, Juſt to a hair I have made both ends meet!
Derry down, down, &c.

But love, the diſturber of high and of low,
That ſhoots at the peaſant as well as the beau;
He ſhot the poor cobler quite through the heart;
I wiſh he had hit ſome more ignoble part.
Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damſel continually lay;
Her eyes ſhone ſo bright when ſhe roſe every day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor cobler quite over the way.
Derry down, down, &c.

He ſung her love-ſongs as he ſat at his work,
But ſhe was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
Whenever he ſpake ſhe would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor cobler quite into deſpair.
Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world.
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd;
He pierc'd through his body inſtead of the ſole,
So the cobler he died, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, down, &c.

And now, in good will, I adviſe, as a friend,
All coblers, take warning by this cobler's end;
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find, by what 's paſt,
That love brings us all to an end at the laſt.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

§ 18. *Song.* MOORE.

WHEN Damon languiſh'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how ſweet!
But ah! how ſwift they flew!
The ſunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden, and the grove,
Have echoed to his ardent tale,
And vows of endleſs love.

The conqueſt gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And meaſure time by pain.

But Heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to deſpair;
And the laſt ſigh that rends the heart
Shall waft the ſpirit there.

§ 19. *Song. The Laſs of the Hill.*
Miſs MARY JONES.

ON the brow of a hill a young ſhepherdeſs dwelt,
Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt;
For a few ſober maxims ſtill ran in her head,
That 'twas better to earn ere ſhe ate her brown bread;
That to riſe with the lark was conducive to health,
And, to folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley below,
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
Had many times tried o'er her heart to prevail,
And would reſt on his pitchfork to tell her his tale:
With his winning behaviour he melted her heart;
But, quite artleſs herſelf, ſhe ſuſpected no art.

He had ſigh'd, and proteſted, had kneel'd, and implor'd,
And could lye with the grandeur and air of a lord:
Then her eyes he commended in language well dreſs'd,
And enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his breaſt;
Till his ſighs and his tears had ſo wrought on her mind,
That in downright compaſſion to love ſhe inclin'd.

But as ſoon as he 'd melted the ice of her breaſt
All the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd;
And at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,
Where he boaſts of his conqueſt to Suſan and Nell:
Tho' he ſees her but ſeldom, he 's always in haſte,
And, if ever he mentions her, makes her his jeſt.

All the day ſhe goes ſighing, and hanging her head,
And her thoughts are ſo peſter'd, ſhe ſcarce earns her bread;
The whole village cries ſhame, when a-milking ſhe goes,
That ſo little affection is ſhewn to the cows:
But ſhe heeds not their railing, e'en let them rail on,
And a fig for the cows now her ſweetheart is gone.

Now beware, ye young virgins of Britain's gay iſle,
How ye yield up a heart to a look or a ſmile:
For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
And you 'll find a falſe Roger in every vale,
Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all his ſkill;
But remember The Laſs on the brow of the Hill.

§ 20. *Song.* BARTON BOOTH, *Eſq.*

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damaſk roſe,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
Refreſhing as deſcending rains
To ſun-burnt climes and thirſty plains.

True

True as the needle to the pole,
Or "as the dial to the sun;"
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon!
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bow'rs
Of verdant spring, her note renews;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble tow'rs, and gates of brass,
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the bless'd above;
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
Twin-born, from heaven together came:
Love will the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

§ 21. *Song.* PARNELL.

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
Does every doubt controul;
And lovely Nancy stands confest
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye close retreats of love!
With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress:
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

§ 22. *Song. May Eve; or, Kate of Aberdeen.* CUNNINGHAM.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight Fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.

For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a Virgin Queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

§ 23. *Song. Sally in our Alley.* CAREY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land,
That's half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And thro' the streets does cry 'em:
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as choose to buy 'em:

But

But ſure ſuch folks could ne'er beget
So ſweet a girl as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When ſhe is by I leave my work,
I love her ſo ſincerely;
My maſter comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely:
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day:
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dreſs'd, all in my beſt,
To walk abroad with Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Becauſe I leave him in the lurch,
As ſoon as text is named:
I leave the church in ſermon time,
And ſlink away to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When Chriſtmas comes about again,
Oh! then I ſhall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and, box and all,
I'll give it to my honey.
And would it were ten thouſand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally;
And, but for her, I'd better be
A ſlave, and row a galley.
But, when my ſeven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally:
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed:
But not in our alley.

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§ 24. *Song. The true Tar. By the ſame.*

A KNAVE 's a knave,
Tho' ne'er ſo brave,
Tho' diamonds round him ſhine;
What tho' he's great,
Takes mighty ſtate,
And thinks himſelf divine:
His ill-got wealth
Can't give him health,
Or future ills prevent:
An honeſt tar
Is richer far,
If he enjoys content.

A ſoul ſincere
Scorns fraud or fear,
Within itſelf ſecure;
For vice will blaſt,
But virtue laſt
While truth and time endure.
Blow high, blow low,
Frown fate or foe,
He ſcorns to tack about;
But to his truſt
Is ſtrictly juſt,
And nobly ſtems it out.

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§ 25. *Song.* JOHNSON.

NOT the ſoft ſighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the chryſtal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my boſom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's ſhore,
Not all Peru's unbounded ſtore;
Not all the pow'r, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,
To form one wiſh my ſoul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor ſeek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

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§ 26. *Delia. A Paſtoral.* CUNNINGHAM.

THE gentle ſwan, with graceful pride,
Her gloſſy plumage laves,
And, ſailing down the ſilver tide,
Divides the whiſpering waves:
The ſilver tide, that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird muſt be!
But not ſo ſweet, blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent-bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree ſung,
And ſtill the pendant neſt ſhe view'd
That held her callow young:
Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
The genial brood muſt be;
But not ſo dear (the thouſandth part)
As Delia is to me.

The roſes that my brow ſurround
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their ſweets grew pale!
My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If luckleſs torn from thee;
For what the root is to the roſe
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n ſnow,
So white the beauteous pair;
The birds on Delia I'll beſtow,
They're, like her boſom, fair!

Whe

When, in their chaſte connubial love,
My ſecret wiſh ſhe'll ſee;
Such mutual bliſs as turties prove,
May Delia ſhare with me!

§ 27. *Song.* AKENSIDE.

THE ſhape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair;
I look for ſpirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damaſk cheek, and iv'ry arm,
Shall ne'er my wiſhes win:
Give me an animated form,
That ſpeaks a mind within:

A face where awful honour ſhines,
Where ſenſe and ſweetneſs move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderneſs of love.

Theſe are the ſoul of beauty's frame,
Without whoſe vital aid
Unfiniſh'd all her features ſeem,
And all her roſes dead.

But, ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,
With ev'ry image of delight,
With graces ever new!

Of pow'r to charm the greateſt woe,
The wildeſt rage controul;
Diffuſing mildneſs o'er the brow,
And rapture through the ſoul.

Their pow'r but faintly to expreſs
All language muſt deſpair;
But go, behold Arpaſia's face,
And read it perfect there.

§ 28. *Song. On Young Olinda.*

WHEN innocence and beauty meet,
To add to lovely female grace,
Ah, how beyond expreſſion ſweet
Is every feature of the face!

By virtue ripen'd from the bud,
The flow'r angelic odours breeds;
The fragrant charm of being good
Makes gaudy vice to ſmell like weeds.

O ſacred Virtue! tune my voice
With thy inſpiring harmony;
Then I ſhall ſing of rapt'rous joys,
Which fill my ſoul with love of thee,

To laſting brightneſs be refin'd,
When this vain ſhadow flies away;
Th' eternal beauties of the mind
Will laſt when all things elſe decay.

§ 29. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.* STEEL.

THOU riſing ſun, whoſe gladſome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Diſpel the miſt, and clear the ſkies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

O were I ſure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmoſt bough
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my ſleeping maid?
Faſt by the roots, enrag'd, I'd tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

O could I ride on clouds and ſkies,
Or on the raven's pinions riſe!
Ye ſtorks, ye ſwans, a moment ſtay,
And waft a lover on his way!

My bliſs too long my bride denies;
Apace the waſting ſummer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blaſts I fear,
Not ſtorms or night ſhall keep me here.

What may for ſtrength with ſteel compare?
O, Love has fetters ſtronger far:
By bolts of ſteel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breaſt;
When thoughts torment, the firſt are beſt;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to ſtay:
Away to Orra, haſte away!

§ 30. *Song. The Midſummer Wiſh.* CROXALL.

WAFT me, ſome ſoft and cooling breeze,
To Windſor's ſhady, kind retreat;
Where ſylvan ſcenes, wide ſpreading trees,
Repel the dog-ſtar's raging heat:

Where tufted graſs, and moſſy beds,
Afford a rural, calm repoſe;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant ſweets around diſcloſe.

Old oozy Thames, that flows faſt by,
Along the ſmiling valley plays;
His glaſſy ſurface cheers the eye,
And through the flow'ry meadow ſtrays.

His fertile banks with herbage green,
His vales with golden plenty ſwell;
Where'er his purer ſtreams are ſeen,
The gods of health and pleaſure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave
With naked arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing boſom lave,
And ſtem thy gently rolling tide.

Lay me, with damaſk roſes crown'd,
Beneath ſome oſier's duſky ſhade;
Where water-lilies deck the ground,
Where bubbling ſprings refreſh the glade.

§ 31. *Song.* *Miſs* WHATELEY.

COME, dear Paſtora, come away!
And hail the cheerful ſpring;

Now fragrant bloſſoms crowns the May,
And woods with love-notes ring:
Now Phœbus to the weſt deſcends,
And ſheds a fainter ray;
And, as our rural labour ends,
We bleſs the cloſing day.

In yonder artleſs maple bow'r
With blooming woodbines twin'd,
Let us enjoy the evening hour,
On earth's ſoft lap reclin'd:
Or where yon poplar's verdant boughs
The chryſtal current ſhade;
O deign, fair nymph, to hear the vows
My faithful heart has made.

Within this breaſt no ſoft deceit,
No artful flatt'ry bides:
But truth, ſcarce known among the great,
O'er ev'ry thought preſides:
On pride's falſe glare I look with ſcorn,
And all its glittering train;
Be mine the pleaſures which adorn
This ever-peaceful plain.

Come then, my fair, and with thy love
Each riſing care ſubdue;
Thy preſence can each grief remove,
And ev'ry joy renew.
The lily fades, the roſe grows faint,
Their tranſient bloom is vain;
But laſting truth and virtue paint
Paſtora of the plain.

§ 52. *Song.*

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold, the wintry ſtorms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the ſky.
The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
Earth ſpreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and muſic all we hear!
'Tis love and beauty all we ſee!

Come, let us mark the gradual ſpring,
How peep the buds, the bloſſom blows,
Till Philomel begins to ſing,
And perfect May to ſpread the roſe.
Let us ſecure the ſhort delight,
And wiſely crop the blooming day;
For ſoon, too ſoon, it will be night:
Ariſe, my love, and come away.

§ 33. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.*
STEEL.

HASTE, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our amorous journey through this dreary waſte:
Haſte, my rein-deer! ſtill, ſtill thou art too ſlow;
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haſte.

Around us far the ruſhy moors are ſpread;
Soon will the ſun withdraw his cheerful ray;
Darkling and tir'd we ſhall the marſhes tread,
No lay unſung to cheat the tedious way.

The wat'ry length of theſe unjoyous moors
Does all the flow'ry meadows' pride excel;
Through theſe I fly to her my ſoul adores;
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewel!

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breaſt is tortur'd with impatient fires;
Fly, my rein-deer, fly ſwifter than the wind!
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce deſires.

Our pleaſing toil will then be ſoon o'erpaid,
And thou, in wonder loſt, ſhalt view my fair,
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
Her artleſs charms, her bloom, her ſprightly air.

§ 34 *Song: Arno's Vale.*
Earl of MIDDLESEX.*.

WHEN here, Lucinda, firſt we came,
Where Arno rolls his ſilver ſtream,
How blithe the nymphs, the ſwains how gay!
Content inſpir'd each rural lay.
The birds in livelier concert ſung,
The grapes in thicker cluſters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail
Among the ſweets of Arno's vale.

But ſince the good Palemon died,
The chief of ſhepherds, and their pride,
Now Arno's ſons muſt all give place
To northern men, an iron race.
The taſte of pleaſure now is o'er;
Thy notes, Lucinda, pleaſe no more;
The Muſes droop, the Goths prevail!
Adieu, the ſweets of Arno's vale!

§ 35. *Song. The paſſionate Shepherd to his Love.*
MARLOW.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,
And all the ſleepy mountain yields.

And we will ſit upon the rocks,
Seeing the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe fall
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roſes,
And a thouſand fragrant poſies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle:
A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined ſlippers for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold:

* Charles Sackville, afterwards Duke of Dorſet. It was written at Florence in 1737, on the death of John Gaſton, the late Duke of Tuſcany of the houſe of Medici; and addreſſed to Signora Muſcovita, a ſinger, a favourite of the author's.

A belt

A belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds:
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing
For thy delight each May morning:
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love

§ 36. *Song. The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.*
Sir W. Raleigh.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in ev'ry ſhepherd's tongue,
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The reſt complain of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reck'ning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's ſpring, but ſorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy ſhoes, thy beds of roſes,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies,
Soon break, ſoon wither, ſoon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reaſon rotten.

Thy belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral claſps, and amber ſtuds,
All theſe in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth laſt, and love ſtill breed,
Had joy no date, nor age no need;
Then theſe delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

§ 37. *Song. Summer.*
Thomas Brerewood, *Eſq.*

Where the light cannot pierce, in a grove
of tall trees,
With my fair-one as blooming as May,
Undiſturb'd by all ſound but the ſighs of the
breeze,
Let me paſs the hot noon of the day.

When the ſun, leſs intenſe, to the weſtward in-
clines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forſake,
And ſee the rays dance, as inverted he ſhines,
On the face of ſome river or lake:

Where my faireſt and I, on its verge as we paſs,
(For 'tis ſhe that muſt ſtill be my theme)
Our ſhadows may view on the watery glaſs,
While the fiſh are at play in the ſtream.

May the herds ceaſe to low, and the lambkins
to bleat,
When ſhe ſings me ſome amorous ſtrain;
All be ſilent and huſh'd, unleſs Echo repeat
The kind words and ſweet ſounds back again!

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand-in-hand as we ſauntering ſtray,
Let the moon's ſilver beams through the leaves
give us light,
Juſt direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and ſlowly we move;
And let no ſingle thought be expreſs'd in our
talk,
But of friendſhip improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with theſe rural de-
lights,
And ſecure from ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repoſe ſhall divide all our nights,
And each morning ſhall riſe with new charms.

§ 38. *Song.* Moore.

How bleſs'd has my time been, what joys
have I known,
Since wedlock's ſoft bondage made Jeſſe my
own!
So joyful my heart is, ſo eaſy my chain,
That freedom is taſteleſs, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines as often
we ſtray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleaſing their ſport is, the wanton ones ſee,
And borrow their looks from my Jeſſe and me.

To try her ſweet temper, ſometimes am I ſeen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
Though painful my abſence, my doubts ſhe be-
guiles, [ſmiles.
And meets me at night with compliance and

What tho' on her cheeks the roſe loſes its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year
through;
Time ſtill, as he flies, adds increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her
youth.

Ye ſhepherds ſo gay, who make love to enſnare,
And cheat with falſe vows the too-credulous fair;
In ſearch of true pleaſure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you muſt find it at home.

§ 39. *A Song.* Fitzgerald.

The charms which blooming beauty ſhews
From faces heavenly fair,
We to the lily and the roſe,
With ſemblance apt, compare.

With ſemblance apt; for, ah! how ſoon,
How ſoon they all decay!
The lily droops, the roſe is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue ſhines confeſt,
With ſweet diſcretion join'd;
When mildneſs calms the peaceful breaſt,
And wiſdom guides the mind:

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate
These graces shall endure;
Still, like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

§ 40. *Song.*

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up,
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

§ 41. *Song.*

Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry, as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his brine
Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.
What trafficking then would have been on the main
For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking.
The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast;
And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his nap
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.
By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.
How happy us mortals, when bless'd with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!
Nay even the beggar, that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump into the river, and drink like a fish.
What mirth and contentment on ev'ry one's brow,
How as great as a prince dancing after the plough!
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but sip, would eternally sing.
The stars, who I think, don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine:
And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.
Had this been the case, then what had we enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd!
A pox then on Neptune, when 't was in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour!

§ 42. *A Song.* Shenstone.

Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl!

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain as yet some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove:
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

§ 43. *Song.*

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or nature hath assign'd:
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers sooneſt fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye:
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store:

They

They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss:
I brook that is another's bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease:
My conscience clear my chief defence:
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

I take no joy in earthly bliss;
I weigh not Crœsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like ne loath:
Extremes are counted worst of all:
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;
This is my choice; for why? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

§ 44. *Song.* *Countess of* WINCHELSEA.

WOULD we attain the happiest state
That is desing'd us here;
No joy a rapture must create,
No grief beget despair:

No injury fierce anger raise,
No honour tempt to pride:
No vain desires of empty praise
Must in the soul abide:

No charms of youth or beauty move
The constant, settled breast:
Who leaves a passage free to love
Shall let in all the rest.

In such a heart soft peace will live,
Where none of these abound;
The greatest blessing Heaven does give,
Or can on earth be found.

§ 45. *Song.* BEDINGFIELD.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for more than these?
A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat.

A little parlour-stove, to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God bless the king!

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw;
Have choice few friends of your own taste;
A wife agreeable and chaste:

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find;
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
Few taylors', and no doctors' bills;
Content to take, as Heaven shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

§ 46. *Song.* *Miss* PILKINGTON.

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state:
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings,
For sceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough
With brighter lustre shone,
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days and restless nights
Ambition ever knows,
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye pow'rs divine!
And, pleas'd when ye demand my life,
May I that life resign!

§ 47. *Song.* *The Character of a happy Life.*
Sir HENRY WOTTON.

HOW happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death:
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise.
Nor rules of state, but rules of good!

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great!

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmleſs day
With a religious book or friend!

This man is freed from ſervile hands,
Of hope to riſe, or fear to fall:
Lord of himſelf, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

§ 48. *Song.* HILDEBRAND JACOB, *Eſq.*

I ENVY not the mighty great,
Thoſe pow'rful rulers of the ſtate,
Who ſettle nations as they pleaſe,
And govern at th' expence of eaſe.

Far happier the ſhepherd ſwain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly in ſome humble ſhed
On ruſhy pillows lays his head.

No curſt ambition breaks his reſt,
No factious wars divide his breaſt;
His flock, his pipe, and artleſs fair,
Are all his hope, and all his care.

§ 49. *Song.*

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With paſſions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reaſon my life let me ſquare;
The wants of my nature are cheaply ſupplied,
And the reſt are but folly and care.

The bleſſings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll juſtly and gratefully prize;
Whilſt ſweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthful and wiſe.

In the pleaſures the great man's poſſeſſions diſ-play,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can ſurvey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, thro' infinite trouble and ſtrife,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they pleaſe, may enjoy.

§ 50. *Song.* *Dr.* DARLTON.*

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,
Shedding ſoon their gaudy pride,
Nor with ſwains in ſyren bow'rs,
Will true pleaſure long reſide.

On awful virtue's hill ſublime
Enthroned ſits th' immortal fair:
Who wins her height muſt patient climb;
The ſteps are peril, toil, and care.

So from the firſt did Jove ordain
Eternal bliſs for tranſient pain.

§ 51. *Song.* *A Moral Thought.*
Dr. HAWKSWORTH.

THRO' groves ſequeſter'd, dark, and ſtill,
Low vales, and moſſy cells among,
In ſilent paths the careleſs rill
With languid murmurs ſteals along.

Awhile it plays with circling ſweep,
And ling'ring leaves its native plain;
Then pours impetuous down the ſteep,
And mingles with the boundleſs main.

O let my years thus devious glide
Thro' ſilent ſcenes obſcurely calm;
Nor wealth nor ſtrife pollute the tide,
Nor honour's ſanguinary palm.

When labour tires, and pleaſure palls,
Still let the ſtream untroubled be,
As down the ſteep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

§ 52. *Song.*

FROM the court to the cottage convey me away,
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay;
Where pride without meaſure,
And pomp without pleaſure,
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

Far remote and retir'd from the noiſe of the town
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain ruſſet gown;
My friends ſhall be few,
But well choſen and true,
And ſweet recreation our evening ſhall crown.

With a rural repaſt, a rich banquet for me,
On a moſſy green turf, near ſome ſhady old tree,
The river's clear brink
Shall afford me my drink,
And Temp'rance my friendly phyſician ſhall be.

Ever calm and ſerene, with contentment ſtill bleſt,
Not too giddy with joy, or with ſorrow depreſt,
I'll neither invoke,
Or repine at death's ſtroke,
But retire from the world as I would to my reſt.

§ 53. *Song.* *The Blind Boy.*
COLLEY CIBBER. †

O SAY what is that thing call'd light,
Which I muſt ne'er enjoy?
What are the bleſſings of the ſight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you ſee,
You ſay the ſun ſhines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myſelf I make,
Whene'er I ſleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

*In the Maſque of Comus.—It ſeems to be imitated from a paſſage in the 17th book of Taſſo's Jeruſalem.
† Written for, and ſet by, the late celebrated Mr. Stanley, organiſt of St. Andrew, Holborn.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

§ 54. *Song.* ROBERT DODSLEY*.

How happy a state does the miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less!
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau:
A clown in this dress may be honester far
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean:
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks;
In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down, when he's weary, contented does lie,
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing:
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

§ 55. *Song. The Old Man's Wish. Dr.* POPE.

If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate:—In a country town
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate!
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay!

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace, and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean though coarse linen at ev'ry meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;
With *Monte Fiascone*, or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day;
And, when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening, when mellow,
He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his fellow:
For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

§ 56. *Song. Time's Alteration.*

When this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were:
All friendship now decays
(Believe me this is true),
Which was not in those days
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means are small
Maintains both horse and coach;
Instead of an hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherish'd then of many;
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not help'd by any:
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Wherever you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country grey,
That courteons would appear,
And kindly welcome you:
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in those days,
In civil habit went;
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content:
French fashions then were scorn'd,
Fond fangles then none knew,
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

* In the entertainment of The Miller of Mansfield.

A man might then behold
At Chriſtmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and ſmall:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to ev'ry man,
Were fill'd with wine and beer,
No pewter pot, nor can,
In thoſe days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's houſe
Was counted a ſeemly ſhow;
We wanted no brawn or ſouſe,
When this old cap was new.

We took not ſuch delight
In cups of ſilver fine:
None under degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a ſhow,
Which was a rare thing then
When this old cap was new.

Then brib'ry was unborn,
No ſimony men did uſe;
Chriſtians did uſury ſcorn,
Devis'd among the Jews:
The lawyers to be fee'd
At that time hardly knew,
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd.
Nor ſpent poor ſoldier's pay;
They were not ſo abus'd
As they are at this day;
Of ſeven days they make eight,
To keep them from their due;
Poor ſoldiers had their right
When this old cap was knew;

Which made them forward ſtill
To go, although not preſs'd;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the beſt.
Our Engliſh then in fight
Did foreign foes ſubdue,
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God ſave our gracious king,
And ſend him long to live!
Lord, miſchief on them bring,
That will not their alms give;
But ſeek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

§ 57. *Song.* *The Vicar of Bray.*

In good king Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And ſo I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miſs'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are thoſe that do reſiſt
Or touch the Lord's Anointed.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, ſir—
That whatſoever king ſhall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, ſir.

When Royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in faſhion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my conſtitution;
And had become a Jeſuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
To eaſe the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I ſteer'd,
And ſwore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conſcience at a diſtance;
Paſſive obedience was a joke,
A jeſt was non-reſiſtance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was ſeen,
And I became a tory:
Occaſional conformiſts baſe,
I damn'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was
By ſuch prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And mod'rate men look'd big, ſir;
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And ſo became a whig, ſir;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender;
And almoſt ev'ry day abjur'd
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illuſtrious houſe of Hanover,
And proteſtant ſucceſſion;
To theſe I do allegiance ſwear—
While they can keep poſſeſſion:
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king ſhall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, ſir.—
That whatſoever king ſhall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, ſir.

§ 58. *Song.* *The Storm.* G. A. Stevens.

Ceaſe, rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer!
Liſt, ye landſmen, all to me!
Meſſmates, hear a brother ſailor
Seeing the dangers of the ſea;

From

From bounding billows, faſt in motion,
When the diſtant whirlwinds riſe,
To the tempeſt-troubled ocean,
Where the ſeas contend with ſkies!

Hark! the boatſwain hoarſely bawling,
By toptail-ſheets and haulyards ſtand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your ſtay-ſails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freſhens, ſet the braces,
The top-ſail ſheets now let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your topſails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds ſporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Freſh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempeſt louder;
Think what fear our minds enthrals;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatſwain calls!

The top-ſail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each courſe;
Let the fore-ſheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather ſhould be worſe.
Fore and aft the ſprit-ſail yard get,
Reef the mizen, ſee all clear;
Hands up, each preventure-brace ſet,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder 's roaring,
Peal on peal contending claſh,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flaſh,
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black ſky;
Different deaths at once ſurround us:
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremaſt 's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the cheſt-tree 's ſprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be ſtout and bold;
Plumb the well—the leak increaſes,
Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ſhip wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there 's no retreating!
Alas! to them there 's no return!
Still the leak is gaining on us!
Both chain-pumps are chok'd below:
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
For only that can ſave us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See! our mizen-maſt is gone!
The leak we 've found, it cannot pour faſt,
We 've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury foremaſt,
She rights, ſhe rights, boys, we 're off ſhore!

Now once more on joys we 're thinking,
Since kind Heaven has ſav'd our lives;
Come, the can, boys! let 's be drinking
To our ſweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ſhip wheel it,
Cloſe to our lips a brimmer join:
Where 's the tempeſt now, who feels it?
None—the danger 's drown'd in wine.

§ 59. *Song. Neptune's raging Fury; or the Gallant Seaman's Sufferings.*

You gentlemen of England
That live at home at eaſe,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the ſeas;
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly ſhow
[All] the cares, and the fears,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

All you that will be ſeamen,
Muſt bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the ſeas
You muſt not think to ſtart;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
In hail, rain, blow, or ſnow,
Nor to think for to ſhrink
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

The bitter ſtorms and tempeſts
Poor ſeamen do endure,
Both day and night, with many a fright,
We ſeldom reſt ſecure;
Our ſleep it is diſturbed
With viſions ſtrange to know,
And with dreams on the ſtreams,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
Which darkneſs doth enforce,
We often find our ſhip to ſtray
Beyond our wanted courſe:
Which cauſeth great diſtractions,
And ſinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's boſom
Our ſhip is toſt in waves,
And ev'ry man expecting
The ſea to be their graves;
Then up aloft ſhe mounteth,
And down again ſo low,
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to pray'r,
With all our might and thought,
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that muſt bear us out;
To God we call for ſuccour,
For he it is, we know,
That muſt aid us, and ſave us,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.
The lawyer and the uſurer,
That ſit in gowns of fur,
In cloſets warm, can take no harm,
Abroad they need not ſtir;

When

When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
And jewels of great price,
To serve our English gallantry
With many a rare device;
To please the English gallantry,
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil, and we moil,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to th' Indies,
To fetch home spices rare;
Sometimes again, to France and Spain,
For wines beyond compare;
Whilst gallants are carousing,
In taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past,
In weather fair, and temp'rate air,
We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at war
With any foreign nations,
We fear nor wound nor scar;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel, in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
But true Englishmen bred,
We 'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
And never fly for dread;
We 'll ply our business nimbly
Where'er we come or go,
With our mates, to the Straits,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then cou age, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd,
Whilst we have bold adventurers
We ne'r shall want a trade;
Our merc ants will employ us,
To fetch them wealth, I know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
Will help to share our gains:
We cal for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go;
Then we 'll roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

§ 60. *Song.* GOLDSMITH.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

§ 61. *Song.* GOLDSMITH.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain:
Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

§ 62. *Song.*

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest;
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will sooth her breast:
Pleasing dreams assist in love:
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies
(Nature's verdant velvet bed),
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

§ 63. *The same parodied.*

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast,
Dress it quickly, I desire,
In the dripping put a toast,
That I hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lie,
O! the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eye,
On the sweetest grass it fed:
Let the Jack go swiftly round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean:
Pickles get, and sallad both,
Let them each be fresh and green;
With small beer, good ale, and wine,
O ye Gods! how I shall dine!

§ 64. *Song.* SHAKSPEARE.

UNDER the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who

Who doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to lie i' th' ſun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

§ 65. *A Dirge.* D'URFEY.

SLEEP, ſleep, poor youth! ſleep, ſleep in peace,
Reliev'd from love, and mortal care;
Whilſt we, that pine in life's diſeaſe,
Uncertain bleſt leſs happy are.

Couch'd in the dark and ſilent grave,
No ills of fate thou now canſt fear;
In vain would tyrant power enſlave,
Or ſcornful beauty be ſevere.

Wars that do fatal ſtorms diſperſe,
Far from thy happy manſion keep;
Earthquakes that ſhake the univerſe,
Can't rock thee into ſounder ſleep.

With all the charms of peace poſſeſt,
Secure from life's tormentor, pain,
Sleep, and indulge thyſelf with reſt,
Nor dream thou e'er ſhalt riſe again.

CHORUS.

Paſt is the fear of future doubt,
The ſun is from the dial gone,
The ſands are ſunk, the glaſs is out,
The folly of the farce is done!

§ 66. *Song.* GARRICK.

THOU ſoft flowing Avon, by thy ſilver ſtream
Of things more than mortal ſweet Shakſpeare would dream,
The fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

The love-ſtricken maiden, the ſoft-ſighing ſwain,
Here rove without danger, and ſigh without pain:
The ſweet bud of beauty no blight ſhall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth ſhall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the ſpirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets ſhall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on, ſilver Avon, in ſong ever flow!
Be the ſwans on thy borders ſtill whiter than ſnow!
Ever full be thy ſtream, like his fame may it ſpread!
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.

§ 67. *Song. The Fairies.*

COME follow, follow me,
Ye Fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green;
Come follow Mab, your queen:
Hand in hand we 'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at reſt,
And ſnoring in their neſt;
Unheard and uneſpied,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, ſtools, and ſhelves
We trip it, with our fairy elves.

And, if the houſe be foul,
With platter, diſh, or bowl,
Up ſtairs we nimbly creep;
And find the ſluts aſleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs;
None us hears, and none us ſpies.

But if the houſe be ſwept,
And from uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the houſehold maid,
And duly ſhe is paid:
Every night before we go,
We drop a teſter in her ſhoe.

Then o'er a muſhroom's head
Our table-cloth we ſpread;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of ſnails,
Between two cockles ſtew'd,
Is meat that 's eaſily chew'd;
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a diſh that 's wondrous nice!

The graſshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minſtrelſy;
Grace ſaid, we dance awhile,
And ſo the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy graſs
So nimbly we do paſs,
The young and tender ſtalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be ſeen
Where we the night before have been.

§ 68. *Song. The Thief and Cordelier.* PRIOR.

WHO has e'er been at Paris muſt needs know the *Grève*,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honour and juſtice moſt oddly contribute
To eaſe heroes pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the ſhackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge had begun:
There the 'ſquire of the pad, and the knight of the poſt,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more croſs'd.
Derry down, &c.

Great

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known; [own;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his
But my hearers cry out, What a deuce dost thou
Put off thy reflections, and give us thy tale. [ail?
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear;
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier!
Derry down, &c.

The squire, whose good grace was to open the scene, [begin;
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says the priest;
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd.
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Poh! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend! to-day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our hero replied in a fright;
He that 's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-night.
Tell your beads quoth the priest, and be fairly truss'd up;
For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'squire, howe'er sumptuous the fare,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat: [treat,
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to boot; [suit:
But our actions, you know, with our duty must
The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I pr'thee, this troublesome blade:
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

§ 69. *Song. Admiral Hosier's Ghost.* GLOVER.—*was written by the ingenious author of Leonidas, on the taking of Porto-Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov.* 22, 1739.—*The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this: In April,* 1726, *that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country; or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos, near Port-Bello; but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruizing in these seas till the far greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.*

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There, while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet;
On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.
On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre;
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, O heed, our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost;
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost:
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When thou think on my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.
See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping:
These were English captains brave:
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.
I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight.

O! that

O! that in this rolling ocean
I had caſt them with diſdain;
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!
For reſiſtance I could fear none,
But with twenty ſhips had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Haſt achiev'd with ſix alone.
Then the Baſtimentos never
Had our foul diſhonour ſeen,
Nor the ſea the ſad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.
Thus like thee, proud Spain diſmaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for diſobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom:
To have fallen, my country crying,
"He has play'd an Engliſh part,"
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.
Unrepining at thy glory
Thy ſucceſsful arms we hail;
But remember our ſad ſtory,
And let Hoſier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languiſh,
Think what thouſands fell in vain,
Waſted with diſeaſe and anguiſh,
Not in glorious battle ſlain.
Hence, with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam aſcending,
Here I feed my conſtant woe:
Here, the Baſtimentos viewing,
We recal our ſhameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.
O'er theſe waves, for ever mourning,
Shall we roam, depriv'd of reſt,
If, to Britain's ſhores returning,
You neglect my juſt requeſt:
After this proud foe ſubduing,
When your patriot friends you ſee,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—ſham'd in me.

§ 70. *Song. Captain Death* *.

THE muſe and the hero together are fir'd,
The ſame noble views have their boſoms inſpir'd;
As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
The muſe o'er the hero ſtill mourns as a friend:
And here let the muſe her poor tribute bequeath
To one Britiſh hero—'tis brave captain Death!
His ſhip was the Terrible—dreadful to ſee!
His crew were as brave and as gallant as he;
Two hundred or more was their good complement,
And ſure braver fellows to ſea never went:
Each man was determin'd to ſpend his laſt breath
In fighting for Britain, and brave captain Death.
A prize they had taken diminiſh'd their force,
And ſoon the good prize-ſhip was loſt in her courſe:
The French privateer † and the Terrible met:—
The battle begun—all with horror beſet!
No heart was diſmay'd, each as bold as Macbeth;
They fought for old England, and brave captain Death.
Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were ſeen, heard, and felt;
A ſight that the heart of Bellona would melt!
The ſhrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd with blood,
And ſcores of dead bodies were thrown in the flood:
The flood, from the days of old Noah and Seth,
Ne'er ſaw ſuch a man as our brave captain Death.
At laſt the dread bullet came wing'd with his fate,
Our brave captain dropp'd, and ſoon after his mate;
Each officer fell, and a carnage was ſeen,
That ſoon dyed the waves to a crimſon from green:
And Neptune roſe up, and he took off his wreath,
And gave it a Triton to crown captain Death.
Thus fell the ſtrong Terrible bravely and bold;
But ſixteen ſurvivors the tale can unfold! [coſt,
The French, were the victors, tho' much to their
For many brave French were with Engliſhmen loſt.
And thus ſays Old Time, from good queen Elizabeth,
I ne'er ſaw the fellow of brave captain Death.

§ 71. *Song. The Sea Fight in* XCII ‡.

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Ruſſel did diſcern, by dawn of day,
The lofty ſails of France advancing now;
All hands aloft, aloft, let Engliſh valour ſhine,
Let fly a culverin, the ſignal for the line;
Let every hand ſupply his gun;
Follow me,
And you 'll ſee
That the battle will be ſoon begun.

* Written, as it is ſaid, by one of his ſurviving crew. † Called the Vengeance.

‡ The great naval victory, intended to be celebrated by this excellent old ſong, was determined, after a running action of ſeveral days, off Cape La Hogue, on the coaſt of Normandy, the 22d of May, 1692, in favour of the Engliſh and Dutch combined fleets, conſiſting of 99 ſail of the line, under the command of Admiral Ruſſel, afterwards earl of Orford, over a French ſquadron of about half that number, commanded by the Chevalier Tourville, whoſe ſhip, *Le Soleil Royal*, carried upwards of a hundred guns, and was eſteemed the fineſt veſſel in Europe. This laſt fleet was fitted out for the purpoſe of reſtoring King James the Second to his dominions; and that prince, together with the Duke of Berwick, and ſeveral great officers both of his own court and of the court of France, and even Tourville himſelf, beheld the final deſtruction of the French ſhips from an eminence on the ſhore. It is now certain that Ruſſel had engaged to favour the ſcheme of his old maſter's reſtoration, on condition that the French took care to avoid him; but Tourville's impetuoſity and raſhneſs rendered the whole meaſure abortive: and the diſtreſſed and ill-fated monarch retired, in a fit of deſpondency, to mourn his misfortunes, and recover his peace of mind, amid the ſolitary gloom of La Trappe.

Tourville

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Ruſſel in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To ſink the Engliſh admiral and his fleet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aſpire,
The bloody fight's begun, the ſea itſelf on fire;
And mighty Fate ſtood looking on;
Whilſt a flood,
All of blood,
Fill'd the ſcuppers of the Royal Sun!

Sulphur, ſmoke, and fire, diſturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic ſhore;
Their regulated bands ſtood trembling near,
To ſee the lofty ſtreamers now, no more.
At ſix o'clock the Red the ſmiling victors led,
To give a ſecond blow, the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign;
Now they cry,
Run or die,
Britiſh colours ride the vanquiſh'd main!

See, they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and ſands!
One danger they graſp at to ſhun the greater fate;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
The nymphs and ſea-gods mourn their loſt eſtate;
For evermore adieu, thou Royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy maſter's fate begun:
Enough, thou mighty god of war!
Now we ſing,
Bleſs the king,
Let us drink to every Engliſh tar.

§ 72. *Song. Peggy* *. GARRICK.

ONCE more I 'll tune the vocal ſhell,
To hills and dales my paſſion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for thee, my Peggy:
Yet greater bards the lyre ſhould hit;
For pray what ſubject is more fit,
Than to record the ſparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The ſun firſt riſing in the morn,
That paints the dew-beſpangled thorn
Does not ſo much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy:
And when, in Thetis' lap to reſt,
He ſtreaks with gold the ruddy weſt,
He 's not ſo beauteous as undreſs'd
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the damaſk roſe,
He does not half the ſweets diſcloſe
That does my lovely Peggy.
I ſtole a kiſs the other day,
And, truſt me, nought but truth I ſay,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Is not ſo ſweet as Peggy.

Were ſhe array'd in ruſtic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,
To pleaſe my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All 's happy when ſhe 's in my ſight;
But when ſhe 's gone it 's endleſs night—
All 's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r ſhall rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or ſtately ſwans the rivers love,
So long ſhall I love Peggy:
And when death with his pointed dart
Shall ſtrike the blow that rives my heart,
My words ſhall be, when I depart,
"Adieu, my lovely Peggy!"

§ 73. *Song. The Miller's Wedding.* GARRICK.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to ſport and to play;
Let the tabor ſtrike up, and the village be gay:
No day thro' the year ſhall more cheerful be ſeen;
For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green.

CHORUS.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be ſo happy, ſo happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bribe,
Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd:
My body is ſtout, and my heart is as ſound;
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground.
CHORUS——I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of faſhion the beſt jointures wed,
And prudently take the beſt bidders to bed:
Such ſigning and ſealing 's no part of our bliſs;
We ſettle our hearts, and we ſeal with a kiſs.
CHORUS——I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your beaux,
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine clothes;
In nothing he 'll follow the folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.
CHORUS——I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies ſtill,
Our joys ſhall continue and ever be new,
And none be ſo happy as Ralph and his Sue.
CHORUS——I love Sue, &c.

§ 74. *Song in the Winter's Tale.* GARRICK.

COME, come, my good ſhepherds, our flocks we muſt ſhear;
In your holiday-ſuits with your laſſes appear:
The happieſt of folk are the guileleſs and free,
And who are ſo guileleſs, ſo happy as we?

* This ſong was written in compliment to Mrs. Woffington.

We

We harbour no paſſions by luxury taught,
We practiſe no arts with hypocriſy fraught;
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes;
For, knowing no falſehood, we need no diſguiſe.

By mode and caprice are the city-dames led,
But we as the children of Nature are bred;
By her hand alone we are painted and dreſs'd;
For the roſes will bloom when there's peace in the breaſt.

That giant, ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for ſo lofty a head;
Content and ſweet cheerfulneſs open our door,
They ſmile with the ſimple, and feed with the poor.

When love has poſſeſs'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the paſſions we feel;
So harmleſs and ſimple we ſport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

§ 75. *Song.* GARRICK.

YE fair married dames, who ſo often deplore
That a lover once bleſt is a lover no more:
Attend to my counſel, nor bluſh to be taught,
That prudence muſt cheriſh what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roſes and lilies, may make the men ſigh;
But roſes, and lilies, and ſighs paſs away,
And paſſion will die as your beauties decay.

Uſe the man that you wed like your favourite guitar,
Tho' muſic in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and ſoft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The ſparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindneſs, and come at command:
Exert with your huſband the ſame happy ſkill,
For hearts, like young birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conqueſt improve,
And Hymen ſhall rivet the fetters of LOVE.

§ 76. *Song in Harlequin's Invaſion.* GARRICK.

TO arms! ye brave mortals, to arms!
The road to renown lies before you!
The name of King Shakſpeare has charms
To rouſe ye to actions of glory.

Away! ye brave mortals, away!
'Tis Nature calls on you to ſave her;
What man but would Nature obey,
And fight for her Shakſpeare for ever!

§ 77. *Song in the ſame.* GARRICK.

THRICE happy the nation that Shakſpeare has charm'd!
More happy the boſoms his genius has warm'd!
Ye children of nature, of faſhion and whim!
He painted you all, all join to praiſe him.

Chorus. Come away! come away!
His Genius calls—you muſt obey!

From higheſt to loweſt, from old to the young,
All ſtates and conditions by him have been ſung;
All paſſions and humours were rais'd by his pen;
He could ſoar with the eagle, and ſink with the wren.

Chorus. Come away, &c.

To praiſe him ye Fairies and Genii repair,
He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air:
No phantom ſo ſubtle could glide from his view,
The wings of his fancy were ſwifter than you.

Chorus. Come away! come away!
His genius calls—you muſt obey.

§ 78. *Song in the Country Girl.* GARRICK.

TELL not me of the roſes and lilies
Which tinge the fair cheek of your Phillis
Tell not me of the dimples and eyes
For which ſilly Corydon dies:
Let all whining lovers go hang;
My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrow with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,
And it come to my heart with a twang.

I am rock to the handſome and pretty,
Can only be touch'd by the witty;
And beauty will ogle in vain:
The way to my heart's thro' my brain.
Let all whining lovers go hang:
We wits, you muſt know,
Have two ſtrings to our bow,
To return them their darts with a twang, twang,
To return them their darts with a twang.

§ 79. *Air in Cymon.* GARRICK.

YOU gave me laſt week a young linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage;
Yet how ſad the poor thing was within it,
O how it did flutter and rage!
Then he mop'd and he pin'd
That his wings were confin'd,
Till I open'd the door of his den:
Then ſo merry was he;
And, becauſe he was free,
He came to his cage back again.

§ 80. *Air in Cymon.* GARRICK.

YET a while ſweet ſleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms;
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle doom'd to ſtray,
Quitting young the parent's neſt,
Find each bird a bird of prey;
Sorrow knows not where to reſt!

§ 81.

§ 81. *Shakſpeare's Mulberry Tree.* GARRICK.

BEHOLD this fair goblet! 'twas carv'd from the tree, [thee;
Which, O my ſweet Shakſpeare! was planted by
As a relic I kiſs it, and bow at the ſhrine,
What comes from thy hand muſt be ever divine!
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree;
Bend to thee,
Bleſt Mulberry!
Matchleſs was he
Who planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal ſhalt be.

Ye trees of the foreſt, ſo rampant and high,
Who ſpread round your branches, whoſe heads ſweep the ſky; [here
Ye curious exotics, whom taſte has brought
To root out the natives at prices ſo dear;
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boaſt,
Preſerv'd once our king, and will always our coaſt; [that fight,
But of fir we make ſhips, we have thouſands
While one, only one like our Shakſpeare can write.
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

Let Venus delight in gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakſpeare all fancies will ſuit,
With the ſweeteſt of flowers, and faireſt of fruit
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch [church,
Supplies law and phyſic, and grace for the
But law and the goſpel in Shakſpeare we find,
And he gives the beſt phyſic for body and mind.
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The fame of the Patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories reſign,
Our tree ſhall ſurpaſs both the laurel and vine.
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The genius of Shakſpeare outſhines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree that he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and bays, and the vine all in one.
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree;
From folly and faſhion a charm let it be:
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour the country, do honour to him.
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree;
Bend to thee,
Bleſt Mulberry!
Matchleſs was he
Who planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal ſhalt be.

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§ 82. *The Friar of Orders Gray.*

"Diſperſed through Shakſpeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of theſe being of the moſt beautiful and pathetic ſimplicity, the Editor was tempted to ſelect ſome of them, and with a few ſupplemental ſtanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little tale. "One ſmall fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher."

IT was a friar of orders gray
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now Chriſt thee ſave, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy ſhrine
My true love thou didſt ſee.

And how ſhould I know your true love
From many another one?—
O, by his cockle hat and ſtaff,
And by his ſcandal ſhoon:

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were ſo fair to view;
His flaxen locks, that ſweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady he is dead and gone!
Lady, he 's dead and gone!
And at his head a green graſs turf,
And at his heels a ſtone.

Within theſe holy cloiſters long
He languiſh'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him, bare fac'd on his bier,
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone?
And didſt thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of ſtone!

O weep not, lady, weep not ſo;
Some ghoſtly comfort ſeek:
Let not vain ſorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My ſorrow now reprove;
For I have loſt the ſweeteſt youth
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy ſad loſs,
I'll evermore weep and ſigh;
For thee I only wiſh'd to live,
For thee I wiſh to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy ſorrow is in vain:
For violets pluck'd the ſweeteſt ſhow'rs
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then ſhould ſorrow laſt?
Since grief but aggravates thy loſs,
Grieve not for what is paſt.

O ſay

O say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so:
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,
The comeliest youth was he.
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Alas! and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee, say not so;
My love he had the truest heart;
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much lov'd youth?
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewel, home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay;
And thrice I 'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay;

Yet stay, fair lady, stay awhile
Beneath this cloister wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of grey,
Thy own true love appears.

Here, forc'd by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought:
And here, amidst these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.

Now farewel grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

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§ 83. *Song. Black-eyed Susan.* GAY.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
O where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear:
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They 'll tell thee, sailors when away
At every Port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white;
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay on board:
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

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§ 84. *Song.* ROWE.

As, on a Summer's day,
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

And as she passed by,
With a scornful glance of her eye,
What a shame, quoth she,
For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie!

And dost thou nothing heed
What Pan our god has decreed,

What a prize to day
Shall be given away
To the sweet shepherd's reed?

There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine!
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, I cried,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen,
Or the brightest queen of May.

What tho' my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.

§ 85. *Song.* PRIOR.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains:
Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow!
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And, wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
His grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal cause all kindly seek;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clarinda came among the rest;
And she, too, kind concern express'd,
And ask'd the reason of his woe;
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care:
Your eyes ten thousand daggers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, have I heard;
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
And yet I pardon you, she cried;
But you shall promise, ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain:
He bow'd, obey'd—and died.

§ 86. *Song.*

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she,
I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me!
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, although they've ruin'd me?
And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers, how happy should I be!
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine,
And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might spy:
But ah, unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall see;
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

§ 87. *Song.*

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were lin'd with gold;
Clear was the sky, the wind was still,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold;
When in the silence of the grove
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love:

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the hard rock or oozy beach,
Who from each weed that barren grows
Expects the grape or downy peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No herds have I, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain;

Then

Then all in vain my ſighs muſt prove,
Whoſe whole eſtate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and ſold!
They aſk no vows of ſacred truth;
Whene'er they ſigh, they ſigh for gold:
Gold can the frowns of ſcorn remove;
But I am ſcorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gem of India's coaſt
What wealth, what riches would ſuffice?
Yet India's ſhore ſhould never boaſt
The luſtre of thy rival eyes;
For there the world too cheap muſt prove:
Can I then buy—who have but love?

Then, Mary, ſince nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter ſelf compare,
Be juſt as fair, and value more
Than gems or ore a heart ſincere:
Let treaſure meaner beauties move;
Who pays thy worth muſt pay in love.

§ 88. *Song.*

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe!
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed!
But Mary's, ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daiſy nor ſweet bluſhing roſe,
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird, and ſweet cooing dove,
With muſic enchant ev'ry buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſsly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
O tell me at noon where they feed!
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

§ 89. *Song. Nancy of the Vale.* SHENSTONE.

THE weſtern ſky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleaſing ray,
And flocks, reviving, felt no more
The ſultry heat of day;

When from a hazel's artleſs bow'r
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bleſs'd the ſcene, he bleſs'd the hour,
While Nancy's praiſe he ſung.

Let fops with fickle falſehood range
The paths of wanton love;
Whilſt weeping maids lament their change,
And ſadden ev'ry grove:

But endleſs bleſſings crown the day
I ſaw fair Eſham's dale;
And ev'ry bleſſing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams;
And ev'ry ſhining glance diſplay'd
The Naiad of the ſtreams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily ſprung
And glitt'ring near its ſide.

Freſh as the bord'ring flow'rs her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half ſo blue.

Her ſhape was like the reed, ſo ſleek,
So taper, ſtraight, and fair;
Her dimpled ſmile, her bluſhing cheek,
How charming ſweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd
This peerleſs bud I found,
And ſhadowing rocks and woods conſpir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in ſo lone a dell
Should form a nymph ſo ſweet,
Or fortune to her ſacret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet?

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,
But ſhe would ne'er incline:
Prove to your equals true, ſhe cried,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good will;
To him I give my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I claſp'd the conſtant fair;
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove,
Or I theſe charms forego,
The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.

§ 90. *Song. To the Memory of W. Shenſtone, Eſq.* CUNNINGHAM.

COME, ſhepherds, we'll follow the hearſe;
And ſee our lov'd Corydon laid:
Tho' ſorrow may blemiſh the verſe,
Yet let the ſad tribute be paid.

They call'd him the pride of the plain:
In ſooth he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd, in his elegant ſtrain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpoſe he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.

Ye lambkins, that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your maſter bemoan;
His muſic was artleſs and ſweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure ſhall cover the vale,
No bloom on the bloſſoms appear;
The ſweets of the foreſt ſhall fail,
And winter diſcolour the year.

No birds in our hedges ſhall ſing
(Our hedges ſo vocal before),
Since he that ſhould welcome the ſpring
Can greet the gay ſeaſon no more.

His Phyllis was fond of his praiſe,
And poets came round in a throng;
They liſten'd, and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his ſong?

Ye ſhepherds, henceforward be mute,
For loſt is the paſtoral ſtrain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

§ 91. *Song.* LYTTELTON.

THE heavy hours are almoſt paſt
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at laſt
Their only wiſh to ſee.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've loſt ſo long?
Will love in all your pulſes beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is ſtill the ſame;
And heal each idle anxious care
Our fears in abſence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the ſcene
When ſhortly we ſhall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that ſooths my mind
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

All I of Venus aſk is this—
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliſs,
To die, and think you mine.

§ 92. *Song.* LYTTELTON.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If ſhe ſome other ſwain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt friend,
His inſtant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, the ſhadieſt grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets ſhe ſpread for ev'ry ſwain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

§ 93. *Song.* SOAME JENYNS.

TOO plain, dear youth, theſe tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for heaven's ſake let it ſuffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmoſt pow'r to try,
Nor further urge your ſway;
Preſs not for what I muſt deny,
For fear I ſhould obey.

Could all your arts ſucceſsful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whoſe greateſt failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you uſe that very pow'r
You from her fondneſs claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of ſpotleſs fame?

Reſolve not then to do an ill!
Becauſe perhaps you may;
But rather uſe your utmoſt ſkill
To ſave me, than betray.

Be you yourſelf my virtue's guard;
Defend, and not purſue;
Since 'tis a taſk for me too hard
To ſtrive with love and you.

§ 94. *Song. The Power of Muſic.* LISLE.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to ſee,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old hiſtories ſhew,
To ſet his Euridice free.

All hell was aſtoniſh'd a perſon ſo wiſe
Should raſhly endanger his life,
And venture ſo far—but how vaſt their ſurpriſe,
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a puniſhment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments ſufficient, he thought—
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity ſucceeding found place in his heart;
And, pleas'd with his playing ſo well,
He took her again in reward of his art,
Such pow'r had muſic in hell!

§ 95.

§ 95. *Song.* Rowe.

To the brook and the willow, that heard him complain,
Ah willow! willow!
Poor Colin went weeping, and told them his pain.
Sweet ſtream, he cried, ſadly I'll teach thee to flow,
And the waters ſhall riſe to the brink with my woe.
All reſtleſs and painful my Celia now lies,
And counts the ſad moments of time as it flies:
To the nymph, my heart's love, ye ſoft ſlumbers, repair,
Spreads your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care;
Let me be left reſtleſs, mine eyes never cloſe,
So the ſleep that I loſe give my dear one repoſe.
Sweet ſtream! if you chance by her pillow to creep,
Perhaps your ſoft murmurs may lull her to ſleep.
But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
And the loſs of my charmer the fates have decreed,
Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, believe,
Few ſighs to thy loſs, and few tears will I give;
One fate to thy Colin and thee ſhall betide,
And ſoon lay thy ſhepherd down by thy cold ſide.
Then glide, gentle brook, and to loſe thy ſelf haſte,
Bear this to my willow; this verſe is my laſt.
Ah willow! willow! Ah willow! willow!

§ 96. *Song.*

Dear Chloe, while thus beyond meaſure
You treat me with doubts and diſdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleaſure,
And hoard up an old age of pain:
Your maxim, that love is ſtill founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You will find to be very ill grounded
When once you its dictates obey.

The paſſion from beauty firſt drawn
Your kindneſs will vaſtly improve;
Soft looks and gay ſmiles are the dawn,
Fruition 's the ſunſhine of love:
And though the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are ſo gay,
And darkneſs obſcure all the ſkies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his ſide,
You oft have regarded with wonder;
He is dropſical, ſhe is ſore-eyed,
Yet they 're ever uneaſy aſunder:
Together they totter about,
And ſit in the ſun at the door;
And at night, when old Darby's pipe 's out,
His Joan will not ſmoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral failings to ſmother;
Then what are the charms, can you gueſs,
That make them ſo fond of each other?
'Tis the pleaſing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that love did beſtow,
The thoughts of paſt pleaſure and truth,
The beſt of all bleſſings below.

Theſe traces for ever will laſt,
Which ſickneſs nor time can remove;
For when youth and beauty are paſt,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendſhip inſenſibly grows
By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe,
And the current of fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

§ 97. *Song.* Gilbert Cooper.

Away! let nought to love diſpleaſing,
My Winifreda, move thy fear;
Let nought delay the heavenly bleſſing,
Nor ſqueamiſh pride, nor gloomy care.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We 'll ſhine in more ſubſtantial honours,
And to be noble, we 'll be good.

What tho' from fortune's laviſh bounty
No mighty treaſures we poſſeſs,
We 'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without exceſs.

Still ſhall each kind returning ſeaſon
Sufficient for our wiſhes give;
For we will live a life of reaſon,
And that 's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Shall ſweetly ſound where'er 'tis ſpoke,
And all the great ones much ſhall wonder
How they admire ſuch little folk.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,
We 'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet ſmiling peace ſhall crown our dwelling,
And babes, ſweet ſmiling babes, our bed.

How ſhould I love the pretty creatures,
Whilſt round my knees they fondly clung,
To ſee them look their mother's features,
To hear them liſp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy time tranſported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You 'll in your girls again be courted,
And I 'll go wooing in my boys.

§ 98. *Song.* Percy.

O Nancy! wilt thou go with me,
Nor ſigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can ſilent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and ruſſet gown?
No longer dreſt in ſilken ſheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canſt thou quit each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou 'rt far away,
Wilt thou not caſt a wiſh behind?
Say, canſt thou face the parching ray,
Nor ſhrink before the wintry wind?
O can that ſoft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardſhip learn to bear,
Nor ſad regret each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

O Nancy! canſt thou love ſo true,
Thro' perils keen with me to go;
Or, when thy ſwain miſhap ſhall rue,
To ſhare with him the pang of woe.

Say, should disease or pain befal,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recal
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

§ 99. *Song.* Mallet.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And, while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the shades of Endermay!

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At *this*, thy living bloom must fade;
As *that* will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
The feather'd songsters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay.

§ 100. *The Spanish Lady's Love.*

Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How she woo'd an English man?
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Deck'd with jewels had she on:
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
Both by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster,
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set all ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
O then, said this lady gay, full woe is me!
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a lady in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness:
Thou hast set, this present day, my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee;
Serpents lie where flowers grow."

All the harm I wish on thee, most courteous knight,
God grant upon my head the same may fully light!

Blessed be the time and season
That thou cam'st on Spanish ground!
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away that is your own.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair flowers you have plenty,
Spain doth yield you wondrous store."
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
But Englishmen throught the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoy'st my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest
The wife of ev'ry Englishman is counted blest;

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
I will quickly change myself, if it be so, I will go.
And, like a page, will follow thee where'er thou go.

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case;
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in ev'ry place."
My chains and jewels ev'ry one shall be thy own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown.

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from wat'ry eyes."
Well, in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

"Courteous lady, leave this folly,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I, in England, have already
A sweet woman to my wife;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her!
And of my suit I 'll make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

Commend me to that gallant lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets, for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee;
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will

I will ſpend my days in prayer,
Love and all his laws deſy;
In a nunnery I will ſhroud me,
Far from any company:
But, ere my prayers have an end, be ſure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miſs.

Thus farewel, moſt gallant captain!
Farewel to my hearts content!
Count not Spaniſh ladies wanton,
Though to thee my mind was bent:
Joy and true proſperity go ſtill with thee!
"The like fall unto thy ſhare, moſt fair lady."

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§ 101. *Ballad. The Children in the Wood; or, The Norfolk Gentleman's laſt Will and Teſtament.*

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I ſhall write;
A doleful ſtory you ſhall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whoſe wealth and riches did ſurmount
Moſt men of his eſtate.

Sore ſick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as ſick did lie,
And both poſſeſs'd one grave.
No love between theſe two was loſt,
Each was to other kind:
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not paſſing three years old:
Th' other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little ſon,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age ſhould come,
Three hundred pounds a year;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controul'd:
But if the children chanc'd to die
Ere they to age ſhould come,
Their uncle ſhould poſſeſs their wealth,
For ſo the will did run.

Now, brother, ſaid the dying man,
Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends elſe I have here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
But little while, be ſure, we have
Within this world to ſtay.

You muſt be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone.

With that beſpake their mother dear:
O brother kind, quoth ſhe,
You are the man muſt bring our babes
To wealth or miſery.

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwiſe you ſeem to deal,
God will your deeds regard.
With lips as cold as any ſtone
She kiſs'd her children ſmall:
God bleſs you both, my children dear!
With that the tears did fall.

Theſe ſpeeches then their brother ſpoke
To this ſick couple there:
The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet ſiſter, do not fear;
God never proſper me nor mine,
Nor aught elſe that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave!

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his houſe,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept theſe pretty babes,
A twelvemonth and a day,
When for their wealth he did deviſe
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they ſhould take the children young,
And ſlay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children ſend
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went theſe pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They ſhould on cock-horſe ride.
They prate and prattle pleaſantly,
As they rode on the way,
To thoſe that ſhould their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty ſpeech they had
Made murd'rers' hearts relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full ſore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Becauſe the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at ſtrife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life:
And he that was of mildeſt mood
Did ſlay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears ſtood in their eye;
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry:
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
Stay here, quoth he, I 'll bring you bread,
When I do come again.

Theſe pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they ſaw the man
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all beſmear'd and dy'd;
And when they ſaw the darkſome night,
They ſat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd theſe two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief:
No burial theſe pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breaſt painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his houſe,
His conſcience felt a hell:
His barns were fir'd, his goods conſum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him ſtaid.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
Two of his ſons did die;
And, to conclude, himſelf was brought
To extreme miſery:
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
Ere ſeven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand
Theſe children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
As was God's bleſſed will;
Who did confeſs the very truth,
The which is here expreſs'd;
Their uncle died, while he, for debt,
In priſon long did reſt.

All you that be executors made,
And overſeers eke,
Of children that be fatherleſs,
And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right;
Leſt God, with ſuch-like miſery,
Your wicked minds requite.

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§ 102. *Ballad. The Hunting in Chevy-Chaſe.*

God proſper long our noble king,
Our lives and ſafeties all!
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chaſe befal:

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The ſtout earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleaſure in the Scottiſh woods
Three ſummer's days to take;

The chiefeſt harts in Chevy-Chaſe
To kill and bear away.
Theſe tidings to earl Douglas came
In Scotland, where he lay;

Who ſent earl Percy preſent word
He would prevent his ſport:
The Engliſh earl, not fearing this,
Did to the woods reſort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold;
All choſen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their ſhafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds ſwiftly ran,
To chaſe the fallow deer:
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear;

And, long before high noon, they had
A hundred fat bucks ſlain;
Then, having din'd, the drovers went
To rouſe them up again.

The bowmen muſter'd on the hills,
Well able to endure:
Their backſides all, with ſpecial care,
That day were guarded ſure.

The hounds ran ſwiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take;
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo ſhrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the ſlaughter'd deer;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promiſed
This day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I ſtay.
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did ſay:

Lo! yonder doth earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottiſh ſpears
All marching in our ſight;

All men of pleaſant Tividale,
Faſt by the river Tweed.
Then ceaſe your ſport, earl Percy ſaid,
And take your bows with ſpeed:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horſeback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durſt encounter, man for man,
With him to break a ſpear.

Earl

Earl Douglas on a milk-white ſteed,
Moſt like a baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the company,
Whoſe armour ſhone like gold:

Shew me, ſaid he, whoſe men you be
That hunt ſo boldly here;
That, without my conſent, do chaſe
And kill my fallow-deer?

The man that firſt did anſwer make,
Was noble Percy, he:
Who ſaid, We liſt not to declare,
Nor ſhew whoſe men we be:

Yet will we ſpend our deareſt blood,
Thy chiefeſt harts to ſlay.
Then Douglas ſwore a ſolemn oath,
And thus in rage did ſay:

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall die:
I know thee well; an earl thou art,
Lord Percy: ſo am I.

But truſt me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And ſet our men aſide.
Accurs'd be he, lord Percy ſaid,
By whom this is denied.

Then ſtepp'd a gallant 'ſquire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who ſaid, I would not have it told
To Henry our king, for ſhame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I ſtood looking on:
You be two earls, ſaid Witherington,
And I a 'ſquire alone:

I'll do the beſt that do I may,
While I have ſtrength to ſtand;
While I have pow'r to wield my ſword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our Engliſh archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the firſt ſlight of arrows ſent,
Full threeſcore Scots they ſlew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent;
A captain, mov'd with mickle pride,
The ſpears to ſhivers ſent.

They clos'd full faſt on ev'ry ſide,
No ſlackneſs there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gaſping on the ground.

O Chriſt! it was a grief to ſee,
And likewiſe for to hear
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And ſcatter'd here and there.

At laſt theſe two ſtout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did ſweat,
With ſwords of temper'd ſteel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, lord Percy, Douglas ſaid;
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be
By James our Scottiſh king.

Thy ranſom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee:
Thou art the moſt courageous knight
That ever I did ſee.

No, Douglas, quoth earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I do ſcorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an Engliſh bow,
Which ſtruck earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never ſpoke more words than theſe;
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why? my life is at an end:
Lord Percy ſees my fall.

Then leaving life, earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And ſaid, Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had loſt my land!

O Chriſt! my very heart doth bleed
With ſorrow for thy ſake;
For ſure a more renowned knight
Miſchance did never take.

A knight amongſt the Scots there was,
Which ſaw earl Douglas die,
Who ſtraight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the earl Percy:

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd;
Who, with a ſpear moſt bright,
Well mounted on a gallant ſteed,
Ran fiercely through the fight:

And paſs'd the Engliſh archers all,
Without all dread or fear;
And through earl Percy's body then
He thruſt his hateful ſpear:

With ſuch a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The ſpear went thro' the other ſide
A large cloth yard, and more.

So thus did both theſe nobles die,
Whoſe courage none could ſtain.
An Engliſh archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was ſlain;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a truſty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he:

Againſt ſir Hugh Montgomery
So right the ſhaft he ſet,
The grey-gooſe wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

This

This fight did laſt from break of day
Till ſetting of the ſun;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle ſcarce was done.

With the earl Percy there was ſlain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliffe, and ſir John,
Sir James that bold baron:

And with ſir George, and good ſir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good ſir Ralph Raby there was ſlain,
Whoſe proweſs did ſurmount.

For Witherington needs muſt I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For, when his legs were ſmitten off,
He fought upon his ſtumps.

And with earl Douglas there was ſlain,
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Currèl, that from the field
One foot would never fly;

Sir Charles Murrèl of Ratcliffe too,
His ſiſter's ſon was he;
Sir David Lamb, ſo well eſteem'd,
Yet ſaved could not be.

And the lord Maxwell, in like wiſe,
Did with earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottiſh ſpears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Engliſhmen
Went home but fifty-three:
The reſt were ſlain in Chevy-Chaſe,
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their huſbands to bewail;
They waſh'd their wounds in briniſh tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand times
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave earl Douglas ſuddenly
Was with an arrow ſlain.

O heavy news! king James did ſay;
Scotland can witneſs be,
I have not any captain more
Of ſuch account as he.

Like tidings to king Henry came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was ſlain in Chevy-Chaſe.

Now God be with him, ſaid our king,
Sith 't will no better be;
I truſt I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet ſhall not Scot nor Scotland ſay,
But I will vengeance take;
And be revenged on them all
For brave lord Percy's ſake.

This vow full well the king perform'd,
After, on Humbledown,
In one day fifty knights were ſlain,
With lords of great renown:

And of the reſt, of ſmall account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-Chaſe,
Made by the earl Percy.

God ſave the king, and bleſs the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may ceaſe.

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§ 103. *Song.* *Sir Cauline.*

There is ſomething peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unuſual to meet with redundant ſtanzas of ſix lines; but the occaſional inſertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have ſeen elſewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2. ver. 110, 111, that the ROUND TABLE was not peculiar to the reign of King Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with ſome peculiar ſolemnities) was called "holding a Round "Table". Dugdale tells us, that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honour "of knighthood to be conferred 'on his three ſons' "by King Edward I. he, at his own coſts, cauſed a "tourneament to be held at Kenilworth, where he "ſumptuouſly entertained an hundred knights, and "as many ladies, for three days; the like whereof "was never before in England; and there began "the ROUND TABLE (ſo called by reaſon that the "place wherein they practiſed thoſe feats was "environed with a ſtrong wall made in a round "form): and upon the fourth day, the golden lion, "in ſign of triumph, being yielded to him, he "carried it (with all the company) to Warwick." It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls juſts and tournaments *Haſtiludia Menſæ Rotundæ*.

As to what will be obſerved in this ballad of the art of healing being practiſed by a young princeſs; it is no more than what is uſual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from the earlieſt times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the higheſt rank, to exerciſe the art of ſurgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damſels ſtanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives thoſe of their huſbands. And even ſo late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accompliſhments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldeſt "of them are SKILFUL IN SURGERY." See Harriſon's Deſcription of England, prefixed to Hollingſhed's Chronicle, &c.

The Firſt Part.

In Ireland, ferr over the ſea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him ſyr Cauline.

The

The kinge had a lady to his daughter,
In faſhyon ſhe hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed,
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her beſt of all,
But nothing durſt he ſaye;
Ne deſcreeve his counſayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it ſo beffell,
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he ſpred his arms him fro,
One while he ſpred them nye;
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun dye.

And when our pariſh-maſſe was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He ſayes, Where is ſyr Cauline,
That is wont to ſerve the wyne?

Then aunſwerde him a courteous knighte,
And faſt his handes gan wringe:
Sir Cauline is ſick, and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.

Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leeche fulle fine:
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And ſerve him with the wyne ſoe red;
Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Chriſtabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
O well, ſhe ſayth, how doth my lord?
O ſicke, thou fayre ladyè.

Now ryſe up wightlye, man, for ſhame,
Never lye ſoe cowardlee;
For it is told in my father's halle,
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kiſſe,
Then were I brought from bale to bliſſe,
No longer would I lye.

Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his only heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, ſyr knighte,
I never can be youre feere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe ſome deedes of armes
To be youre bacheleere.

Some deeds of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to be,
(But ever and aye my heart would rue,
(Giff harm ſhould happe to thee).

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge;
And dare ye, ſyr knighte, wake there all nighte,
Untill the fayre morninge?

For the Eldridge knighte, ſo mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne;
And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him ſcath and ſcorne.

That knighte he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy ſpeede,
Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
For thy ſake, fair ladie;
And Ile either bring you a ready tokèn,
Or Ile never more you ſee.

The ladye is gone to her own chaumbère,
Her maydens following bright:
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed ſoone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did riſe,
He walked up and downe;
Then a lightſome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents ſoe browne.
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
I am ffar from any good towne.

And ſoone he ſpyde on the mores ſo broad
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtèll:

And ſoe faſt he called on ſyr Cauline,
O man, I rede thee flye,
For but if cryance come till thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.

He ſayth, No cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in fayth, I wyll not flee;
For, cauſe thou minged not Chriſt before,
The leſs me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knighte he pricked his ſteed;
Syr Cauline bold abode:
Then either ſhooke his truſtye ſpeare,
And the timber theſe two children * bare
So ſoon in ſunder ſtode.

Then took they out theyr two good ſwordes,
And layden on full faſte,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and ſheelde,
They all were well-nye braſt.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And ſtiffe in ſtower did ſtande;
But ſyr Cauline with a backward ſtroke
He ſmote off his right hand;
That ſoone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then

* Knights.

Then up ſyr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head ſo hye:
And here I ſweare by the holy roode,
Nowe, caytiffe, thou ſhalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Faſte wringing of her hande:
For the maydens love, that moſt you love,
Withhold that deadlye brande:

For the maydens love, that moſt you love,
Now ſmyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He ſhall thy heſts obaye.

Now ſwear to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Chriſt his laye,
Aud thereto plight thy hand:

And that thou never on Eldridge come
To ſporte, gamon, or playe;
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying day.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a ſorrowfulle ſighe;
And ſware to obey ſyr Caulines heſt,
Till the tyme that he ſhold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his ſaddle anone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
To theyr caſtle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was ſo large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had been ſlone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge ſworde,
As hard as any flint;
And he took off thoſe ringès five
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked ſyr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree:
I-wys he neither ſtint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye ſee.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that ladye gay:
O ladye, I have been on the Eldridge hills:
Theſe tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, ſyr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bold and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy heſts for to obaye:
And mought I hope to winne thy love!—
Ne more his tonge colde ſay.

The ladye bluſhed ſcarlette redde,
And fette a gentill ſighe:
Alas! ſyr knighte, how may this bee,
For my degree 's ſoe highe?

But ſith thou haſt hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
Ile promiſe if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.

Then ſhee held forthe her lilly-white hand
Towards that knighte ſo free:
He gave to it one gentill kiſſe,
His heart was brought from bale to bliſſe,
The teares ſterte from his ee.

But keep my counſayl, ſyr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For and ever my father ſholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us ſloe.

From that day forthe that ladye fayre
Lovde ſyr Cauline the knighte:
From that daye forthe he only joyde
Whan ſhee was in his ſight.

Part the Second.

Everye white will have its blacke,
And every ſweete its ſowre:
This found the ladye Chriſtabelle
In an untimely howre.

For ſo it befelle as ſyr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge her father walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To reſt his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and ſyr Cauline
There ſette in daliaunce ſweet.

The kinge hee ſterted forth, i-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
Now, traytoure, thou ſhalt hange or drawe,
And rewe ſhall thy ladie.

Then forth ſyr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe;
And the ladye into a towre ſo hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene ſhe was ſyr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge ſaid ſhe:
I pray you ſave ſyr Caulines life,
And let him baniſht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor ſhall be ſent
Acroſs the ſalt ſea ſome:
But here I will make with thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladye;
And many a time he ſighed ſore,
And caſt a wiſtfulle eye:
Faire Chriſtabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Chriſtabelle, that ladye brighte,
Was had forthe of the towre:
But ever ſhee droopeth in her minde;
As, nipt by an ungentle winde,
Doth ſome faire lillye flowre.

And ever ſhee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover ſoe;

Syr Cauline, thou little think'ſt on mee,
But I will ſtill be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lords of high degree,
Did ſue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never ſhe wolde them nes.

When many a daye was paſt and gone,
Ne comforte ſhe colde finde,
The kinge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughters mind:

And there came lords, and there came knightes,
Fro manye a farre countrye,
To break a ſpere for theyr ladyes love,
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was ſette
In purple and in palle;
But faire Chriſtabelle ſoe woe-begone
Was the fayreſt of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye:
But a ſtranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke and his ſheelde,
Ne noe man wiſt whence he did come.
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone
When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were preſtlye paſt
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourth morninge
A ſorrowfulle ſight they ſee.

A hugye giaunt ſtiff and ſtarke.
All foule of limbe and lere;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend Soldàin!
Behold theſe heads I bear with me!
They are kings which he hath ſlain.

The Eldridge knighte is his own cousine,
Whom a knighte of thine hath ſhent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong;
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath ſent.

But yette he will appeaſe his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne:
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers muſt breune.

Thy head, ſyr king, muſt go with mee;
Or elſe thy daughter deere;
Or elſe within theſe liſts ſoe broad
Thou muſt find him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe:
Is there never a knighte of my round table,
This matter will undergo?

Is there never a knighte amongſt yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme ſoldàn,
Right faire his meede ſhall be;

For he ſhall have my broad lay-lands;
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he ſhall winne fayre Chriſtabelle,
To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round table
Did ſtand both ſtill and pale;
For whenever they lookt on the grim ſoldàn,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
When ſhe ſawe no helpe was nye:
She caſt her thought on her own true-love,
And the teares guſht from her eye.

Up then ſterte the ſtranger knighte,
Said, Ladye, be not affrayd;
Ile fight for thee with this grimme ſoldàn,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge ſworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre.
I truſt in Chriſte for to ſlay this fiende,
Thoughe he be ſtiffe in ſtowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge ſworde,
The kinge he cryde, with ſpeede:
Nowe heaven aſſiſt thee, courteous knighte;
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he ſtepped into the liſts,
And ſayd, Awaye, awaye:
I ſweare, as I am the hend ſoldàn,
Thou letteſt me here all daye.

Then forth the ſtranger knighte he came
In his blacke armoure dight:
The ladye ſighed a gentle ſighe,
"That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be met
Within the liſts ſo broad:
And now with ſwordes ſo ſharpe of ſteele,
They gan to lay on load.

The ſoldàn ſtrucke the knighte a ſtroke,
That made him reele aſyde:
Then woe-begone was that faire ladye,
And thrice ſhe deeply ſighde.

The ſoldàn ſtrucke a ſecond ſtroke,
And made the bloude to flowe:
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice ſhe wept for woe.

The ſoldàn ſtrucke a third ſell ſtroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee:
Sad ſorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And ſhe ſhriekt loud ſhriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All reckleſſe of the paine;
Quoth he, But heaven be now my ſpeede,
Or elſe I ſhall be ſlaine.

He

He graſped his ſword with mayne and mighte,
And ſpying a ſecrette part,
He drave it into the ſoldàn's ſyde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a ſhoute,
When they ſawe the ſoldàn falle:
The ladye wept, and thanked Chriſt,
That had reſkewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
Roſe uppe from off his ſeate,
And downe he ſtepped into the liſtes.
That curteous knighte to greete.

But he for payne and lacke of bloude
Was fallen into a ſwounde,
And there all waltering in his gore,
Lay lifeleſſe on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
Thou art a leeche of ſkille;
Farre lever had I loſe half my landes,
Than this good knighte ſholde ſpille.

Down then ſtepped that faire ladyè,
To helpe him if ſhe maye;
But when ſhe did his beavere raiſe,
It is my life, my lord, ſhe ſayes,
And ſhriekte and ſwound awaye.

Sir Cauline juſte lifte up his eyes
When he heard his ladye crye,
O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wiſht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He cloſed his eyes in death,
Ere Chriſtabelle, that ladye milde,
Began to draw her breathe.

But when ſhe founde her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layd her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus ſhe made her moane.

O ſtaye, my deare and onlye lord,
For me thy faithful feere;
'Tis meet that I ſhold followe thee,
Who haſt bought my love ſoe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadly ſwoune,
And with a deep-fette ſighe,
That burſt her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Chriſtabelle did dye.

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§ 104. *Robin Hood and Guy of Giſborne.*

"In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers, and out-lawes, among the which Robin Hood, and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, deſpoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but ſuch as would invade them; or by reſiſtance for their own defence.

"The ſaid Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with ſuch ſpoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever ſo ſtrong) durſt not give the onſet. He ſuffered no woman to be oppreſſed, violated, or otherwiſe moleſted: poore men's goods he ſpared, abundantlie relieving them with that, which by theft he got from abbeys and the houſes of rich earles: whom Maior (the hiſtorian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the moſt gentle theefe." *Stowe's Annals*, p. 159."

WHAN ſhaws beene ſheene, and ſhraddes full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt's merrye walkying in the fayre forreſt
To heare the ſmall birdes ſonge.

The woodweele ſang, and wold not ceaſe,
Sitting upon the ſpraye,
So lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye, ſaid jollye Robin,
A ſweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
That faſt with me gan fight.

Methought they did me beat and binde,
And tooke my bowe me froe;
Iff I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are ſwift, ſayd Lyttle John,
As the wind blowes over the hill;
For iff it be never ſo loude this night,
To-morrow it may be ſtill.

Buſke yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John ſhall goe with mee,
For Ile goe ſeeke yond wighty yeomen,
In greenwood where they bee.

Then they caſt on theyr gownes of grene,
And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the green forreſt
A ſhooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdeſt to bee,
There they were ware of a wight yeoman,
That leaned againſt a tree.

A ſwordé and a dagger he wore by his ſide,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Top and tayll and mayne.

Stand ſtill, maſter, quoth Lyttle John,
Under this tree ſo green,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
To know what hee doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou ſetteſt noe ſtore,
And that I ſadley finde:
How often ſend I my men before,
And tarry myſelfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him ſpeake;
And it were not for burſting of my bowe,
John, I thý head would breake.

As

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale,
The gates * he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heavinesse there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his owne fellowes
Were slaine both in a slade,

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote
Fast over stocke and stone,
For the proud sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne;
Ile make yond sheriffe that wends so fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And settled him to shoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
And fell downe at his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ever thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flew not the arrowe in vaine,
For it mett one of the sheriffes men,
And William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the greenwood slade
To meet with Little John's arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett,
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill.
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
If it be Christ his will.

Lett us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good-morrow, good-fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,
"Good-morrowe, good-fellow," quo he:
Methinks, by this bowe thou beares in thy hande,
A good archere thou shouldst bee.

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman,
And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin:
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe
Than fortye pound soe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make
Among the woods so even,
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood,
Here at some unsett steven,

They cut them down two summer shroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And set them threescore rood in twaine
To shoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I do bidd thee.
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
My leader thou shalt bee.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it fro:
The yeoman he was an ancher good,
But he cold never do soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
He shot within the garland:
But Robin he shot far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne.
Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwelle by dale and downe, quth hee,
And Robin to take I me sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guy of good Gisborne.

My dwelling is in this wood, says Robin,
By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neyther beene kithe nor kin,
Might have seen a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright:

To see how these yeomen together they fought
Two howres of a summers day:
Yet neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them settled to fly awaye.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
And hitt him upon the syde.

Ah deere Ladye, said Robin Hood, thou
That art both mother and may',
I think it was never means destinye
To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our Ladye deere,
And soone leapt up againe.

And

* Ways, passes, paths.

And ſtrait he came with a backward ſtroke,
And he Sir Guy hath ſlayne.

He took Sir Guys head by the hayre,
And ſtuck it upon his bowes end:
Thou haſt been a traytor all thy life,
Which thing muſt have an end.

Robin pulled forth an Iryſh knife,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Cold know whoſe head it was.

Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now, Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe:
Iff thou have had the worſt ſtrokes at my hand,
Thou ſhalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
That clad him topp to toe.

Thy bowe, thy arrows, and litle horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barneſdale,
To ſee how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood ſett Guys horne to his mouth,
And a loud blaſt in it did blow,
That beheard the ſheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, ſayd the ſheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I hear Sir Guyes horne blowe,
And he hath ſlaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
Itt blowes ſoe well in tyde.
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
Aſke what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, ſayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I have ſlaine the maſter, he ſayes,
Lett me goe ſtrike the knave;
For this is all the meede I aſke,
None other reward Ile have.

Thou art a madman, ſayd the ſheriffe,
Thou ſholdſt have had a knightes fee:
But ſeeing thy aſking hath beene ſoe bad,
Well granted it ſhall bee.

When Little John heard his maſter ſpeake,
Well knewe he it was his ſteven:
Now ſhall I be looſet, quoth Little John,
With Chriſt his might in heaven.

Faſt Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to looſe him blive;
The ſheriffe and all his companye
Faſt after him 'gan drive.

Stand abacke, ſtand abacke, ſayd Robin;
Why draw you me ſo neere?
Itt was never the uſe in our countrye,
Ones ſhriſt another ſhold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Iryſh knife,
And loſed John hand and foote,
And gave him Sir Guyes bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one;
When the ſheriffe ſaw Little John bend his bow,
He ſettled him to be gone.

Towards his houſe in Nottingham towne
He fled full faſt away;
And ſo did all the companye:
Not one behind wold ſtay.

But he cold neither runne ſoe faſt,
Nor away ſo faſt cold ryde,
But Little John, with an arrowe ſoe broad,
He ſhott him into the backe-ſyde.

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§ 105. *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeſly,*

——were three noted outlaws, whoſe ſkill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of reſidence was in the foreſt of Englewood, not far from Carliſle (called corruptly in the ballad Engliſhwood, whereas Engle or Ingle wood ſignifies wood for firing). At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "The pedigree, education and marriage of Robin Hood," makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them: viz.

The father of Robin a foreſter was,
And he ſhot in a luſty long bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a ſhot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know:

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William of Clowdèſlee,
To ſhoot with our foreſter for forty mark:
And our foreſter beat them all three.
Collect. of Old Ballads, 1727, 1 *vol. p.* 67.

This ſeems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

I have only to add further concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the Bells were noted rogues in the North ſo late as the time of Q. Elizabeth. See, in Rymer's Fœdera, a letter from Lord William Howard to ſome of the officers of ſtate, wherein he mentions them.

Part the Firſt.

Mery it was in grene foreſt
Among the levès grene,
Whereas men hunt eaſt and weſt
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To

To ryſe the dereout of theyr denne:
Suche ſightes hath ofte bene ſene;
As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,
By them it is I meane.

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough *,
The thyrd was William of Cloudeſly,
An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyſon,
Theſe yemen everychone;
They ſwore them brethren upon a day,
To Englyſhe wood for to gone.

Now lith and lyſten, gentylmen,
That of myrthe loveth to here:
Two of them were ſingle men,
The third had a wedded fere.

Wyllyam was the wedded man,
Muche more than was hys care:
He ſayde to hys brethren upon a day,
To Carleil he wold fare;

For to ſpeke with fayre Alyce his wife,
And with hys children thre,
By my trouth, ſayde Adam Bel,
Not by the counſell of me:

For if ye go to Carleil, brother,
And from thys wylde wode wende,
If the juſtice may you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morrow, brother,
By tyme to you agayne,
Truſte not els, but that I am take,
Or elſe that I am ſlayne.

He took his leave of his brethren two,
And to Carleil he is gon:
Theyre he knocked at his owne windòwe
Shortlye and anone.

Wher be you, fayre Alyce my wyfe,
And my chyldren thre?
Lyghtly let in thine owne huſbande,
Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

Alas! then ſayde fayre Alyce,
And ſyghed wonderous ſore,
Thys place hath ben beſette for you
Thys halfe yere and more.

Now am I here, ſaid Cloudeſlè,
I wold that in I were:
Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentyè,
Lyke a true wedded wyfe:
And pleaſed hym with that ſhe had,
Whome ſhe loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
A lytle beſyde the fyre,
Whych Wyllyam had found of charytyè
More than ſeven yere.

Up ſhe roſe, and forth ſhe goes,
Evel mote ſhe ſpede therefoore;
For ſhe had not ſet no fote on ground
In ſeven yere before.

She went unto the juſtice-hall,
As faſt as ſhe could hye:
Thys night is come unto thys town
Wyllyam of Cloudeſlyè.

Thereof the juſtice was full fayne,
And ſo was the ſherife alſo:
Thou ſhalt not trauaill hither, dame, for nought,
Thy mede thou ſhalt have or thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good goune
Of ſcarlate and of graine:
She tokè the gyft, and home ſhe wente,
And couched her doune agayne.

They ryſed the towne of mery Carleile
In all the haſte they can;
And came thronging to Wyllyames houſe,
As faſt as they might gone.

There they beſette that good yemàn
About on every ſide:
Wyllyam hearde great noyſe of folkes,
That theyther-ward they hyed,

Alyce opened a back wyndow,
And loked all aboute,
She was ware of the juſtice and ſhirife bothe,
Wyth a full great route.

Alas! treaſon, cryed Alyce,
Ever wo may thou be!
Goe into my chamber, huſband, ſhe ſayd,
Sweet Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

He toke hys ſweard and hys bucler,
Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
And wente into hys ſtrongeſt chamber,
Where he thought ſureſt to be.

Fayre Alyce, lik a lover true,
Took a pollaxe in her hande:
He ſhal be dead that here commeth in
Thys dore, whyle I may ſtand.

Cloudeſlè bente a wel-good bowe,
That was of truſty tre,
He ſmot the juſtice on the breſt,
That hys arowe breſt in three.

A curſe on his harte, ſaide William,
Thys day thy cote dyd on!
If it had ben no better than myne,
It had gone nere thy bone.

Yeld the, Cloudeſlè, ſayd the juſtiſe,
Thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
A curſe on hys hart, ſayd fair Alyce,
That my huſband concelleth ſo.

Set fyre on the houſe, ſaide the ſherife,
Syth it wyll no better be,
And brenne we therein William, he ſaide,
Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the houſe in many a place;
The fyre flew up on hye:
Alas! then cryed fair Alyce,
I ſe we here ſhall dy.

* Clym of the Clough, means Clem. (Clement) of the valley: for ſo Clough ſignifies in the North.

William openyd a backe wyndòw,
That was in hys chamber hie,
And wyth ſhetes let downe his wyfe,
And eke hys chyldren thre.

Have here my treaſure, ſayde William,
My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
For Chriſtès love do them no harme,
But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam ſhot ſo wonderous well,
Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
And the fyre ſo faſt upon hym fell,
That hys bowſtryng brent in two.

The ſparkles brent and fell upon
Good Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè:
Than he was a wofull man, and ſayde,
Thys is a cowardes death to me.

Lever had I, ſayde Wyllyam,
With my ſworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne enemyes wode
Thus cruelly to bren.

He toke hys ſweard and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were moſt in prece,
He ſmote downe many a man.

There myght no man abyde his ſtroke,
So ferſly on them he ran:
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
And ſo toke that good yeman.

There they hym bounde both hande and fote,
And in depe dongeon caſt,
Now, Cloudeſle, ſayd the hye juſtice,
Thou ſhalt be hanged in haſt.

A payre of new gallowes, ſayd the ſherife,
Now ſhal I for the make;
And the gates of Carleil ſhal be ſhutte,
No man ſhall come in therat.

Then ſhal not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
Nor yet ſhall Adam Bell,
Though they come with a thouſand mo,
Nor all the devels in hell.

Early in the mornynge the juſtice uproſe,
To the gates firſt gan he gon,
And commaundeth to be ſhut full cloſe
Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place,
As faſt as he could hye;
A payre of new gallous there he ſet up
Beſyde the pyllorye.

A lytle boy among them aſked,
"What meaneth that gallow-tree?"
They ſayde, To hange a good yeamàn,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

That lytle boye was the towne ſwyne-heard,
And kept fayre Alyces ſwine;
Oft he had ſeene Cloudeſle in the woode,
And geuend hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crev n the wall,
And lightly to the woode dyd gone;

There met he with theſe wightye yemen
Shortly and anone.

Alas! then ſayde that lytle boye,
Ye tary here all to longe;
Cloudeſle is taken, and dampned to death,
All readye for to honge.

Alas! then ſayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we ſee thys daye!
He had better with us have taryed,
So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

He myght have dwellyd in grene forèſte,
Under the ſhadowes grene,
And have kept both hym and us in reſte,
Out of trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,
A great hart ſone had he ſlayne:
Take that, chylde, he ſayde, to thy dynner,
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, ſayed theſe wightye yeomen,
Tary we no lenger here;
We ſhall hym borowe by God his grace,
Though we bye it full dere.

To Caerleil wente theſe good yemen,
In a merry mornynge of Maye,
Here is a FYT * of Cloudeſlye,
And another is for to ſaye.

Part the Second.

AND when they came to merry Carleil,
And in the mornynge tyde,
They founde the gates ſhut them untyll
About on every ſyde.

Alas! then ſayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we were made men!
Theſe gates he ſhut ſo wonderous wel,
We may not come here in.

Then beſpake him Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng:
Let us ſaye we be meſſengers,
Streyght come nowe from our king.

Adam ſayd, I have a letter written,
Now let us wyſely werke,
We wyl ſaye we have the kynges ſeals;
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate,
With ſtrokes great and ſtrong;
The porter herde ſuch noyſe therat,
And to the gate he throng.

Who is there nowe, ſayde the porter,
That maketh all thys dinne?
We be tow meſſengers, ſayde Climof the Clough,
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, ſayde Adam Bel,
To the juſtice we muſt it bryng;
Let us in our meſſage to do
That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here cometh none in, ſayd the porter,
Be hym that dyed on a tre,
Tyll a falſe theſe be hanged up
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

Then

* Part.

Then ſpake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
And ſwore by Mary fre,
And if that we ſtande long without,
Lyk a thefe honge thou ſhalt be.

Lo! here we have the kynges ſeale:
What, Lurden, art thou wode?
The porter went it had been ſo,
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

Welcome be my lordes ſeale, he ſayde;
For that ye ſhall come in.
He opened the gate full ſhortlye;
An euyl openying for him.

Now are we in, ſayde Adam Bell,
Therof we are full faine;
But Chriſt he knowes, that harowed hell,
How we ſhall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, ſayd Clim of the Clough,
Ryght wel then ſhould we ſpede,
Then might we come out wel ynough
When we ſe tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counſell,
And wrange hys necke in two,
And caſt him in a depe dongeon,
And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, ſayd Adam Bell,
Se, brother, the keys are here,
The worſt porter to merry Carleile
They have had thys hundred yere.

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
Into the towne wyll we go,
For to delyuer our dere brethèr,
That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good yewe bowes,
And loked theyr ſtringes were ſound,
The markett place in mery Carleile
They beſet that ſtound.

And, as they loked them beſyde,
A pair of new gallowes thei ſee,
And the juſtice, with a queſt of ſquyers,
Had judged theyr fere to de.

And Cloudeſlè hymſelfe lay in a carte,
Faſt bound both fote and hand;
And a ſtronge rop about hys necke,
All readye for to hange.

The juſtice called to hym a ladde,
Cloudeſlès clothes ſhould he have,
To take the meaſure of that yemàn,
Therafter to make hys grave.

I have ſene as great marvaile, ſayde Cloudeſlè,
As betweyne thys and pryme,
He that maketh thys grave for me
Hymſelfe may lye therin.

Thou ſpeakeſt proudli, ſayd the juſtice,
I ſhall the hange with my hande.
Full well herd this his bretheren two,
There ſtyll as they did ſtande.

Then Cloudeſlè caſt his eyen aſyde,
And ſaw hys brethren twaine
At a corner of the market-place,
Redy the juſtice for to ſlaine.

I ſe comfort, ſayd Cloudeſlè,
Yet hope I well to fare,
If I might have my hands at wyll
Ryght lytle wolde I care.

Then beſpake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough ſo free,
Brother, ſe ye marke the juſtice wel;
Lo! yonder ye may him ſee:

And at the ſherife ſhote I wyll
Strongly wyth arrowe kene;
A better ſhote in mery Carleile
Thys ſeven yere was not ſene.

They looſed their arrowes both at once,
Of no man had thei dread;
The one hyt the juſtice, the other the ſheryfe,
That both theyr ſides gan blede.

All men voyded, that them ſtode nye,
When the juſtice fell to the grounde,
And the ſherife fell hym by;
Eyther had his deathes wounde.

All the citezens faſt gan flye,
They durſt no lenger abyde:
There lyghtly they looſed Cloudeſlè,
Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam ſterte to an officer of the towne,
Hys axe fro hys hand he wronge,
On eche ſyde he ſmote them downe,
Hym thought he taryed to long.

Wyllyam ſaide to his brethren two,
Thys daye let us lyve and de,
If ever you have nede, as I have now,
The ſame ſhall you finde by me.

They ſhot ſo well in that tyde,
Theyr ſtringes were of ſilke ful ſure,
That they kept the ſtretes on every ſide;
That batayle did long endure.

The fought together as brethren tru,
Lyke hardy men and bolde,
Many a man to the ground they thrue,
And many a herte made colde.

But when their arrowes were all gon,
Men preced to them full faſt,
They drew their ſwordes then anone,
And theyr bowes from them caſt.

They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way,
With ſwordes and bucklers round;
By that it was myd of the day,
They made mani a wound.

There was many a nout-horne in Carleile blowen,
And the belles backward did ryng,
Many a woman ſayde, Alas!
And many theyr handes did wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth was com,
Wyth hym a full great route:
Theſe yemen dred him full ſore,
Of their lyves they ſtode in doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
With a pollaxe in hys hande;
Many a ſtrong man wyth him was,
There in that ſtowre to ſtande.

The mayre ſmot at Cloudeſlè with his bil,
Hys bucler he braſt in two,
Full many a yeman with great evyll,
Alas! they cryed for wo.
Kepe we the gates faſt, they bad,
That theſe traytours thereout not go.

But al for nought was that the wrought,
For ſo faſte they downe were layde,
Tyll they all thre, that ſo manfulli fought,
Were gotten without, abraide.

Have here your keys, ſayd Adam Bel,
Myne office I here forſake,
And yf you do by my counſell
A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyre heads,
And bad them well to thryve,
And all that letteth any good yeman
To com and comfort his wyfe.

Thus be theſe good yemen gon to the wod,
And lyghtly, as lefe on lynde;
The lough and be mery in theyre mode,
Theyr foes wer ferr behind.

And when they came to the old Engliſhe wode,
Under the truſty tre,
There they found bowes full good,
And arrowes full great plentyè.

So God me help, ſayd Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough ſo fre,
I would we were in mery Carleile,
Before that fayre meynè.

They ſet them downe, and made good chere,
And eate and dranke full well.
A ſecond fyt of the wighty yeomen,
Another I wyll you tell.

Part the Third.

AS they ſat in Englyſhe wood,
Under the green-wode tre,
They thought they heard a woman wepe,
But her they mought not ſe.

Sore then ſyghed the fayre Alyce:
That ever I ſawe thys daye!
For nowe is my dere huſband ſlayne:
Alas! and well-a-way!

Might I have ſpoke with his dere brethren,
Or with eyther of them twayne,
To ſhew them what him befell,
My heart were out of payne.

Cloudeſlè walk'd a little beſide,
Lookt under the green-wood linde,
He was ware of his wife, and children thre,
Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then ſayd Wyllyam,
Under this truſti tre:
I wende yeſterday, by ſweete ſaynt John,
Thou ſhoulde me never have ſee.

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My harte is out of wo."
Dame, he ſayde, be mery and glad,
And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to ſpeake, ſaid Adam Bell,
I-wis it is no bote:
The meate, that we muſt ſupp withall,
It runneth yet faſt on fote.

Then went they downe into a launde,
Theſe noble archares thre;
Eche of them ſlew a hart of greece,
The beſt that they cold ſe.

Have here the beſt, Alyce, my wyfe,
Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeſlye;
By cauſe ye ſo bouldly ſtode by me,
When I was ſlayne full nye.

Then went they to theyr ſuppère
Wyth ſuche meate as they had;
And thanked God of their fortune:
They were both mery and glad.

And when thei had ſupped well,
Certain wythouten leaſe,
Cloudeſlè ſayd, We wyll to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce ſhal be at our ſojourneying
In a nunnery here beſyde;
My tow ſons ſhall wyth her go,
And there they ſhall abyde.

Myne eldeſt ſon ſhall go wyth me;
For hym have you no care;
And he ſhall breng you worde agayn,
How that we all do fare.

Thus be theſe yemen to London gone,
As faſt as they might he *,
Tyll they came to the kyng's pallàce,
Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kyngès courte,
Unto the pallace-gate,
Of no man wold they aſke no leave,
But boldly went in therat.

They preced preſtly into the hall,
Of no man had they dreade:
The porter come after, and dyd them call,
And with them gan to chyde.

The uſher ſayde, Yemen, what would ye have?
I pray you tell to me:
You myght thus make offycers ſhent:
Good ſyrs, of whence be ye?

Syr, we be out-lawes of the foreſt
Certayne withouten leaſe:
And hether we be come to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

And

* Hie, haſten.

And whan they came before the kyng,
As it was the lawe of the lande,
The kneled downe without lettyng,
And eche held up his hand.

The ſayed, Lord, we beſeche the here,
That ye will graunt us grace:
For we have ſlayne your fat falow-dere
In many a ſondry place.

What be your nams, then ſaid our kyng,
Anone that you tell me?
They ſaid, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

Be ye thoſe theves, then ſayd our kyng,
That men have tolde of to me?
Here to God I make an avowe,
Ye ſhall be hanged all thre.

Ye ſhal be dead without mercy,
As I am kynge of this lande.
He commandeth his officers every one,
Faſt on them to lay hande.

There they toke theſe good yemen,
And arreſted them all thre:
So may I thryve, ſaid Adam Bell,
Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beſeche you now,
That yee graunt us grace,
Inſomuche as frelè to you we comen,
As frelè fro you to paſſe.

With ſuch weapons, as we have here,
Tyll we be out of your place;
And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
We wyll aſke you no grace.

Ye ſpeake proudly, ſayd the kynge;
Ye ſhall be hanged all thre.
That were great pity, then ſayd the quene,
If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fyrſt into this lande
To be your wedded wyfe,
The fyrſt boone that I wold aſke,
Ye wold graunt it me belyfe:

And I never aſked none tyll now;
Then, good lorde, graunt it me.
Now aſk it, madam, ſaid the kynge,
And graunted it ſhall be.

Then, good my lord, I you beſeche,
Theſe yemen graunt ye me.
Madame, ye myght have aſked a boone
That ſhuld have been worth them all three.

Ye myght have aſked towres and townes,
Parkes and foreſts plentè.
But none ſoe pleaſant to my pay, ſhee ſayd;
Nor none ſo leſe to me.

Madame, ſith it is your deſyre,
Your aſking graunted ſhal be;
But I had lever have geven you
Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman,
And ſayde, Lord, gramarcyè:
I dare undertake for them
That true men they ſhal be.

But, good my lord, ſpeke ſome mery word,
That comfort they may ſe.
I graunt you grace, then ſayd our kyng,
Waſhe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They had not ſetten but a whyle
Certayne without leſynge,
There came meſſengers out of the north
With letters to our kyng.

And whan they came before the kynge,
They knelt downe on theyr kne;
Sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my juſtice? ſayd the kyng,
And my ſherife alſo?
Syr, they be ſlayne without leaſynge,
And many an officer mo.

Who hath them ſlayne, ſayd the kyng,
Anone thou tell to me?
"Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè."

Alas for rewth! then ſayd our kynge,
My hart is wonderous ſore;
I had lever than a thouſande pounde,
I had known of thys before;

For I have graunted them grace,
And that forthynketh me:
But had I knowen all thys before,
They had been hanged all thre.

The kyng he opened the letter anone,
Himſelfe he red it thro',
And founde how theſe outlawes had ſlaine
Thre hundred men and mo:

Fyrſt the juſtice, and the ſheryfe,
And the mayre of Carleile towne;
Of all the conſtables and catchipolles
Alyve were ſcant left one.

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,
And the ſergeaunte of the law,
And forty foſters of the fe,
Theſe outlawes had yſlaw:

And broke his parks, and ſlayne his dere;
Of all they choſe the beſt;
So perelous out-lawes, as they were,
Walked not by eaſte or weſt.

When the kyng this letter had red,
In harte he ſyghed ſore:
Take up the tables anone he bad,
For I may eat no more.

The kyng called hys beſt archars
To the buttes wyth hym to go:
I wyl ſee theſe felowes ſhote, he ſayd,
In the north have wrought this wo.

The kynges bowmen buſket them blyve,
And the quenes archers alſo;
So dyd theſe thre wyghtye yemen;
With them they thought to go.

There twiſe or thryſe they ſhote about,
For to aſſay theyr hande;
There was no ſhote thoſe yemen ſhot
That any prycke * myght ſtand.

Then ſpake Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè;
By him that for me dyed,
I hold him never no good archar,
That ſhoteth at buttes ſo wyde.

"At what a butte now wold ye ſhote,
I pray thee tell to me?"
At ſuch a but, ſyr, he ſayd,
As men uſe in my countrè.

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,
With his two brethrene:
There they ſet up two haſell roddes
Full twenty ſcore betwene.

I hold him an archar, ſaid Cloudeſlè,
That yonder wand cleveth in two.
Here is none ſuche, ſayd the kyng,
Nor none that can ſo do.

I ſhall aſſaye, Sir, ſayd Cloudeſlè,
Or that I farther go.
Cloudeſly with a bearyng arowe
Clave the wand in two.

Thou art the beſt archer, then ſayd the king,
For ſothe that ever I ſee.
And yet for your love, ſayd Wyllyam,
I wyll do more maſtery.

I have a ſonne is ſeven yere olde,
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a ſtake;
All ſhall ſe, that be here;

And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go fyxe ſcore hym fro,
And I my ſelfe with a broad arow
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haſte the, then ſayd the king,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not, as thou haſt ſayde,
Hanged ſhalt thou be.

And thou touche his head or gowne,
In fyght that men may ſe,
By all the ſayntes that be in heaven,
I ſhall hange you all thre.

That I have promiſed, ſaid Wyllyam,
That wyll I never forſake.
And there even before the kynge
In the earth he drove a ſtake:

And bound thereto his eldeſt ſonne,
And bad hym ſtand ſtyll thereat;
And turned the childes face him fro,
Because he ſhould not ſterte.

An apple upon his head he ſet,
And then his bowe he bent;
Fyxe ſcorce paces they were out mete,
And thether Cloudeſlè went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
Hys bowe was great and longe;
He ſet that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both ſtyffe and ſtronge.

He prayed the people that wer there
That they all ſtill wold ſtand,
For he that ſhoteth for ſuch a wager
Behoveth a ſtedfaſt hand.

Much people prayed for Cloudeſlè,
That his lyfe ſaved myght be;
And whan he made him redy to ſhote,
There was many a weeping ee.

But Cloudeſlè cleft the apple in twaine.
His ſonne he did not nee.
Over Gods forbode, ſayde the kinge,
That thou ſhold ſhote at me.

I geve thee eightene pence a day,
And my bowe ſhalt thou bere,
And over all the north countrè
I make the chyfe rydère.

And I thyrtene pence a day, ſaid the quene,
By God and by my fay;
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
No man ſhall ſay the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman
Of clothyng, and of fe:
And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are ſo ſemely to ſe.

Your ſonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-ſeller he ſhall be:
And when he cometh to mans eſtate,
Shall better avaunced be.

And, Wyllyam, bring to me your wife,
Me longeth her ſore to ſe;
She ſhall be my chefe gentlewoman,
To governe my nurſerye.

The yemen thanketh them courteouſly;
To ſome biſhop wyl we wend,
Of all the ſynnes, that we have done,
To be aſſoyl'd at his hand.

So forth be gone theſe good yemen,
As faſt as they might be;
And after came and dwelled with the kynge,
And dyed good men all three.

Thus endeth the lives of theſe good yemen,
God ſend them eternal blyſſe,
And all that with a hand-bowe ſhoteth,
That of heaven they never myſſe Amen.

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§ 106. *Song. Willow, Willow, Willow.*

It is from the following ſtanzas that Shakſpeare has taken his ſong of the Willow, in his Othello, A. 4 ſ. 3. though ſomewhat varied, and applied by him to a female character. He makes Deſdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner;

* Mark.

" My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie:
" She was in love; and he ſhe lov'd forſook her,
" And ſhe prov'd mad. She had a ſong of Willow,
" An old thing 'twas, but it expreſſed her fortune;
" And ſhe dyed ſinging it."

A POORE ſoule ſat ſighing under a ſicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his boſom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

He ſighed in his ſinging, and after each grone,
O willow, &c.
I am dead to all pleaſure, my true love is gone;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow &c.

My love is turned; untrue ſhe doth prove:
O willow, &c.
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pitty me (cried he) ye lovers, each one;
O willow, &c.
Her heart's hard as marble, ſhe rues not my mone.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold ſtreams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, &c.
The ſalt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds ſat by him, made tame by his mones:
O willow, &c.
The ſalt tears fell from him, which ſoftened the ſtones.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me, her ſcornes I do prove:
O willow, &c.
She was borne to be faire; I to die for her love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O that beauty ſhould harbour a heart that's ſo hard!
O willow, &c.
My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let love no more boaſt him, in palace or bower;
O willow, &c.
For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining? In vain I complain:
O willow, &c.
I muſt patiently ſuffer her ſcorne and diſdaine.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forſaken, and ſit down by me;
O willow, &c.
He that plaines of his falſe love, mine's falſer than ſhe.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, ſince my love did fleet;
O willow, &c.
A garland for lovers forſaken moſt meete.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

Part the Second.

LOWE lay'd by my ſorrow, begot by diſdaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
Againſt her too cruell ſtill ſtill I complaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

O love too injurious, to wound my poor heart!
O willow, &c.
To ſuffer the triumph, and joy in my ſmart:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,
O willow, &c.
A ſigne of her falſeneſſe before me doth ſtand:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to deſpaire and to dye,
O willow, &c.
So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

In grave where I reſt mee, hang this to the view;
O willow, &c.
Of all that doe know her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With theſe words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, &c.
" Here lyes one, drank poyſon for potion moſt ſweet."
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though ſhe thus unkindly hath ſcorned my love,
O willow, &c.
And careleſsly ſmiles at the ſorrowes I prove;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot againſt her unkindly exclaim,
O willow, &c.
Cauſe once well I lov'd her, and honour'd her name:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The name of her ſounded ſo ſweet in mine eare,
O willow, &c.
It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare,
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;
O willow, &c.
It now brings me anguiſh, then brought me reliefe,
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire falſe-hearted: plaints end with
O willow, willow, willow! [my breath!
Thou doſt loath me, I love thee, though cauſe
O willow, willow, willow! [of my death.
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

§ 107. *Barbara Allen's Cruelty.*

IN Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a fair maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of May,
When greene buds they were ſwellin,
Young Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He ſent his man unto her then,
To the town where ſhee was dwellin;
You muſt come to my maſter deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
And ore his harte is ſtealin:
Then haſte away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his heart is ſtealin:
Yet little better ſhall he bee
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So ſlowly, ſlowly, ſhe came up,
And ſlowly ſhe came nye him;
And all ſhe ſay'd, when there ſhe came,
Young man, I think y' are dying.

He turn'd his face unto her ſtrait,
With deadlye ſorrow ſighing;
O lovely maid. come pity mee,
Ime on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin;
I cannot keep you from your death:
Farewell, ſayd Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in:
Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all!
Adieu to Barbara Allen!

As ſhe was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bells a knellin;
And every ſtroke did ſeem to ſaye,
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

She turned her bodye round about,
And ſpied the corpſe a coming:
Laye down, laye down the corps, ſhe ſayd,
That I may look upon him.

With ſcornful eye ſhe looked downe,
Her cheek with laughter ſwellin;
Whilſt all her friends cryed out amaine,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was ſtruck with ſorrowe;
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I ſhall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature, him to ſlight,
Who loved me ſo dearlye:
O that I had been more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me!

She, on her death-bed as ſhe laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him;
And ſore repented of the daye
That ſhe did ere denye him.

Farewell, ſhe ſaid, ye virgins all,
And ſhun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

§ 108. *The Frolicſome Duke, or the Tinker's good Fortune.*

The following ballad is upon the ſame ſubject as the Induction to Shakſpeare's Taming of the Shrew: whether it may be thought to have ſuggeſted the hint to the dramatic poet, or is not ratherof later date, the reader muſt determine.

The ſtory is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related of an old Engliſh writer: "The ſaid Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, ſiſter to the King of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was ſolemnized in the deepe of winter; when as by reaſon of unſeaſonable weather he could neitheir hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and ſuch other domeſtick ſports, or to ſee ladies dance; with ſome of his courtiers, he would in the evening walke diſguiſedall about the towne. It ſo fortuned, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow dead drunke, ſnorting on a bulke; he cauſed his followers to bring him to his palace, and there ſtripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court faſhion, when he wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and perſuade him that he was ſome great Duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was ſerved in ſtateall day long: after ſupper he ſaw them dance, heard muſicke, and all the reſt of thoſe court-like pleaſures: but late at night, when he was well-tipled, and again faſt aſleepe, they put on his old robes, and ſo conveyed him to the place where they firſt found him. Now the fellow had not made them ſo good ſport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himſelf: all the jeſt was to ſee how he looked upon it. In concluſion, after ſome little admiration, the poor man told his friends he had ſeen a viſion; conſtantly believed it; would not otherwiſe be perſuaded, and ſo the jeſt ended." Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, pt. 2. ſect. 2. memb. 4. 2d. ed. 1624. fol.

NOw as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleaſes his fancy with frolickſome ſport:
But among all the reſt, here is one, I proteſt,
Which will make you to ſmile when you hear the true jeſt:

A poor

A poor tinker he found lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we 'll sport with him then.
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly array'd:
Then they stript off his clothes, both his shirt, shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over dirt,
They did give him clean holland, which was no great hurt:
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and 'squires they on him did wait;
And the chamberlain bare then did likewise declare,
He desired to know what apparel he 'd wear:
The poor tinker, amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to his honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute;
With a star on each side, which the tinker oft eyed,
And it seem'd for to swell him no little with pride;
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place the right duke his good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him; thought he, this is great:
Where an hour or two pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blue.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests,
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair or bed, lin'd with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he sat at his meat, the music play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to complete.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary and sherry, and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roll
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again:
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carried him straight where they found him at first;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might;
But when he did waken his joys took their flight.

For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream:
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he 'd set him at nought;
But his highness she said, Thou 'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolic before I think never was play'd.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicsome joke;
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground:
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,
Crying old brass to mend, for I 'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.

Then the tinker replied, What! must Joan, my sweet bride,
Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand:
Well, I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace;
I was never before in so happy a case.

§ 109. *Song. Death's Final Conquest.*

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, intitled "The Contention of Ajax "and Ulysses." Shirley flourished as a dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I. but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened Oct. 23, 1666, æt. 72. It is said to have been a favourite song with K. Charles II.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boaſt no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads muſt come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the juſt
Smell ſweet, and bloſſom in the duſt.

§ 110. *Song.* SMOLLET.

'To fix her—'twere a taſk as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To ſow in Afric's barren ſoil,
Or tempeſts hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, ſhe 's light as air,
Falſe as the fowler's artful ſnare;
Inconſtant as the paſſing wind,
As winter's dreary froſt unkind.

She 's ſuch a miſer too in love,
Its joys ſhe 'll neither ſhare nor prove;
Tho' hundred of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Bluſhing at ſuch inglorious reign,
I ſometimes ſtrive to break her chain;
My reaſon ſummon to my aid,
Reſolve no more to be betray'd.

Ah, friend! 'tis but a ſhort-liv'd trance,
Diſpell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and I confeſs
Thoſe looks completely curſe or bleſs.

So ſoft, ſo elegant, ſo fair,
Sure ſomething more than human 's there:
I muſt ſubmit, for ſtriſe is vain;
'Twas deſtiny that forg'd the chain.

§ 111. *Song. Gilderoy*

—was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the laſt century; if we may credit the hiſtories and ſtory-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But theſe ſtories have probably no other authority than the records of Grub-ſtreet.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roſes tull his ſhoone,
His ſtockings were of ſilken ſoy,
Wi' garters hanging doune:
It was, I weene, a comelie ſight,
To ſee ſae trim a boy;
He was my joy and heart's delight,
My handſome Gilderoy.

Oh! ſike twe charming een he had,
A breath as ſweet as roſe;
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But coſtly ſilken clothes.
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy,
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in one toun together;
We ſcant were ſeven years beforn
We gan to luve each other;
Our daddies and our mammies thay
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding ſark of Holland fine
Wi' ſilken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor laſſie eir could ſing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we ſpent our prime,
Till we were baith ſixteen,
And aft we paſt the langſome time
Among the leaves ſae green:
Aft on the banks we'd ſit us thair,
And ſweetly kiſs and toy;
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handſome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he ſtill had been content
Wi' me to lead his life;
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
To ſtir in feats of ſtrife!
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try;
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wet mine ee;
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My beniſon gang wi' thee!
God ſpeed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent, ſith we maun part,
My handſome Gilderoy!"

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in ev'ry toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear
Of many a lawland loun;
Nane eir durſt meet him man to man,
He was ſae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winſome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of life for ox 'or aſs,
For ſheep, or horſe, or mare:
Had not their laws been made ſae ſtrick,
I neir had loſt my joy;
Wi' ſorrow neir had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amiſſe,
He mought hae baniſht been,
Ah, what fair cruelty is this,
To hang ſike handſome men!

To

To hang the flower o' Scottiſh land,
Sae ſweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had ſo white a hand,
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy ſae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle ſtrong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the reſt,
He was ſae trim a boy:
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued beſt,
My handſome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpſe away,
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I waſht his comelye clay;
And ſiker in a grave ſae deep
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep,
My winſome Gilderoy.

---

§ 112. *Song. Bryan and Pereene, a Weſt-Indian Ballad, founded on a real Fact that happened in the Iſland of St. Chriſtopher's.* GRAINGER.

THE north-eaſt wind did briſkly blow,
The ſhip was ſafely moor'd;
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew ſlow,
And ſo leap'd over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall;
And whoſo his impatience blames,
I wot ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on Engliſh land;
Nor once in thought or deed would ſtray,
Tho' ladies ſought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and ſtrong,
Right blytheſome roll'd his een;
Sweet was his voice whene'er he ſung:
He ſcant had twenty ſeen.

But who the countleſs charms can draw,
That grac'd his miſtreſs true?
Such charms the old world ſeldom ſaw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy roſe-buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds ſhine.

Soon as his well-known ſhip ſhe ſpied,
She caſt her weeds away;
And to the palmy ſhore ſhe hied,
All in her beſt array.

In ſea-green ſilk ſo neatly clad
She there impatient ſtood;
The crew with wonder ſaw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief diſplay'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he ſurvey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
Rejoicing crowd the ſtrand;
For now her lover ſwam in call,
And almoſt touch'd the land.

Then thro' the white ſurf did ſhe haſte,
To claſp her lovely ſwain;
When, ah! a ſhark bit through his waiſt:
His heart's blood died the main!

He ſhriek'd! his half ſprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore;
And ſoon it found a living grave,
And, ah! was ſeen no more.

Now haſte, now haſte, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the ſpring:
She falls, ſhe ſwoons, ſhe dies away,
And ſoon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, freſh flowrets ſtrew;
So may your lovers ſcape his doom,
Her hapleſs fate ſcape you!

---

§ 113. *Song. Gentle River, gentle River. Tranſlated from the Spaniſh.* PERCY.

Although the Engliſh are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondneſs for theſe old ſimple rhapſodies of their anceſtors than moſt other nations, they are not the only people who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by compoſitions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the higheſt merit. They call them in their language Romances. Moſt of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and diſplay a ſpirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. The two following are ſpecimens.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy ſtreams are ſtain'd with gore;
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd ſhore.

All beſide thy limpid waters,
All beſide thy ſands ſo bright,
Mooriſh Chiefs and Chriſtian Warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes,
On thy fatal banks were ſlain:
Fatal banks, that gave to ſlaughter
All the pride and flow'r of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory died;
There the fearleſs Urdiales
Fell a victim by his ſide.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' their ſquadrons flow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Cloſe

Close behind a renegado
Loudly shouts, with taunting cry:
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra!
Dost thou from the battle fly?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine:
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Instant sunk the renegado
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay:
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting, great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage:
Loss of blood at length enfeebles:
Who can war with thousands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

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§ 114. *Alcanzor and Zaida, a Moorish Tale, imitated from the Spanish.* PERCY.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning ev'ry glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for th' appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro:
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teaze him,
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.

See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the tim'rous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When, all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When, some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies:

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight,
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
Alla * keep thee, lovely lady!
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true the dreadful story,
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That, seduc'd by sordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong?

If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend:
Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury;
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Gen'rous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them;
All to force my hand combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet

* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can ſurvive ſo great a wrong;
Well my breaking heart aſſures me
That my woes will not be long.

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewel too my life with thee!
Take this ſcarf, a parting token;
When thou wear'ſt it, think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, ſome worthier maiden
Shall reward thy gen'rous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.

To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus ſhe did her woes impart:
Deep he ſigh'd; then cried, O Zaida,
Do not, do not break my heart!

Canſt thou think I thus will loſe thee?
Caſt thou hold my love ſo ſmall?
No! a thouſand times I'll periſh!
My curſt rival too ſhall fall.

Canſt thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart ſhall bleed to ſave thee,
Theſe fond arms ſhall ſhelter thee,

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies ſurround me, bars ſecure:
Scarce I ſteal this laſt dear moment,
While my damſel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father ſtorming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I muſt go; farewel for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!

§ 115. *King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth.*

In ſummer time when leaves grow greene,
And bloſſoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Somme paſtime for to ſee.

With hawke aed hounde he made him bowne;
With horne, and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Baſſet he took his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
By eight of clocke in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tanner.
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre ruſſet coat the tanner had on
Faſt buttoned under his chin;
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four ſhilling.

Nowe ſtand you ſtill, my good lordes all,
Under the greene wood ſpraye;
And I will wende to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will ſaye.

God ſpeede, God ſpeede thee, ſaid our king.
Thou art welcome, ſir, ſayde hee:
"The readyeſt waye to Drayton Baſſet
I praye thee to ſhewe to mee."

"To Drayton Baſſet wouldſt thou goe,
Fro the place where thou doſt ſtand,
The next payer of gallowes thou comeſt unto,
Turn in upon thy right hand."

That is an unready waye, ſayd the king,
Thou doeſt but jeſt, I ſee:
Now ſhewe me out the neareſt waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner;
I hold thee out of thy witt:
All daye have I ridden on Brocke my mare,
And I am faſting yett.

"Go with me downe to Drayton Baſſet
No daynties we will ſpare:
All daye ſhalt thou eate and drink of the beſt,
And I will paye thy fare."

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
Thou payeſt no fare of mine:
I trowe I've more nobles in my purſe,
Than thou haſt pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, ſayd the king,
And ſend them well to prieſe.
The tanner wolde faine have been away,
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, he ſayde, thou fine fellowe?
Of thee I am in greate feare;
For the cloathes thou weareſt upon thy backe
Might beſeeme a lord to weare.

I never ſtole them, quoth our king,
I tell you, ſir, by the roode.
"Then thou playeſt as many an unthrift doth,
And ſtandeſt in midds of thy goode.

What tydings heare you, ſayd the kynge,
As you ryde far and neare?
"I hear no tydings, ſir, by the maſſe,
But that cowe-hides are deare."

"Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are thoſe?
I marvell what they bee?"
What, art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;
I carry one under mee.

What craftſman art thou? ſaid the king;
I pray thee tell me trowe.
"I am a barker*, ſir, by trade;
Now tell me what art thou?"

I am a poore courtier, ſir, quoth he,
That am forth of ſervice worne;
And faine I wolde thy prentiſe bee,
Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye, heaven forfend, the tanner replyde,
That thou my prentiſe were:
Thou wouldſt ſpend more good than I ſhold wian,
By fortye ſhilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wold I, ſayd our king,
If thou wilt not ſeeme ſtrange;
Thoughe my horſe be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I faine wold change,

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellowe,
I will have ſome boot of thee."

That

* Dealer in bark.

That were againſt reaſon, ſayd the king,
I ſweare, ſo mote I thee:
My horſe is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayſt ſee.

"Yea, ſir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And ſoftly ſhe will fare:
Thy horſe is unrulye and wild, I wiſs;
Aye ſkipping here and theare."

What boote wilt thou have? our king replied;
Now tell me in this ſtounde.
"Noe pence, nor half-pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold ſo rounde."

"Here's twenty groates of white moneyè,
Sith thou wilt have it of mee."
I would have ſworne now, quoth the tannèr,
Thou hadſt not had one pennie.

But ſince we two have made a change,
A change we muſt abide:
Although thou haſt gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou getteſt not my cowe-hide.

I will not have it, ſayde the kynge,
I ſweare, ſo mote I thee;
Thy foule cow-hide I would not beare,
If thou wouldſt give it to mee.

The tanner he took his good cowe-hide,
That of the cowe was hilt;
And threwe it upon the king's ſaddèlle,
That was ſoe fayrely gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,
'Tis time that I were gone;
When I come home to Gyllian my wife,
Shee'l ſay I'm a gentilmon."

The kinge he took him by the legge;
The tanner a f*** let fall.
Now marrye, good fellowe, ſaid the kinge,
Thy courteſye is but ſmall.

When the tanner he was in the king's ſaddèlle,
And his foote in the ſtirrup was:
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or braſs.

But when his ſteede ſaw the cows-taile wagge,
And eke the black cowe-horne,
He ſtamped, and ſtared, and awaye he ranne,
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he ſweat,
And held by the pummil faſt;
At length the tanner came tumbling downe:
His necke he had well-nye braſt.

Take thy horſe again with a vengeance, he ſayd,
With mee he ſhall not byde.
"My horſe would have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldſt change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have ſome boote of thee."

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
Nowe tell me in this ſtounde?
"Noe pence, nor half-pence, ſir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pounde."

"Here's twenty groates out of my purſe;
And twentye I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will ſpend
Together at the wine."

The kinge ſet a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe bothe loude and ſhrille;
And ſoone came lords, and ſoone came knights,
Faſt ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,
That ever I ſawe this daye!
Thou art a ſtrong thefe, yon come thy feilowes
Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,
I ſweare, ſo mote I thee:
But they are the lords of the north countrèy,
Here come to hunt with mee.

And ſoone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde:
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounde.

A coller, a coller, here, ſayd the kinge,
A coller, he loud did crye:
Then woulde he lever than twentye pounde
He had not been ſo nighe.

A coller, a coller, the tanner he ſayd,
I trowe it will breede ſorrowe:
After a coller comes a halter,
And I ſhall be hanged to-morrowe.

"Away with thy feare, thou jolly tannèr,
For the ſport thou haſt ſhewn to mee,
I wote noe halter thou ſhalt weare,
But thou ſhalt have a knight's fee.

For Plumpton parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beſide:
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintain thy good cowe-hide."

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
For the favour thou haſt me ſhowne;
If ever thou comeſt to merry Tamworth,
Neates leather ſhall clout thy ſhoen.

§ 116. *Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament. A Scottiſh Song.*

The ſubject of this pathetic ballad is, A lady of quality of the name of BOTHWELL, or rather BOSWELL, having been, together with her child, deſerted by her huſband or lover, compoſed theſe affecting lines herſelf.

BALOW, my babe, ly ſtil and ſleipe!
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe;
If thouſt be ſilent, Ise be glad,
Thy mayning maks my heart ful ſad.
Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,
Thy futher breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtil and ſleipe!
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe.

When he began to court my luve,
And with his ſugred wordes to muve,
His flynings fals, and flettering cheire,
To me that time did not apeire:
But now I ſee, moſt cruell hee
Care neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, &c.

Ly ſtil, my darlinge, ſleipe a while,
And when thou wakeſt ſweitly ſmile:
But ſmile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuſe, but ever will
Be luving to thy father ſtil:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My love with him maun ſtil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.
Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new:
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous ſair.
Balow, &c.

Bairne, ſin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winſome ſmiles maun eiſe my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He 'll comfort me whan cares doe grieve:
My babe and I right faſt will ly,
And quite forget man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falſeſt youth,
That ever kiſt a woman's mouth!
I wiſh all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to truſt man's curteſy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They 'le uſe us than they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtil and ſleipe!
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe.

§ 117. *Corydon's doleful Knell.*

The burthen of the ſong, DING, DONG, &c. is at preſent appropriated to burleſque ſubjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it uſually accompanied the moſt ſolemn and mournful ſtrains.

MY Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewel!
Ay me! I've loſt my true love,
And thus I ring her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll ſtick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made:
But 'ſtead of ſilkes ſo gay,
She in her ſhroud is laid. Ding, &c.

Her corpſe ſhall be attended
By maides in faire array,
Till th' obſequies are ended,
And ſhe is wrapt in clay. Ding, &c.

Her herſe it ſhall be carried
By youths that do excel;
And when that ſhe is buried,
I thus will ring her knell. Ding, &c.

A garland ſhall be framed
By art and nature's ſkill,
Of ſundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will *: Ding, &c.

And ſundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will beſtow;
But chiefly blacke and yellowe
With her to grave ſhall go. Ding, &c.

I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
The rareſt ever ſeen,
And with my tears, as ſhowers,
I'll keepe them freſh and green. Ding, &c.

Inſtead of faireſt colours,
Set forth with curious art †,
Her image ſhall be painted
On my diſtreſſed heart. Ding, &c.

And thereon ſhall be graven
Her epitaph ſo faire,
"Here lies the lovelieſt maiden
"That e'er gave ſhepherd care." Ding, &c.

In ſable will I mourne;
Blacke ſhall be all my weede,
Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phillida is dead. Ding, &c.

§ 118. *The Old and Young Courtier.*

The ſubject of this excellent old ſong is a compariſon between the manners of the old gentry, as ſtill ſubſiſting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their ſons, in the reigns of her ſucceſſors.

AN old ſong made by an aged old pate
Of an old worſhipful gentleman who had a great eſtate,
That kept a brave old houſe at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whoſe anger one word aſſwages;
They every quarter paid their old ſervants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old ſtudy fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks,
With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hocks,
And an old kitchen that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c. With

* It is a cuſtom in many parts of England, to carry a fine garland before the corpſe of a woman who dies unmarried. † This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaſter anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows, [many ſhrewde blows,
With old ſwords, and bucklers, that had borne
And an old frize coat, to cover his worſhip's trunk hoſe,
And a cup of old ſherry to comfort his coppernoſe,
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old faſhion, when Chriſtmaſſe was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furniſh every old room, [man dumb;
And old liquor able to make a cat ſpeak, and
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntſman, and a kennel of hounds, [grounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but in his own
Who, like a wiſe man, kept himſelf within his own bounds, [good pounds:
And when he dyed gave every child a thouſand
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldeſt ſon his houſe and land he aſſign'd, [full mind,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bounti-
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind: [was inclin'd:
But in the enſuing ditty you ſhall hear how he
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flouriſhing young gallant, newly come to his land, [command,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his
And takes up a thouſand pound upon his father's land, [go nor ſtand!
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and ſpare,
Who never knew what belonged to good houſe-keeping, or care;
Who buys gaudy-colour'd fans to play with wanton air, [women's hair;
And ſeven or eight different dreſſings of other
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-faſhion'd hall, built where the old one ſtood, [no good,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new ſmooth ſhovelboard, whereon no victuals e'er ſtood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new ſtudy, ſtuft full of pamphlets and plays, [prays,
And a new chaplain, that ſwears faſter than he
With a new buttery-hatch, that opens once in four or five days, [ſhaws and toys;
And a new French cook to deviſe fine kick-
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new faſhion, when Chriſtmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London ſtraight we all muſt be gone,
And leave none to keep houſe, but our new porter John, [with a ſtone:
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-uſher whoſe carriage is complete, [carry up the meat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to
With a waiting gentlewoman, whoſe dreſſing is very neat, [not eat;
Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the ſervants
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold, [ſold;
For which ſundry of his anceſtors old manors are
And this is the courſe moſt of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good houſe-keeping is now grown ſo cold
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

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§ 119. *Loyalty confined.*

This excellent old ſong is preſerved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of thoſe that ſuffered in "the cauſe of Charles I." He ſpeaks of it as the compoſition of a worthy perſonage, who ſuffered deeply in thoſe times, and was ſtill living, with no other reward than the conſcience of having ſuffered. The author's name he has not mentioned; but, if tradition may be credited, this ſong was written by Sir R. L'Estrange.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas, blow:
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth ſhow,
That innocence is tempeſt proof;
Though ſurly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then ſtrike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miſcalls a jail,
A private cloſet is to me:
Whilſt a good conſcience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty;
Locks, bars, and ſolitude, together met,
Make me no priſoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilſt I wiſh'd to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wiſdoms had conſpir'd
The ſalamandar ſhould be burn'd;
Or like thoſe ſophiſts that would drown a fiſh,
I am conſtrain'd to ſuffer what I wiſh.

The cynic loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderneſs;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucaſus:
Contentment cannot ſmart; Stoics, we ſee,
Make torments eaſie to their apathy.

Theſe

These manacles upon my arm
I as my mistress' favours wear;
And, for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I 'm in the cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from public sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud Sultan, I' m as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late 's grown charitable, sure,
I 'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, oftimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart;
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king
Neither in person or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage?
How doth she chant her wanted tale
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king!

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser part 's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

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§ 120. *To Althea from Prison.*

This excellent Sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Caviliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the Gate-house Westminster; to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athenæ, vol. ii. p. 228; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer; who, after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire
Know no such libertie.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts goe free,
Fishes that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majestye,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes that curle the flood
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage;
Mindes, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

---

§ 121. *The Braes of Yarrow, in Imitation of the ancient Scots Manner,*

Was written by William Hamilton of Bangour Esq. who died March 25, 1754, aged 50.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think no maire on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride!
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What 's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What 's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
O 'tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow!

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow!

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeful wise
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luve?
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair, fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well beluv'd again,
Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor due thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a luver!

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed;
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But, ere the dewfall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful, waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning:
But lang ere night the spear was flown,
That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear!
How canst thou, barbarous man! then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin:

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to move me:
My luver's blood is on thy spear!
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cuver:
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husbande luver.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter:
Ah me! what ghastly spectre 's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my breists,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed! O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my breists,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return, and dry thy useless sorrowe;
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

§ 122. *Childe Waters.*

CHILD is frequently uſed by our old writers as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the Fairie Queen: and the ſon of a king is in the ſame poem call'd "Child Triſtram." And it ought to be obſerved that the word *child* or *chield* is ſtill uſed in North-Britain to denominate a man, commonly with ſome contemptuous character affixed to him, but ſometimes to denote Man in general.

CHILDE Waters in his ſtable ſtoode,
And ſtroakt his milke-white ſteede:
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Chriſt you ſave! good Childe Watèrs;
Sayes, Chriſt you ſave! and ſee:
My girdle of gold, that was too longe,
Is now too ſhort for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,
I feele ſturre at my ſide:
My gowne of greene it is too ſtraight;
Before it was too wide.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he ſayd,
Be mine, as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he ſayd,
Be mine, as you doe ſweare:
Then take you Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
And make that childe your heyre.

Shee ſayes, I had rather have one kine,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wolde have Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
That lye by north and ſouthe.

And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee;
Then I wolde have Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To-morrow, Ellen, I muſt forth ryde
Farr into the north countree;
The fayreſt ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, muſt go with mee.

Thoughe I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me goe with thee:
And ever, I pray you, Childe Watèrs,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you will my foot-page bee Ellèn,
As you doe tell to mee;
Then you muſt cut your gowne of greene,
An inch above your knee.

Soe muſt you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee:
You muſt tell no man what is my name;
My foot-page then you ſhall bee.

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his ſyde;
Yet was he never ſo courteous a knighte,
To ſay, Ellen, will you ryde?

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome;
Yet was he never ſoe courteous a knighte,
To ſay, Put on your ſhoone.

Ride ſoftlye, ſhee ſayd, O Childe Watèrs,
Why doe you ride ſo faſt?
The childe, which is no man's but thine,
My body itt will braſt.

Hee ſayth, Seeſt thou yond water, Ellèn,
That flows from banke to brimme?
I truſt in God, O Childe Watèrs,
You never will ſee * me ſwimme!

But when ſhee came to the water ſyde,
She ſayled to the chinne:
Nowe the Lord of heaven be my ſpeede,
For I muſt learne to ſwimme!

The ſalt waters bare up her clothes;
Our Ladye bare up her chinne:
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To ſee faire Ellen ſwimme!

And when ſhee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee:
Hee ſayd, Come hither, thou fayre Ellèn,
Loe yonder what I ſee!

Seeſt thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold ſhines the yate:
Of twenty-four faire ladyes there,
The faireſt is my mate.

Seeſt thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold ſhines the towre:
There are twenty-four fayre ladyes there,
The fayreſt is my paramoure.

I ſee the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold ſhines the yate:
God give you good now of yourſelfe,
And of your worthy mate.

I ſee the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold ſhines the towre:
God give you good now of yourſelfe,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,
A playing at the ball;
And Ellen, the fayreſt ladye there,
Muſt bring his ſteed to the ſtall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
A playinge at the cheſſe;
And Ellen, the fayreſt ladye there,
Muſt bring his horſe to greſſe.

And then beſpake Childe Waters ſiſtèr,
Theſe were the wordes ſayd ſhee:
You have the prettyeſt page, brothèr,
That ever I did ſee.

But that his bellye it is ſoe bigge,
His girdle ſtands ſoe hye:
And ever, I pray you Childe Watèrs,
Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run thro moſſe and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye
That wears ſo rich attyre.

* Permit, ſuffer.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run throughe moſſe and myre,
To take his ſupper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fyre.

Now when they had ſupped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyre waye:
He ſayd, Come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I ſaye:

Goe thee downe unto yonder towne,
And lowe into the ſtreete;
The fayreſt ladye that thou canſt finde
Hyre, in mine armes to ſleepe,
And take her up in thine arms twaine,
For filing * of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the ſtreete:
The fayreſt ladye that ſhe colde finde,
She hyred in his armes to ſleepe;
And tooke her up in her armes twayne;
For filing of her feete.

I pray you nowe, good Childe Waters,
Let me lye at your feete:
For there is noe place about this houſe
Where I may aſaye † a ſleepe.

He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn
Down at his beds feet laye:
This done, the night drove on apace,
And, when it was neare the daye,

Hee ſayd, Riſe up, my little foot-page!
Give my ſteede corne and haye;
And give him nowe the good black oates,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then roſe the fayre Ellèn,
And gave his ſteede corne and haye;
And ſoe thee did the good black oates,
To carry him better awaye.

She leaned her back to the manger ſide,
And grievouſlye did groane:
Shee leaned her back to the manger ſide,
And there ſhe made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
Shee heard her woeful woe,
Shee ſayd, Riſe up, thou Childe Waters,
And into thy ſtable goe;

For in thy ſtable is a ghoſt,
That grievouſlye doth grone:
Or elſe ſome woman laboures with childe,
She is ſo woe-begone.

Up then roſe Childe Waters ſoone,
And did on his ſhirte of ſilke;
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the ſtable dore,
Full ſtill there hee did ſtand,
That he might heare his fayre Ellèn,
Howe ſhee made her monand ‡.

She ſayd, Lullabye, mine own deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, dear:
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mother elayd on a biere!

Peace nowe, hee ſayd, good faire Ellèn,
Bee of good cheere, I praye;
And the bridale and the churchinge bothe
Shall be upon one daye.

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§ 123. *The King and Miller of Mansfield.*

It has been a favourite ſubject with our Engliſh ballad-makers to repreſent our kings converſing either by accident or deſign with the meaneſt of their ſubjects. Of the former kind, beſides this ſong of the King and the Miller, we have K. Henry and the Soldier; K. James I. and the Tinker; K. William III. and the Foreſter, &c. Of the latter ſort are K. Alfred and the Shepherd; K. Edward IV. and the Tanner; K. Henry VIII. and the Cobler, &c. —— This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV.; and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of ruſtic manners, is infinitely ſuperior to all that have been ſince written in imitation of it.

Part the Firſt.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
To the greene foreſt ſo pleaſant and faire;
To ſee the hartsskipping,and dainty does tripping:
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
For the game, in the ſame, with good regard.
All a long ſummers day rode the king pleaſantly,
With all his princes and nobles eche one;
Chaſing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
Till the darke evening forc'd all to turne home.
Then, at laſt, riding faſt, he had loſt quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye,allalone,up and downe,
With a rude miller he mett at the laſt:
Aſking the ready way unto faire Nottingham;
Sir, quoth the miller, I mean not to jeſt,
Yet I thinke, what I thinke ſooth for to ſay,
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.

Why, what doſt thou think of me, quoth our king, merrily,
Paſſing thy judgment on me ſo briefe? [thee;
Good faith, ſaid, the miller, I mean not to flatter
I gueſs thee to be but ſome gentleman thiefe:
Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
Leſt I preſentlye cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou doſt abuſe me much, quoth the king, ſaying thus;
I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke. [purſe;
Thou haſt not quoth the miller, one groat in thy
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe;
I have gold to diſcharge all that I call,
If it be forty pence, I will pay all.

If thou beeſt a true man, then quoth the miller,
I ſweare by my toll-diſh I'll lodge thee all night.

* Defiling. † Eſſay, atatmpt. ‡ Moaning, bemoaning.

Here's

Here 's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.
Nay, ſoft, quoth the miller, thou mayſt be a ſprite.
Better I 'll know thee, ere hands we will ſhake;
With none but honeſt men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the miller's houſe;
Where they were ſeething of puddings and ſouſe:
The miller firſt enter'd in, after him went the king,
Never came hee in ſoe ſmoakye a houſe.
Now, quoth he, let me ſee here what you are.
Quoth our king, Look your fill, and do not ſpare.

I like well thy countenance, thou haſt an honeſt face;
With my ſon Richard this night thou ſhalt lye.
Quoth his wife, By my troth, it is a handſome youth,
Yet it 's beſt, huſband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no runaway, prythee, youth, tell?
Shew me thy paſſport, and all ſhal be well.

Then our king preſently, making lowe courteſye
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did ſay:
I have no paſſport, nor never was ſervitor,
But a poor courtyer, rode out of my way:
And for your kindneſs here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree.

Then to the miller his wife whiſper'd ſecretlye,
Saying, It ſeemeth, this youth 's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great ſin:
Yea, quoth hee, you may ſee, he hath ſome grace,
When he doth ſpeake to his betters in place.

Well, quo' the millers wife, young man, ye 're welcome here;
And, though I ſay it, well lodged ſhall be:
Freſh ſtraw will I have laid on thy bed ſo brave,
And good brown hempen ſheets likewiſe, quoth ſhee.
Aye, quoth the good man, and when that is done,
Thou ſhalt lye with no worſe than our own ſonne.

Nay, firſt, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,
Haſt thou noe creepers within thy gay hoſe?
Or art thou not troubled with the ſcabbado?
I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are thoſe?
Art thou not lowſy, nor ſcabby? quoth he:
If thou beeſt, ſurely thou lyeſt not with mee.

This caus'd the king ſuddenlye to laugh moſt heartilye,
Till the tears trickled faſt downe from his eyes.
Then to their ſupper, were they ſet orderlye,
Wit hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes
Nappy ale, good and ſtale, in a brown bowle,
Which did about the board merrily trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellow, I drink to thee,
And to all cuckolds, wherever they bee.
I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartilye
For my good welcome in every degree:
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy ſonne.
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.
Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote.
And of his ſweetneſſe a little we 'll taſte.

A faire ven'ſon paſtye brought ſhe out preſentlye.
Eate, quoth the miller, but, ſir, make no waſte:
Here 's dainty lightfoote! In faith, ſaid the king,
I never before eate ſo dainty a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no dainty at all it is,
For we doe eat of it everye day.
In what place, ſayd our king, may be bought like to this?
We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our kings deer.

Then I thinke, ſayd our king, that it is veniſon,
Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that:
Never are we without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleſhed, and excellent fat:
But pr'ythee, ſay nothing wherever thou goe;
We would not for two pence the king ſhould it knowe.

Doubt not, then ſayd the king, my promiſed ſecreſye;
The king ſhall never know more on 't for me.
A cup of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,
And to their beds they paſt preſentlie.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to ſeeke out the king in everye towne.

At laſt, at the millers cott, ſoone they eſpy'd him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire ſteede;
To whom they came preſently, falling down on their knee;
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede:
Shaking and quaking, before him he ſtood,
Thinking he ſhould have been hang'd by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his ſword, but nothing he ſed:
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the king would have cut off his head:
But he his kind courteſy for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

Part the Second.

When as our royall king was come home from Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Weſtminſter lay:
Recounting the ſports and paſtimes they had taken,
In this late progreſs along on the way;
Of them all, great and ſmall, he did proteſt,
The Miller of Mansfield's ſport liked him beſt,

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I 'm determined,
Againſt St. Georges next ſumptuous feaſt,
That this old miller our new confirmed knight,
With his ſon Richard, ſhall here be my gueſt;
For, in this merriment, 'tis my deſire [ſquire,
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young

When as the noble lords ſaw the kinges pleaſantneſs,
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts;
A purſuivante there was ſent ſtraight on the buſineſs,
The which had often times been in thoſe parts.

When he came to the place where they did dwell
His meſſage orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God ſave your worſhippe, then ſaid the meſſenger,
And grant your ladye her owne hearts deſire;
And to your ſonne Richard good fortune and happineſs;
That ſweet, gentle, and gallant young ſquire!
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth ſay,
You muſt come to the court on St. Georges day:

Therefore, in any caſe, faile not to be in place.
I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jeſt:
What ſhould we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid.
I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the leaſt.
Nay, quoth the meſſenger, you doe miſtake;
Our king he provides a great feaſt for your ſake.

Then ſayd the miller, By my troth, meſſenger,
Thou haſt contented my worſhippe full well.
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleneſs
For theſe happy tydings, which thou doſt tell.
Let me ſee, heare thou mee; tell to our king,
We 'll wait on his maſterſhipp in everye thing.

The purſuivant ſmiled at their ſimplicitye,
And, making many leggs, tooke their reward;
And his leave taking with great humilitye,
To the kings court againe he repair'd;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes moſt liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller ſay:
Here come expences and charges indeed!
Now muſt we needs be brave, tho' we ſpend all we have;
For of new garments we have great need:
Of horſes and ſerving-men we muſt have ſtore,
With bridles and ſaddles, and twenty things more.

Tuſhe! Sir John, quoth his wife, why ſhould you frett or frown?
You ſhall ne'er be att no charges for mee;
For I will turn and trim up my old ruſſet gowne,
With every thing elſe as fine as may bee:
And on our mill-horſes ſwift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannells as we ſhall provide.

In this moſt ſtatelye ſort rode they unto the court,
Their jolly ſonne Richard rode foremoſt of all;
Who ſet up, for good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,
And ſo they jetted downe to the king's hall;
The merry old miller with hands on his ſide;
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine;
Welcome, ſir knighte, quoth he, with your gay lady;
Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome againe:
And ſoe is the ſquire of courage ſo free.
Quoth Dicke, A bots on you! do you know me?
Quoth our king gentlye, How ſhould I forget thee?
That waſt my own bed-fellowe, well it I wot.
Yea, ſir, quoth Richard, and by the ſame token,
Thou with thy farting didſt make the bed hot.
Thou whore-ſon unhappy knave, then quoth the knight,
Speak cleanly to our king, or elſe go ſh*t*.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand;
With the court dames and maids, like to the queen of ſpades,
The miller's wife did ſoe orderly ſtand,
A milk-maids courteſye at every word;
And downe all the folkes were ſet to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majeſtye,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;
When they had eaten well, then he to jeſting fell,
And in a bowl of wine dranke to the knight:
Here 's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth Sir John Cockle, I 'll pledge you a pottle,
Where it the beſt ale in Nottinghamſhire:
But then, ſaid our king, now I think of a thing,
Some of your lightfoot I would we had here.
Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may ſay it,
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.

Why art thou angry? quoth our king, merrilye;
In faith, I take it now very unkind:
I thought thou wouldſt pledge me in ale and wine heartily.
Quoth Dicke, You are like to ſtay till I have din'd:
You feed us with twatling diſhes ſo ſmall;
Zounds, a black pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a daintye thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eat.
With that Dick ſtraight aroſe, and pluck'd one from his hoſe,
Which with heat of his breech gan for to ſweate.
The king made a proffer to ſnatch it away:—
'Tis meat for your maſter; good ſir, you muſt ſtay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly ſpent;
And then the ladyes prepared to dance:
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard incontinent,
Unto their places the king did advance:
Here with the ladyes ſuch ſport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their ſides ake.

Many thankes for their pains, did the king give them,
Aſking young Richard then, if he would wed:
Among theſe ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?
Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red head:
She 's my love, ſhe 's my life, her will I wed;
She hath ſworn I ſhall have her maidenhead.

Then

Then Sir John Cockle the king called unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-seer;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye;
Take heed now you steal no more of my deer:
And once a quarter let 's here have your view;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

§ 124. *The Witches' Song,*

—From Ben Jonson's Masque of Queens, presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classic antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, with our British Solomon, James I. at their head; and these had so ransacked all writers, ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished. By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

1 Witch.

I have beene all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter;
And, soone as the turn'd her back to the south,
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 Witch.

I have beene gathering wolves haires,
The mad dogges foame, and adders eares;
The spurging of a deadman 's eyes:
And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 Witch.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 Witch.

And I h'-beene chusing out this scull;
From charnell-houses that were full:
From private grots and publike pits:
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 Witch.

Under a cradle I did creepe
By day, and, when the childe was a-sleepe
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 Witch.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat:
A piper it got, at a church-ale:
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

7 Witch.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines;
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines:
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his haire;
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre.

8 Witch.

The scrich-owles egges, and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe,
I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keepe sir Cranion in.

9 Witch.

And I ha' been plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane;
And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 Witch.

I from the jaws of a gardiner's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch;
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

11 Witch.

I went to the toade, breeds under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
I tore the batts wings: what would you have more?

Dame.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows,
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombes,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basiliskes bloud, and the vipers skin;
And now our orgies let 's begin.

§ 125. *The Fairies Farewel,*

This humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. Corbet, afterwards bishop of Norwich, &c. In his Poëtica Stromata it is called, "A proper new Ballad, intituled, The "Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be "sung or whistled to the tune of The Mea-"dow Brow, by the learned; by the unlearned, "to the tune of Fortune."

Farewell, rewards and Fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies
Doe fare as well as they;
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleanelines
Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbies,
The fairies lost command!
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land:

And all your children ſtoln from thence
Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever ſince,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of ſleepe and ſloth
Theſe prettie ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciſs to milking roſe,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witneſs thoſe rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine;
Were footed in queen Maries dayes
On many a graſſy playne.
But ſince of late Elizabeth
And later James came in;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time had been.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profeſſion:
Their ſongs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were proceſſion.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the ſeas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or elſe they take their eaſe.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And whoſo kept not ſecretly
Their mirth, was puniſh'd ſure:
It was a juſt and chriſtian deed
To pinch ſuch blacke and blue:
O how the common-welth doth need
Such juſtices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A Regiſter they have,
Who can preſerve their charters;
A man both wiſe and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in ſtore; con twenty thanks
To William for the ſame.

To William Churne of Staffordſhire
Give laud and praiſes due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true;
To William all give audience,
And pray yee for his noddle;
For all the fairies evidence
Were loſt, if it were addle.

§ 126. *Unfading Beauty.*

This little beautiful Sonnet is reprinted from a ſmall volume of "Poems by THOMAS CAREW, "Eſq. one of the gentlemen of the privie-cham-"ber, and ſewer in ordinary to his majeſty "Charles I. Lond. 1640." This elegant, and almoſt forgotten writer, whoſe Poems have been deſervedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third ſtanza, which, not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

HEE that loves a roſie cheeke,
Or corall lip admires,
Or from ſtar-like eyes doth ſeeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires:
As old time makes theſe decay,
So his flames muſt waſte away.

But a ſmooth and ſtedfaſte mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm deſires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where theſe are not, I deſpiſe
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * * *

§ 127. *Song. The Sky-Lark.* SHENSTONE.

GO, tuneful bird, that gladd'ſt the ſkies,
To Daphne's window ſpeed thy way;
And there on quiv'ring pinions riſe,
And there thy vocal art diſplay.

And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong,
Tell her, the ſounds that ſooth her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may ſhine;
But aſk the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd with thine?

Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau
And all his flaunting race with ſcorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who ſings her praiſe, and ſings forlorn.

§ 128. *The Hermit.* BEATTIE.

AT the cloſe of the day, when the hamlet is ſtill,
And mortals the ſweets of forgetfulneſs prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's ſong in the grove—
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
Tho' mournful his numbers, his ſoul was reſign'd;
He thought as a ſage, tho' he felt as a man.

'Ah! why, thus abandon'd to darkneſs and woe,
'Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy ſad
'ſtrain?
'For ſpring ſhall return, and a lover beſtow;
'And thy boſom no trace of misfortune retain.
'Yet, if Pity inſpire thee, O ceaſe not thy lay!
'Mourn, ſweeteſt companion! man calls thee
'to mourn:
'O ſooth him whoſe pleaſures, like thine, paſs
'away!
'Full quickly they paſs—but they never re-
'turn!

'Now,

'Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
'The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent dis-
'plays;
'But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
'She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
'Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue
'The path that conducts thee to splendor again:
'But man's faded glory no change shall renew;
'Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
'I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not
'for you;
'For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
'Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring
'with dew,
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
'Kind Nature the embrio-blossom shall save:
'But when shall spring visit the mould'ring urn?
'O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?'

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§ 229. *A Pastoral Ballad. In Four Parts.* SHENSTONE.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
O call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None, once, was so watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewel.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine!
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are pass'd, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
O, why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown!
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journies all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus, widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier twines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the wood lands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As——she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 't was a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove:
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and, whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She's every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays!
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe——O may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his, with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
"And her bosom, be sure, is as cold;
"How the nightingales labour the strain,
"With the notes of his charmer to vie;
"How they vary their accents in vain,
"Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
"O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair,
"More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!
"What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
"What is eglantine after a show'r?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
"Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
"Then the violets die with despite,
"And the woodbines give up their perfume."

Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song!

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile!

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let Reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes,
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose?
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure, in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own:
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chace;
I would vanish from ev'ry eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it began;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love
Was faithless, and I am undone!

§ 130. *Phœbe. A Paſtoral.* Byron.

My time, O ye Muſes! was happily ſpent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went:
Ten thouſand ſoft pleaſures I felt in my breaſt:
Sure never fond ſhepherd like Colin was bleſt.
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a ſudden I find!
When things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
I thought it was Spring; but alas, it was ſhe.

The fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
It was pleaſant to look at, 'twas muſic to hear!
But, now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its ſide,
And, ſtill as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
Muſt you be ſo cheerful, whilſt I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me
complain.

My dog, I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog ſaid,
"Come hither, poor fellow!" and patted his head:
But now, when he's fawning, I, with a ſour look,
Cry, "Sirrah!" and give him a blow with my
crook:
And I'll give him another; for why ſhould not
Tray
Be dull as his maſter, when Phœbe's away?

Sweet muſic went with us both all the wood
thro'
The lark, linnet, throſtle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the graſshopper under our feet,
But now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone!
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gives every thing elſe its agreeable ſound.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my diſquiet, or ſoften my pain? [move:
To be cur'd, thou muſt, Colin, thy paſſion re-
But what ſwain is ſo ſilly to live without love?
No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return;
For ne'er was poor ſhepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do? I ſhall die with deſpair:
Take heed, all ye ſwains, how ye love one ſo fair.

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§ 131. *A Paſtoral Ballad.* Rowe.

Deſpairing beſide a clear ſtream,
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid;
And, while a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was!
(Thus ſadly complaining he cried;)
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd her dear tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, it was pleaſure too great;
I liſten'd, and cried, when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

How fooliſh was I to believe
She could dote on ſo lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forſake the fine folk of the town!
To think that a beauty ſo gay
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad, like our maidens, in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have ſkill to complain,
Tho' the Muſes my temples have crown'd;
What tho', when they hear my ſoft ſtrain,
The virgins ſit weeping around;
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign;
Thy fair one inclines to a ſwain
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

All you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe, and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant—and die.

If, while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found;
Let her come, with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground:
The laſt humble boon that I crave
Is, to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew;
And, when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine ſhow,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of or ſeen,
Unleſs when, beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

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§ 132. *A Fairy Tale.* Parnell.

In Britain's iſle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Tho' badly ſhap'd he been.
His mountain back mote well be ſaid
To meaſure height againſt his head,
And lift itſelf above;
Yet, ſpite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid
This creature dar'd to love.
He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;

But

But one Sir Topaz dreſs'd with art,
And, if a ſhape could win a heart,
He had a ſhape to win.
Edwin, if right I read my ſong,
With ſlighted paſſion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where ſportive fairies made reſort,
To revel out the night.
His heart was drear, his hope was croſs'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was loſt
That reach'd the neighbour town:
With weary ſteps he quits the ſhades,
Reſolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.
But ſcant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.
Now ſounding tongues aſſail his ear,
Now ſounding feet approachen near,
And now the ſounds increaſe:
And, from the corner where he lay,
He ſees a train, profuſely gay,
Come prankling o'er the place.
But (truſt me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a maſquing half ſo neat,
Or half ſo rich, before;
The country lent the ſweet perfumes,
The ſea the pearl, the ſky the plumes,
The town its ſilken ſtore.
Now, whilſt he gaz'd, a gallant, dreſt
In flaunting robes above the reſt,
With awful accent cried:
"What mortal, of a wretched mind,
Whoſe ſighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here preſum'd to hide?"
At this the Swain, whoſe vent'rous ſoul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open ſight;
"Nor have I cauſe of dread," he ſaid,
"Who view, by no preſumption led,
Your revels of the night.
'Twas grief, for ſcorn of faithful love,
Which made my ſteps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.
Exalt thy love-dejected heart;
Be mine the taſk, or ere we part,
To make thee grief reſign;
Now take the pleaſure of thy chaunce;
Whilſt I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine."
He ſpoke, and, all a ſudden, there
Light muſic floats in wanton air;
The Monarch leads the Queen:
The reſt their fairie partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the green.
The dauncing paſt, the board was laid,
And ſiker ſuch a feaſt was made
As heart and lip deſire:
Withouten hands the diſhes fly,
The glaſſes with a wiſh come nigh,
And with a wiſh retire.
But now, to pleaſe the fairie king,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and ſing,
And antic feats deviſe;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other ſome tranſmute their ſhape
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.
Till one, at laſt, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full againſt the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung,
To ſprawl unneath the roof.
From thence, "Reverſe my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now ſuffice
The gambol has been ſhown."
But Oberon anſwers, with a ſmile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own."——"
Here ended all the phantom play;
They ſmelt the freſh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind, that bore the crowd,
Has clapp'd the door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.
Then, ſcreaming, all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his ſtate, and dark the place,
Was never wight in ſuch a caſe
Thro' all the land before!
But, ſoon as dan Apollo roſe,
Full jolly creature home he goes!
He feels his back the leſs;
His honeſt tongue and ſteady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want ſucceſs:
With luſty livelyhed he talks,
He ſeems a-dauncing as he walks;
His ſtory ſoon took wind;
And beauteous Edith ſees the youth
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Without a bunch behind!
The ſtory told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
(The youth of Edith erſt approv'd)
To ſee the revel ſcene:
At cloſe of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.
As there he bides, it ſo befel,
The wind came ruſtling down a dell,
A ſhaking ſeiz'd the wall:
Up ſprung the tapers, as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And muſic fills the hall.
But, certes, ſorely ſunk with woe
Sir Topaz ſees the Elphin ſhow,
His ſpirits in him die;
When Oberon cries, "A man is near;
A mortal paſſion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the ſky."

With

With that Sir Topaz, hapleſs youth!
In accents falt'ring, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a miſter wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circled haunt.
"Ah, loſel vile!" at once they roar,
"And little ſkill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cauſe to come we know:
Now has thy keſtrell courage fell;
And fairies, ſince a lye you tell,
Are free to work thee woe,"
Then Will, who bears the wiſpy fire
To trail the ſwains among the mire,
The captive upward ſlung:
There, like a tortoiſe in a ſhop,
He dangled from the chamber top,
Where whilom Edwin hung.
The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they friſk it o'er the place,
They ſit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while,
Till all the rout retreat.
By this the ſtars began to wink,
They ſhriek, they fly, the tapers ſink,
And down ydrops the knight:
For never ſpell by fairie laid
With ſtrong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.
Chill, dark, alone, adreed he lay,
Till up the welkin roſe the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot;
His ſeely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin loſt afore.
This tale a Sybil nurſe ared;
She ſoftly ſtroak'd my youngling head;
And, when the tale was done:
"Thus ſome are born, my ſon," ſhe cries,
"With baſe impediments, to riſe,
And ſome are born with none.
But virtue can itſelf advance
To what the fav'rite fools of chance
By fortune ſeem'd deſign'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itſelf ſhake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."

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§ 133. *Song.* THOMSON.

For ever, Fortune! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?
Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
And wiſh, and wiſh the ſoul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone?
But buſy, buſy ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs, joyleſs vow,
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my pray'r,
And I abſolve thy future care;
All other bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

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§ 134. *The Climax.*

Before I came to London,
I us'd to ſip tea with my mother;
And I thought it a treat
If ſmall beer I could get
To drink with my elder brother.
Tol de rol, &c.

But my father condemn'd this practice,
He hector'd and ſwore like mad—Sir:
Says he, "Give him ale,
"For that will never fail
"To make him as ſtout as his dad—Sir."

Soon after, our Ned the butler
Took me down to taſte ſome October;—
Cried he, "Never fear
"To drink ſtrong-beer,
"But ſwallow it, drunk or ſober."

But when I arrived in London,
Of porter I drank my pot—Sir:
A pipe did I funk,
And ſo oft got drunk,
That my ſiſter call'd me a ſot—Sir.

From beer to wine I aſcended,
By a ſeries of juſt gradation;
Till my friends would me jog
With—"There's a jolly dog
"Soon ſhall tope with the beſt of the nation!"

With a blood then I got acquainted,
Who ſtraight prov'd wondrous handy:
For he taught me to ſwear
Like a grenadier,
And always drink rum or brandy.

Thus I to drams betook me,
And wine I drank no longer:
Sometimes I threw in
Gunpowder to my gin,
To make the potion ſtronger.

But conſidering all things earthly,
That the ſpan of life ſo ſhort is:—
Whate'er you may think,
I ſtill ſhall drink
Till I come to aqua-fortis.
Tol de rol, &c.

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§ 135. *The Barber's Nuptials.*

In Liquorpond-ſtreet, as is well known to many,
An artiſt reſided, who ſhav'd for a penny,
Cut hair for three halfpence, for three-pence he bled,
And would draw for a groat ev'ry tooth in your head.

What annoy'd other folks never ſpoil'd his repoſe
'Twas the ſame thing to him whether ſtocks fell or roſe:
For a blaſt and for mildew he car'd not a pin;
His crops never fail'd, for they grew on the chin.

Unvex'd

Unvex'd by the cares that ambition and ſtate
Contented he din'd on his daily potatoes; [has,
And the pence that he earn'd by exciſion of briſtle
Were nightly devoted to whetting his whiſtle.

When copper ran low he made light of the matter,
Drank his purl upon tick at the old pewter platter,
Read the news, and as deep in the ſecret appear'd
As if he had lather'd the miniſter's beard.

But Cupid, who trims men of ev'ry ſtation,
And 'twixt barbers and beaux makes no diſcrimination,
Would not let this ſuperlative ſhaver alone,
Till he tried if his heart was as hard as his hone.

The fair one whoſe charms did the Barber enthral,
At the end of Fleet-market of fiſh kept a ſtall:
As red as her cheek was no lobſter e'er ſeen,
Not an eel that ſhe ſold was ſo ſoft as her ſkin.

By love ſtrange effects have been wrought, we are told, [cold;
In all countries and climates, hot, temp'rate, or
Thus the heart of our Barber love ſcorch'd like coal, [pole.
Tho' 'tis very well known he liv'd under the

Firſt, he courted his charmer in ſorrowful faſhion,
And lied like a lawyer to move her compaſſion:
He ſhould periſh, he ſwore, did his ſuit not ſucceed,
And a barber to ſlay was a barbarous deed.

Then he alter'd his tone, and was heard to declare,
If valour deſerv'd the regard of the fair, [That his courage was tried, tho' he ſcorn'd to diſcloſe
How many brave fellows he'd took by the noſe.

For his politics, too, they were thoroughly known,
A patriot he was to the very back-bone;
Wilkes he gratis had ſhav'd, for the good of the nation, [ration.
And he held the Whig Club in profound vene-

For his tenets religious—he could well expound
Emanuel Swedenborg's myſt'ries profound,
And new doctrines could broach with the beſt of 'em all;
For a perriwig-maker ne'er wanted a *caul*.

Indignant ſhe anſwer'd, "No chin-ſcraping ſot
"Shall be faſten'd to me by the conjugal knot:
"No!—to Tyburn repair, if a nooſe you muſt
"tie:
"Other fiſh I have got, Mr. Tonſor, to fry:
"Holborn-bridge and Black-friars my triumphs
"can tell, [the bell;
"From Billingſgate beauties I've long borne
"Nay, tripemen and fiſhmongers vie for my
"favour— [penny ſhaver?
"Then d'ye think I'll take up with a two-
"Let dory, or turbot the ſov'reign of fiſh,
"Cheek by jowl with red-herring be ſerv'd in
"one diſh;
"Let ſturgeon and ſprats in one pickle unite,
"When I angle for huſbands, and barbers ſhall
"bite."

But the Barber perſiſted (ah, could I relate 'em!)
To ply her with compliments ſoft as pomatum;
And took ev'ry occaſion to flatter and praiſe her,
Till ſhe fancied his wit was as keen as his razor.

He proteſted beſides, if ſhe'd grant his petition,
She ſhould live like a lady of rank and condition;
And to Billingſgate market no longer repair,
But himſelf all her buſineſs would do to a hair.

Her ſmiles, he aſſerted, would melt even rocks,
Nay, the fire of her eyes would conſume barbers' blocks,
On inſenſible objects beſtow animation,
And give to old perriwigs regeneration.

With fair ſpeeches cajol'd, as you'd tickle a trout,
'Gainſt the Barber the Fiſh-wife no more could hold out; [caught her:
He applied the right bait, and with flattery he
Without flattery a female's a fiſh out of water.

The ſtate of her heart when the Barber once gueſs'd,
Love's ſiege with redoubled exertion he preſs'd;
And as briſkly beſtirr'd him, the charmer embracing, [baſon.
As the waſh-ball that dances and froths in his

The flame to allay that their boſoms did ſo burn,
They ſet out for the church of St. Andrew in Holborn, [their couſins,
Where tonſors and trulls, country Dicks and
In the halter of wedlock are tied up by dozens.

The nuptials to grace, came from every quarter
The worthies at Rag-fair old caxons who barter,
Who the coverings of judges and counſellors' nobs
Cut down into majors, queues, ſcratches, and bobs:
Muſcle-mongers and oyſter-men, crimps and coalheavers, [cleavers;
And butchers with marrow-bones ſmiting their
Shrimp-ſcalders and bug-killers, taylors and tylers,
Boys, botchers, bawds, bailiffs, and black-pudding boilers.

From their voices united ſuch melody flow'd,
As the Abbey ne'er witneſs'd, nor Tott'nham Court road; [ſo clear ring,
While St. Andrew's brave bells did ſo loud and
You'd have given ten pounds to 've been out of their hearing.

For his fee—when the parſon this couple had join'd,
As no caſh was forthcoming, he took it in kind:
So the bridegroom diſmantled his rev'rence's chin,
And the bride entertain'd him with pilchards and gin.

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§ 136. *William and Margaret.*

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

Her face was like the April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held the ſable ſhrowd.

So

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that king's must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

But Love had, like the canker worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

Awake! she cried, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save:

This is the dark and fearful hour
When injur'd ghosts complain:
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

How could you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
That lip no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night
Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man! how low she lies,
That died for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and morning smile,
And shew her glittering head;
Pale William shook in every limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word spake never more.

§ 137. *Lucy and Colin.*

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace:
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face;
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

O have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring,
And, shrieking at her window thrice,
A raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn-boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke,
The virgins weeping round:

I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Am I to blame because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there!

There bear my corse, ye comrades bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.
She spoke, she died!—her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet—
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bridemen flock'd round Lucy, dead,
And all the village wept.
Compallion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell!

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled;
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

He

He to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mould with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever now remains.
Oft at this grave the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the ſacred green.
But, ſwain forſworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

§ 138. *Song.* Dibdin.

I saw what ſeem'd a harmleſs child,
With wings and bow,
And aſpect mild,
Who ſobb'd, and ſigh'd, and pin'd,
And begg'd I would ſome boon beſtow
On a poor little boy, ſtone blind.

Not aware of the danger, I inſtant comply'd,
When he drew from his quiver a dart,
And cry'd, "My power you ſhall know!"
Then he level'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

§ 139. *Rondeau. By the ſame.*

Blow high, blow low, let tempeſts tear
The main-maſt by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well-ſtor'd,
Shall brave all danger, ſcorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging ſea,
In hopes on ſhore
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whiſtling winds that ſcud along,
And the ſurge roaring from below,
Shall my ſignal be
To think on thee,
And this ſhall be my ſong:
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And toaſt their ſweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a ſigh, and think on thee;
And, as the ſhip rolls through the ſea,
The burthen of my ſong ſhall be
Blow high, blow low, &c.

§ 140. *The Race Horſe. By the ſame.*

See the courſe throng'd with gazers, the ſports are begun,
The confuſion but hear!—I'll bet you, ſir,—
Ten thouſand ſtrange murmurs reſound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies aſſail the tir'd ear:
While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his creſt,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breaſt,
Scarcely ſnuffing the air, he's ſo proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer firſt ſtarts for the plate.

Now reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch ruſh
Hounds, horſes, and huntſmen, all hard at his bruſh;
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by ſcent, and by view, cheat a long tedious way:
While, alike born for ſports of the field and the courſe,
Always ſure to come through, a ſtaunch and fleet horſe;
When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the ſtud,
Lame, ſpavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with ſome blood;
While knowing poſtillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this ſweepſtakes, his ſire gain'd that race;
And what matches he won to the oſtlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at ſome hedge-alehouſe door;
While the harneſs ſore galls, and the ſpurs his ſides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till, at laſt, having labour'd, drudged early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends to his fate;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws ſand, till the ſand of his hour-glaſs ſtands ſtill:
And now, cold and lifeleſs, expos'd to the view,
In the very ſame cart which he yeſterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his ſad relics ſurrounds,
The high-mettled racer is ſold for the hounds!

§ 141. *Nothing like Grog. By the ſame.*

A plague of thoſe muſty old lubbers,
Who tells us to faſt and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.
A can of good ſtuff! had they twigg'd it,
'Twould have ſet them for pleaſure agog,
And, ſpite of the rules
Of the ſchools,
The old fools
Would have all of 'em ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like Grog.

My father, when laſt I from Guinea
Return'd, with abundance of wealth,
Cry'd, Jack, never be ſuch a ninny
To drink:—ſaid I—Father, your health!
So I ſhew'd him the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it ſet the old codger agog,
And he ſwigg'd, and mother,
And ſiſter, and brother,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like Grog.

T'other

T'other day as the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiouſly ſlunk,
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we ſhould never get drunk—
I ſhew'd him the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it ſoon ſet his rev'rence agog,
And he ſwigg'd, and Nick ſwigg'd,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

Then, truſt me, there's nothing like drinking
So pleaſant on this ſide the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave.
As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good ſtuff has ſo ſet me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
Helm a-lee or a-weather,
For hours together,
I've conſtantly ſwigg'd it,
And, dam'me, there's nothing like grog.

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§ 142. *By the ſame.*

WHAT argufies pride and ambition?
Soon or late Death will take us in tow;
Each bullet has got its commiſſion,
And when our time's come we muſt go.

Then drink and ſing—hang pain and ſorrow,
The halter was made for the neck;
He that's now live and luſty—to-morrow
Perhaps may be ſtretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linſtock of Dover
Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain:
Poll cried; but her grief was ſoon over,
And then ſhe got married again.
Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill uſed by Bet Croker,
And ſo took to guzzling the ſtuff,
Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,
And there he got liquor enough.
Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money then to the proctor,
Take of joy while 'tis going our freak;
For what argufies calling the doctor
When the anchor of life is a-peak?
Then drink, &c.

---

§ 143. *Poor Jack. By the ſame.*

GO patter to lubbers and ſwabs, d'ye ſee,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water-boat and good ſea-room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll ſtrike:

Though the tempeſts top-gallant maſts ſmack ſmooth ſhould ſmite,
And ſhiver each ſplinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, ſtow the yards, and bouſe every thing tight,
And under reef'd foreſail we'll ſcud.

Avaſt! nor d'ye think me a milk-ſop ſo ſoft
To be taken for trifles aback,
For they ſays there's a Providence ſits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About ſouls, heaven, mercy, and ſuch,
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and lay,
Why, 'twas juſt all as one as high Dutch.

But he ſaid how a ſparrow can't founder, d'ye ſee,
Without orders that comes down below,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow:

For, ſays he, do you mind me, let ſtorms e'er ſo oft
Take the top-ſails of ſailors aback,
There's a ſweet little cherub that ſits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I ſaid to our Poll, for you ſee ſhe would cry,
When laſt we weigh'd anchor for ſea,
What argufies ſniv'ling, and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you muſt be!

Can't you ſee the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for ſeamen and lubbers aſhore?
And if to old Davy I ſhould go, friend Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more.

What then? all's a hazard: come, don't be ſo ſoft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye ſee, there's a cherub that ſits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a ſailor ſhould be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ſhip,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.

As for me, in all weathers, all times, ſides and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that ſpring,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's.

Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me ſo ſoft
As for grief to be taken aback:
That ſame little cherub that ſits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

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§ 144. *By the ſame.*

OF all ſenſations pity brings,
To proudly ſwell the ample heart,
From which the willing ſorrow ſprings,
In others' grief that bears a part:

Of all ſad ſympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief:

Of theſe would you the feeling know,
Moſt gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
That ever taught a heart to glow,
'Tis the tear that bedews a ſoldier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot;
Let dangers come, he braves them all:
Valiant, perhaps to be forgot,
Or undiſtinguiſh'd doom'd to fall.

Yet wrapt in conſcious worth ſecure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,
He views from a retreat obſcure,
And quits it with a willing ſmile.

Then, trav'ller, one kind drop beſtow.
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Nought ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a ſoldier's grave.

§ 145. *By the ſame.*

WHAT though from Venus Cupid ſprung,
No attribute divine
(Whate'er the bawling bards have ſung)
Had he, his bow till Bacchus ſtrung,
And dipt his darts in wine:

Till old Silenus plung'd the boy
In nectar from the vine,
Then love, that was before a toy,
Became the ſource of mortal joy;
The urchin ſhook his dewy wings,
And careleſs levell'd clowns and kings,
Such power has mighty wine!

When Theſeus on the naked ſhore
Fair Ariadne left,
D'ye think ſhe did her fate deplore,
Or her fine locks or boſom tore,
Like one of hope bereft?

Not ſhe, indeed. Her fleeting love
From mortal turns divine;
And as gay Bacchus' tigers move,
His car aſcends amidſt a grove
Of vines, ſurrounded by a throng,
Who lead the jolly pair along,
Almoſt half gone with wine.

Ma'am Helen lov'd the Phrygian boy,
He thought her all his own:
But hotteſt love will ſooneſt cloy,
He ne'er had her brought ſafe to Troy
But for the wife of Thone.

She, merry goſſip, mix'd a cup
Of tipple, right divine,
To keep love's flagging ſpirits up,
And Helen drank it every ſup;
This liquor is 'mongſt learned elves
Nepenthe call'd; but, 'twixt ourſelves,
'Twas nothing more than wine.

Of Lethe, and its flow'ry brink,
Let muſty poets prate,
Where thirſty ſouls are ſaid to drink,
That never they again may think
Upon their former ſtate.

What is there in this ſoulleſs loſs,
I pray you, ſo divine!
Grief finds the palace and the cot,
Which, for a time, were well forgot;
Come here then, in our Lethe ſhare,
The true oblivion of your care
Is only found in wine.

§ 146. *By the ſame.*

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib! how ſhe ſmack'd through the breeze!
She's a veſſel as tight to my fancy
As ever ſail'd on the ſalt ſeas.

So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls, and our dear native ſhore;
For, if ſome hard rock we ſhould ſplit on,
We ſhall never ſee them any more.

But ſailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we muſt go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought ſhe'd have ſunk;
For the wind ſo began for to alter,
She yaw'd juſt as tho' ſhe was drunk.

The ſquall tore the main-ſail to ſhivers,
Helm a-weather, the hoarſe boatſwain cries;
Brace the fore-ſail athwart, ſee, ſhe quivers,
As through the rough tempeſt ſhe flies.
But ſailors, &c.

The ſtorm came on thicker and faſter,
As black juſt as pitch was the ſky;
When truly a doleful diſaſter
Befel three poor ſailors and I.

Ben Buntline, Sam Shrowd, and Dick Handſail,
By a blaſt that came furious and hard,
Juſt while we were furling the main-ſail,
Were ev'ry ſoul ſwept from the yard.
But ſailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi:
As for I, at the riſk of my neck,
While they ſunk down to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and ſo landed on deck.

Well, what would you have?—we were ſtranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that ſail'd, never landed
But I and I think twenty-two.
But ſailors, &c.

After thus we at ſea had miſcarried,
Another gueſs way ſet the wind;
For to England I came, and got married
To a laſs that was comely and kind.

But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we are born:
Perhaps I may find a kind ſtation,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
For a ſailor, &c.

§ 147. *By the ſame.*

YANKO he tell, and he tell no lie,
We near one pretty brook,
Him flowing hair, him lovely eye,
Sweetly on Orra look:

Him

Him ſee big world, fine warrior men,
Grand cruel king love blood;
Great king! but Yanko ſay what den
If he no honeſt good?

Virtue in foe be virtue ſtill,
Fine ſtone he found in mine:
The ſun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him ſhine.

You broder him, him broder you,
So all the world ſhould call;
For Nature ſay, and ſhe ſay true,
That men be broder all.

If cruel man, like tiger grim,
Come bold in thirſt of blood,
Poor man:—be noble—pity him,
That he no honeſt good:

Virtue in foe be virtue ſtill,
Fine ſtone be found in mine;
The ſun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him ſhine.

---

§ 148. *Yanko. By the ſame*

DEAR Yanko ſay, and true he ſay,
All mankind, one and t'other,
Negro, mulatto, and malay,
Through all the world be broder.

In black, in yellow, what diſgrace,
That ſcandal ſo he uſe 'em?
For dere no virtue in de face,
De virtue in de boſom.

What harm dere in a ſhape or make?
What harm in ugly feature?
Whatever colour, form, he take,
The heart make human creature.

Then black and copper both be friend,
No colour he bring beauty;
For beauty, Yanko ſay, attend
On him who do him duty.
Dear Yanko ſay, &c.

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§ 149. *By the ſame.*

SURE 'ent the world a maſquerade,
Wid ſhrugs and queer grimaces,
Where all mankind a roaring trade
Drive underneath bare faces?

Pray, don't the lover, let me aſk,
Hid by a faſcine battery,
Steal hearts away? and what's his maſk?
To be ſure it is not flattery.

Then join the general maſquerade,
That men and manners traces;
To be ſure, the beſt maſks dat are made
For cheating 'ent bare faces.

Weigh yonder lawyer—I'll be bail,
So able are his talents,
The devil himſelf, in t'other ſcale,
Would quickly kick the balance.

See that friar to a novice preach,
To holineſs to win her,
Their maſks dropt off, what are they each?
He a taef, and ſhe a ſinner.
To be ſure they 'ent, &c.

For her huſband ſee yon widow cry,
She'll never have another;
By my ſoul ſhe weeps wid but one eye,
For ſhe's leering wid the other.

Yon courtier, ſee, who in a crack
Will promiſe fifty places;
By my ſoul, his friends ſcarce turn their back
But he laughs before their faces.
To be ſure he don't, &c.

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§ 150. *By the ſame,*

THIS life's a day's journey: we riſe in the morn,
The ſun, trees, and flowers our proſpect adorn;
When perhaps we have ſcarcely been ſet out an hour,
But ſlap we're o'ertaken, and ſous'd in a ſhower.

To ſhelter then quickly: and ſee, now 'tis o'er,
And in pretty good ſpirits we ſet out once more;
Now up hill, now down, now even, and now
We are cover'd with duſt, and now popp'd in a ſlough.

Thus we jog on till dinner, now wet, and now dry,
And now we've a low'ring, and now a clear ſky;
With the fire, the good landlord, the wine, and the cheer,
Now refreſh'd, we ſet forward to end our career.

But the roads are uneven, we trip, are bemir'd,
And jolted and joſtled, and tumbled, and tir'd;
Yet we keep a good heart, and our ſpirits are light,
In hopes we ſhall meet with a good inn at night.

---

§ 151. *By the ſame.*

CELIA's an angel; by her face
The roſe and lily's ſhamed;
The treſſes of love's queen, for grace,
With hers can ne'er be named.

The Gods, cried one, that face with care
Form'd in their beſt of humours:
What pity 'tis both face and hair
Were bought at the perfumer's!

Celia hath ſworn to love till death:
For words ſo full of bliſs,
I could have long'd, but for her breath,
To ſteal an ardent kiſs.

Rapture itſelf is poor and cold,
To joy that ſhe diſcovers:
What pity ſhe the ſame has told
To fifty other lovers!

Celia is young, behold her mien,
Alert from top to toe;
My aunt ſays, ſhe was juſt fifteen
Some thirty years ago.

Thus youth and beauty's beſt delights
Sweet Celia are adorning;
For ſhe a Venus is at nights,
A Sybil in the morning.

§ 152. *Let us all be unhappy together. By the ſame.*

We bipeds, made up of frail clay,
Alas! are the children of ſorrow;
And, though briſk and merry to-day,
We may all be unhappy to-morrow:

For ſunſhine's ſucceeded by rain;
Then, fearful of life's ſtormy weather,
Leſt pleaſure ſhould only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant the beſt bleſſing we know
Is a friend, for true friendſhip's a treaſure;
And yet, leſt your friend prove a foe,
Oh taſte not the dangerous pleaſure.

Thus friendſhip's a ſlimſy affair,
Thus riches and health are a bubble;
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleaſing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life,
Which on earth could be neareſt to heaven,
Let him, thanking his ſtars, chooſe a wife
To whom truth and honour are given.

But honour and truth are ſo rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, ſo tingle,
That, with all my reſpect to the fair,
I'd adviſe him to ſigh, and live ſingle.

It appears from theſe premiſes plain,
That wiſdom is nothing but folly;
That pleaſure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy:

That all thoſe who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine friſk and fun to be grieving;
And that, ſince we muſt all of us die,
We ſhould taſte no enjoyment while living.

§ 153. *Patrick O'Row. By the ſame.*

Patrick O'Row is my name,
My calling's the trade of a boxer;
I'm a devil of a fellow for fame,
Why I'm bottom like any game cock, ſir.
Oh I tips 'em ſo tight
Left and right,
And to blind 'em ſo well I knows how:
To the ſpine of the back I am blood;
Ah, honey, 't would do your heart good
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

I preſently knocks down my men,
Your ſervant, ſays I, pray call again:
Then I cloſe up their peepers, and then
I wiſh you good night, Mr. Galaghan.
Were alive Maſter Slack,
On his back
I'd lay him as flat as he's now;
'Tis my waſhing, my lodging, and food,
Ah, honey, 't would do your heart good
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

There's Johnſon, and George, and Big Ben,
Three bruiſers that well can rally you,
Tho' they thump'd the three Birmingham men,
Says I, My lads, little I value you.
Mendoza and Ward
Can ſtrike hard,
And to ſtop, and put in, well know how;
'Nay, they're every taſ of 'em blood,
Yet, honey, 't would do them all good
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

Wid a handful of fellows like theſe,
Britannia, what glory I'd bring her to!
Let the Spaniards come on when they pleaſe,
Devil burn me we'd teach 'em a ting or two:
Wid a phalanx of fiſts
In our liſts,
So nately we'd bodder their glow;
We'd preſently try if they 're blood,
Ah, honey, 't would do their pride good
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

Come, all ye tight lads who would earn
True fame, in a poſſe gather ye;
How your country you'd ſerve, would ye learn,
Juſt only come here till I lather you:
Oh, I'll make you ſo tight
Left and right,
And each knock-me-down-argument know;
Come here then, and try if you 're blood;
Devil burn me, 't will do your hearts good
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

§ 154. *The Soldier's Adieu. By the ſame.*

Adieu, adieu, my only life!
My honour calls me from thee;
Remember thou 'rt a ſoldier's wife,
Thoſe tears but ill become thee.

What though by duty I am call'd
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valour's ſelf might ſtand appall'd,
When on the wings of thy dear love
To heaven above
Thy fervent oriſons are flown,
The tender prayer
Thou putt'ſt up there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My ſafety thy fair truth ſhall be,
As ſword and buckler ſerving;
My life ſhall be more dear to me,
Becauſe of thy preſerving.

Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I'll fearleſs ſeek the conflict's heat,
Aſſured when on the wings of love,
To heaven above, &c.

Enough. With that benignant ſmile
Some kindred god inſpir'd thee;
Who knew thy boſom void of guile,
Who wonder'd, and admir'd thee:

I go assured, my life, adieu;
Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
Though murdering carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love
To heaven above, &c.

§ 155. *By the same.*

THE sun's descending in the wave,
I go, I go, my fate to brave:
Ghosts of dead Yncas, now appear,
Shriek as ye come
Cold from the tomb,
And see if Moniaco knows to fear.

Oh Sun, my fire,
Lend me all thy noble fire:
Illia Moniaco to thy tomb,
Oh Atabalipa soon shall come;
Cover me with scars,
Nought can controul
The dauntless soul,
That shall live among its kindred stars.

What is 't to die? to leave this clay,
And breathe in everlasting day,
For robes celestial shake off dust,
Among the blest
From care to rest,
And emulate the virtues of the just:
Then, Sun, my fire,
Lend me all thy noble fire,
Illia Moniaco, &c.

Adieu, ye friends! vain world, adieu!
Bliss is for me, but woe for you;
While I, new born, shall go to find
The upper heaven,
You shall be driven
Like scatter'd chaff before false fortune's wind.
Now Sun, my fire,
I feel, I feel thy noble fire!
Illia Moniaco, &c.

§ 156. *By the same.*

HARK the din of distant war,
How noble is the clangor!
Pale Death ascends his ebon car,
Clad in terrific anger.

A doubtful fate the soldier tries
Who joins the gallant quarrel:
Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
No wife, no friend, to close his eyes,
Though nobly mourn'd,
Perhaps, return'd,
He's crown'd with victory's laurel.

How many, who, disdaining fear,
Rush on the desperate duty,
Shall claim the tribute of the tear
That dims the eye of beauty?
A doubtful fate, &c.

What noble fate can fortune give?
Renown shall tell our story
If we should fall; but, if we live,
We live our country's glory.
'Tis true a doubtful fate, &c.

§ 157. *By the same.*

SINCE by cutting of trotes all our glories increase,
Of war let us sing; because why? it brings peace:
Of hacking and hewing, in front and in rear,
Of some kilt by the sword, and some dying thro' fear.

Death alive! what sweet slaught'ring, and cutting, and scars! [wars?
Is it honour you'd seek, won't you go to the
Where Death his long sycthe bathes in gore to the hilt,
And whips head from shoulders so clever,
And where should you have the good luck to be kilt,
By my soul you'll be living for ever!

The army's drawn out, the confusion's begun,
While our arms shine so bright that they dazzle the sun;
Oh the glorious sight! but the best of the joke,
The devil a soul are we seeing but smoke.
Death alive! &c.

Like a Will-o'-the-wisp, while our bo'oms it fires,
See glory lead on, over bushes and briars; [ball,
Pass, begone, hiccius doxius, just like cup and
Now 'tis here, and now there, and now no where at all.
Death alive! &c.

That war is delightful then who can deny?
To be living for ever, ah! who would not die?
Your fame's up from the moment it puts you to bed, [head.
And you grow a great man by the loss of your

§ 158. *By the same.*

I THAT once was a ploughman, a sailor am now,
No lark that aloft in the sky [plough,
Ever flutter'd his wings to give speed to the
Was so gay or so careless as I:

But my friend was a carsindo aboard a king's ship,
And he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip;
And he talk'd of such things,
As if sailors were kings,
And so teasing did keep, [the deep:
That I left my poor plough, to go ploughing
No longer the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
I trusted to the carsindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind

I did not much like to be aboard a-ship;
When in danger there's no de.. to creep out;
I like the jolly tars, I like bumbo and flip,
But I did not like rocking about:

By and by comes a hurricane, I did not like
Next a battle, that many a ſailor laid flat: [that;
Ah, cried I, who would roam
That like me had a home,
When I'd ſow, and I'd reap, [deep:
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the
Where ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn, [wind,
Ere I truſted the carſindo and the inconſtant
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At laſt ſafe I landed, and in a whole ſkin,
Nor did I make any long ſtay, [kin,
Ere I found by a friend, whom I ax'd for my
Father dead, and my wife run away:
Oh who but thyſelf, ſaid I, haſt thou to blame?
Wives loſing their huſbands, oft loſe their good
Ah why did I roam, [name.
When ſo happy at home,
I could ſow, and could reap, [deep?
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the
When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn— [wind,
Curſe light upon the carſindo and the inconſtant
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the caſe, ſaid this very ſame friend
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gis a ſhake by the fiſt, all your care's at an end,
Dad's alive, and your wife ſafe at home!

Stark ſtaring with joy, I leap'd out of my ſkin,
Buſs'd my wife, mother, ſiſter, and all of my
Now, cried I, let them roam [kin;
Who want a good home;
I am well, ſo I'll keep, [deep:
Nor again leave my plough, to go plouging the
Once more ſhall the horn
Call me up in the morn, [wind.
Nor ſhall any damn'd corſindo, nor the inconſtant
E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

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§ 159. *By the ſame.*

Poor Peggy lov'd a ſoldier lad
More, far more than tongue can tell ye;
Yet was her tender boſom ſad
Whene'er ſhe heard the loud reveiller.

The fifes were ſcreech-owls to her ears,
The drums like thunder ſeem'd to rattle;
Ah, too prophetic were her fears,
They call'd him from her arms to battle.

There wonders he againſt the foe
Perform'd, and was with laurels crown'd;
Vain pomp! for ſoon death laid him low,
On the cold ground.

Her heart all love, her ſoul all truth,
That none her fears or flight diſcover,
Poor Peg, diſguiſe a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her love.

Directed by the fife and drum,
To where the work of death was doing;
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, ſeeking honour, graſp at ruin:

Her very ſoul was chill'd with woe,
New horror came in every ſound,
And whiſper'd, death had laid him low
On the cold ground.

With mute affliction as ſhe ſtood,
While her woman's fears confound her,
With terror all her ſoul ſubdued,
A mourning train came thronging round her.

The plaintive fife, and muffled drum,
The martial obſequies diſcover;
His name ſhe heard, and cried, I come,
Faithful to meet my murder'd lover!

Then heart-rent by a ſigh of woe,
Fell, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low,
On the cold ground!

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§ 160. *By the ſame.*

When I comes to town with a load of hay,
Mean and lowly though I ſeem,
I knows pretty well how they figures away,
While I whiſtles and drives my team:
Your natty ſparks, and flaſhy dames,
How I do love to queer!
I runs my rigs,
And patters, and gigs,
And plays a hundred comical games
To all that I comes near:

Then in a pet
To hear them fret,
A-mobbing away they go—
("The ſconndrel deſerves to be horſe-whipt.")
'Who, me, ma'am?—
Wo, Baſil, wo!'
So to mind 'em I ne'er ſeem,
But whiſtles and drives my team!

So as I ſeems thinking of nothing at all,
And driving as faſt as I can,
I pins a queer thing againſt the wall,
Half a monkey, and half a man!
The mob came round him to put up his blood,
While he's trembling from top to toe;
My whip it goes ſpank,
I tips Ball on the flank,
Ball plunges, and paints him all over with mud,
Queers his ſtockings, and ſpoils the beau!

Then the ſweet pretty dear,
Ah could you but hear,
("Odds curſe you, I'll make you know, you
"infernal villain!"
'Lord bleſs your baby face, I would not hurt
'your ſpindle ſhanks for the world!')
Wo, Ball, wo!
So to mind 'em I ne'er ſeem,
But whiſtles and drives my team.

And so I gets the finest fun
And frisk that ever you saw;
Of all I meets I can queer ev'ry one
But your gemmen of the law:
Though they can scarcely put me down,
Says I, to their courts when I 'm led,
Where their tails of a pig
They hide with a wig,
How many ways in London town
They dresses a calf's head!

Then every dunce
To hear open at once,
Like mill-clacks their clappers go,
(" Oh that 's the fellow I saw grinning through
" the horse-collar in the country."
' I fancy you 're the fellow I saw grinning
' through the pillory in London!')
Wo, Ball, wo!
So to mind 'em I ne'er seem,
But whistles and drives my team.

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§ 161. *Song.* STEPHENS.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
Merry Momus among them appear'd as a guest,
Homer says the celestials love laughing.

This happen'd 'fore Chaos was fix'd into form,
While nature disorderly lay;
While elements adverse engender'd the storm,
And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On ev'ry Olympic the humourist droll'd,
So none could his jokes disapprove;
He sung, repartee'd, and some odd stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove:

Sire,—Mark how yon matter is heaving below,
Were it settled 't would please all your court;
'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless you know;
Pray people it, just for our sport.

Jove nodded assent, all Olympus bow'd down,
At his fiat creation took birth;
The cloud-keeping deity smil'd on his throne,
Then announc'd the production was earth.

To honour their sov'reign each god gave a boon,
Apollo presented it light;
The goddess of child-bed dispatch'd us a moon
To silver the shadow of night.

The queen of soft wishes, foul Vulcan's fair bride,
Leer'd wanton on her man of war; [guide
Saying, As to these earth-folks, I'll give them
So she sparkled the morn and eve star.

From her cloud, all in spirits, the goddess up sprung,
In ellipsis each planet advanc'd;
The tune of the spheres the Nine Sisters sung,
As round Terra Nova they danc'd.

Even Jove himself cou'd not insensible stand,
Bid Saturn his girdle fast bind: [hand.
The expounder of fate grasp'd the globe in his
And laugh'd at those mites call'd mankind.

From the hand of great Jove into space it was hurl'd,
He was charm'd with the roll of the ball,
Bid his daughter Attraction take charge of the world,
And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present review'd the globe round,
Saw with rapture hills, vallies, and plains;
The self-balanc'd orb in an atmosphere bound,
Prolific by suns, dews, and rains.

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear,
What was fit for each clime on each clime she bestow'd
And freedom she found flourish'd here.

The blue-ey'd celestial, Minerva the wise,
Ineffably smil'd on the spot;
My dear, says plum'd Pallas, your last gift I prize,
But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.

Licentiousness freedom's destruction may bring
Unless prudence prepares its defence;
The goddess of sapience bid Iris take wing,
And on Britons bestow'd common-sense.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
As guardians to cherish the root;
The blossoms of liberty gaily 'gan smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty so rare,
Oh preserve it as pure as 'twas giv'n;
We will while we've breath, nay we'll grasp it in death,
And return it untainted to heav'n.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

§ 1. *Epilogue to A Woman killed with kindneſs.* 1617.

An honeſt crew, diſpoſed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and called for wine:
The drawer brought it (ſmiling like a cherry),
And told them it was pleaſant, neat, and fine.
Taſte it, quoth one; he did: O, fie! (quoth he)
This wine was good; now 't runs too near the lee.

Another ſipp'd, to give the wine his due,
And ſaid unto the reſt it drank too flat;
The third ſaid it was old; the fourth, too new;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the ſharpneſs likes me not.
Thus, gentlemen, you ſee how in one hour
The wine was new, old, flat, ſharp, ſweet, and ſour.

Unto this wine do we allude our play; [grave:
Which ſome will judge too trivial, ſome too
You, as our gueſts, we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the beſt we have.
Excuſe us then: good wine may be diſgrac'd,
When ev'ry ſev'ral mouth hath ſundry taſte.

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§ 2. *Prologue to the Unfortunate Lovers. Spoken at Black Friars,* 1643. Davenant.

Were you but half ſo humble to confeſs,
As you are wiſe to know your happineſs;
Our author would not grieve to ſee you ſit
Ruling with ſuch unqueſtion'd pow'r his wit:
What would I give, that I could ſtill preſerve
My loyalty to him, and yet deſerve
Your kind opinion by revealing now
The cauſe of that great ſtorm which clouds his brow,
And his cloſe murmurs, which ſince meant to you,
I cannot think or mannerly or true! [you,
Well; I begin to be reſolv'd, and let
My melancholic tragic Monſieur fret;
Let him the ſev'ral harmleſs weapons uſe
Of that all-daring trifle, call'd his Muſe.
Yet I 'll inform you, what this very day,
Twice before witneſs I have heard him ſay,
Which is, that you are grown exceſſive proud;
For ten times more of wit, than was allow'd
Your ſilly anceſtors in twenty year, [here:
Y' expect ſhould in two hours be given you
For they, he ſwears, to th' theatre would come,
Ere they had din'd to take up the beſt room;
There ſit on benches, not adorn'd with mats,
And graciouſly did veil their high-crown'd hats
To every half-dreſs'd player, as he ſtill
Thro' th' hangings peep'd to ſee how the houſe did fill.
Good eaſy judging ſouls! with what delight
They would expect a jig or target fight;
A turious tale of Troy, which they ne'er thought
Was weakly written, ſo 'twere ſtrongly fought;
Laugh'd at a clinch, the ſhadow of a jeſt,
And cry'd 'A paſſing good one I proteſt!'
Such dull and humble-witted people were
Even your forefathers, whom we govern'd here;
And ſuch had you been too, he ſwears, had not
The poets taught you how to unweave a plot,
And trace the winding ſcenes; taught you t' admit [wit.
What was true ſenſe, not what did ſound like
Thus they have arm'd you 'gainſt themſelves to fight. [write.
Made ſtrong and miſchievous from what they
You have been lately highly feaſted here,
With two great wits *, that grac'd our theatre.
But, if to feed you often with delight,
Will more corrupt, than mend, your appetite;
He vows to uſe you, which he much abhors,
As others did your homely anceſtors.

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§ 3. *Epilogue to The Cutter of Coleman-ſtreet, ſpoken by the Perſon who acted Cutter.* 1656. Cowley.

Methinks a viſion bids me ſilence break,
[Without his peruke.
And ſome words to this congregation ſpeak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the fifth monarch's court in Coleman-ſtreet,
But yet I wonder much, not to eſpy a
Brother in all this court, call'd Zephaniah.
Bleſs me! what are we? What may this place be?
For I begin my viſion now to ſee
That this is a mere theatre—Well then,
If 't be e'en ſo, I 'll Cutter be again.
[Puts on his peruke.
Not Cutter the pretended cavalier;
For, to confeſs ingenuouſly here
To you, who always of that party were,
I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very rake-hell of this town.
But now my follies and my faults are ended,
My fortune and my mind are both amended;
And if we may believe one who has fail'd before,
Our author ſays he 'll mend—that is, he'll write no more.

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§ 4. *Prologue to Nero.* 1675. Lee.

Good plays, and perfect ſenſe, as ſcarce are grown
As civil women in this d——d lewd town;
Plain ſenſe is deſpicable as plain clothes,
As Engliſh hats, bone-lace, or woollen hoſe.
'Tis your briſk fool that is your man of note;
Yonder he goes, in the embroider'd coat:
Such wenching eyes, and hands ſo prone to ruffle,
The genteel fling, the trip, and modiſh ſhuffle;
Salt ſoul and flame, as gay as any prince;
Thus tags and ſilks make up your men of ſenſe.

* Beaumont and Fletcher.

I'm

I 'm told that ſome are preſent here to-day
Who, ere they ſee, reſolve to damn this play,
So much would intereſt with ill-nature ſway.
But, ladies, you, we hope, will prove more civil,
And charm theſe wits that damn beyond the de-
Then let each critic here all hell inherit, [vil;
You have attractions that can lay a ſpirit.
A bloody fatal play you 'll ſee to-night,
I vow to God, 't has put me in a fright.
The meaneſt waiter huffs, looks big, and ſtruts,
Gives breaſt a blow, then hand on hilt he puts.
'Tis a fine age, a tearing thund'ring age,
Pray heaven this thund'ring does not crack the
ſtage:
This play I like not now ——
And yet, for aught I know, it may be good,
But ſtill I hate this fighting, wounds, and blood.
Why, what the devil have I to do with honour?
Let heroes court her; I cry, Pox upon her!
All tragedies, i'gad, to me ſound oddly,
I can no more be ſerious, than you godly.

§ 5. *Epilogue to Tyrannick Love; ſpoken by Nell Gwyn, when ſhe was to be carried off dead by the Bearers.* 1672. DRYDEN.

To the Bearer.

HOLD! are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog?
I am to riſe, and ſpeak the epilogue.

To the Audience.

I come, kind gentlemen, ſtrange news to tell ye;
I am the ghoſt of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighted, I 'll be civil:
I 'm what I was, a little harmleſs devil;
For, after death, we ſprites have juſt ſuch na-
tures
We had, for all the world, when human crea-
And therefore I, that was an actreſs here, [tures:
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to 't; you ſay there are no ſprites;
But I 'll come dance about your beds at nights;
And 'faith you 'll be in a ſweet kind of taking,
When I ſurpriſe you between ſleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, becauſe I die
Out of my calling, in a tragedy.
O poet, damn'd dull poet! who could prove
So ſenſeleſs, to make Nelly die for love!
Nay, what 's yet worſe, to kill me in my prime
Of Eaſter-term, in tart and cheeſecake time!
I 'll fit the fop; for I 'll not one word ſay,
T' excuſe his godly out-of-faſhion play;
A play which if you dare but twice ſit out,
You 'll all be ſlander'd, and be thought devout.
But farewel, gentlemen; make haſte to me;
I 'm ſure ere long to have your company.
As for my epitaph, when I am gone,
I 'll truſt no poet, but will write my own.
Here Nelly lies, who, tho' ſhe liv'd a ſtattern *
Yet died a princeſs, acting in St. Cath'rine †.

§ 6. *Prologue to Alcibiades*; 1675. OTWAY.

NEVER did rhymer greater hazards run,
'Mongſt us by your ſeverity undone:
Tho' we, alas! to oblige ye have done moſt,
And bought ye pleaſures at our own ſad coſt,
Yet all our beſt endeavours have been loſt.
So oft a ſtateſman lab'ring to be good,
His honeſty 's for treaſon underſtood;
Whilſt ſome falſe, flattering minion of the court
Shall play the traitor, and be honour'd for 't.
To you, known judges of what 's ſenſe and wit,
Our author ſwears he gladly will ſubmit:
But there 's a ſort of things infeſt the pit,
That would be witty ſpite of nature too,
And to be thought ſo, haunt and peſter you.
Hither ſometimes thoſe would-be-wits repair,
In queſt of you; where if you don't appear,
Cries one—Pugh! D—n me, what do we do
here?
Straight up he ſtarts, his garniture then puts
In order, ſo he cocks, and out he ſtruts
To the coffee-houſe, where he about him looks:
Spies friend; cries, Jack—I've been to-night at
th' Duke's;
The ſilly rogues are all undone, my dear,
I'gad! not one of ſenſe that I ſaw there.
Thus to himſelf he 'd reputation gather
Of wit, and good acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has indeed a ſtranger been, of late;
'Mongſt its pretenders nought ſo ſtrange as that.
Both houſes too, ſo long a faſt have known,
That coarſeſt nonſenſe goes moſt glibly down.
Thus though this trifler never wrote before,
Yet faith he ventur'd on the common ſcore:
Since nonſenſe is ſo generally allow'd,
He hopes that this may paſs amongſt the crowd.

§ 7. *Epilogue to Aurengzebe*; 1676. DRYDEN.

A PRETTY taſk! and ſo I told the fool, [rule:
Who needs would undertake to pleaſe by
He thought that if his characters were good,
The ſcenes entire, and freed from noiſe and
blood,
The action great, yet circumſcrib'd by time,
The words not forc'd, but ſliding into rhyme,
The paſſions rais'd and calm'd by juſt degrees,
As tides are ſwell'd, and then retire to ſeas;
He thought in hinting theſe his bus'neſs done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one.
But, after all, a poet muſt confeſs,
His art 's like phyſic, but a happy gueſs.
Your pleaſure on your fancy muſt depend;
The lady 's pleas'd, juſt as ſhe likes her friend.
No ſong! no dance! no ſhow! he fears you 'll ſay,
You love all naked beauties, but a play.
He much miſtakes your methods to delight,
And, like the French, abhors our target fight;
But thoſe damn'd dogs can never be i' th'
right.

* Her real character. † The character ſhe repreſented in the play.

True

True Engliſh hate your Monſieurs' paltry arts;
For you are all ſilk-weavers * in your hearts.
Bold Britons, at a brave bear-garden fray,
Are rous'd; and, clatt'ring ſticks, cry, Play, play, play!
Mean time, your fribbling foreigner will ſtare,
And mutter to himſelf, *Ah, gens barbare!*
And, 'gad, 'tis well he mutters, well for him;
Our butchers elſe would tear him limb from limb.
'Tis true, the time may come, your ſons may be
Infected with this French civility:
But this in after-ages will be done;
Our poet writes an hundred years too ſoon.
This age comes on too ſlow, or he too faſt;
And early ſprings are ſubject to a blaſt!
Who would excel, when few can make a teſt
Betwixt indifferent writing and the beſt?
For favours cheap and common who would ſtrive,
Which, like abandon'd proſtitutes, you give?
Yet ſcatter'd here and there I ſome behold,
Who can diſcern the tinſel from the gold;
To theſe he writes; and, if by them allow'd,
'Tis their perogative to rule the crowd;
For he more fears (like a preſuming man)
Their votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.

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§ 8. *Epilogue to the firſt Part of The Rover, or the Baniſhed Cavaliers*; 1677. *Mrs.* Behn.

The baniſh'd cavaliers! a roving blade!
A popiſh carnival! a maſquerade!
The devil's in't if this will pleaſe the nation,
In theſe our bleſſed times of reformation,
When conventicling is ſo much in faſhion.
And yet ——
That mutinous tribe leſs factions do beget,
Than your continual differing in wit.
Your judgment (as your paſſion) 's a diſeaſe;
Nor Muſe, nor Miſs your appetite can pleaſe;
You 're grown as nice as queaſy conſciences.
Whoſe each convulſion, when the ſpirit moves,
Damns every thing that maggot diſapproves.
With canting rule you would the ſtage refine,
And to dull method all our ſenſe confine.
With th' inſolence of commonwealths you rule,
Where each gay fop, and politic brave fool,
On monarch Wit impoſe without controul.
As for the laſt who ſeldom ſees a play,
Unleſs it be the old Black-Friars way,
Shaking his empty noddle o'er Bamboo,
He cries, Good faith, theſe plays will never do.
Ah, Sir! in my young days, what lofty wit,
What high ſtrain'd ſcenes of fighting there were writ!
Theſe are ſlight airy toys. But tell me, pray,
What has the Houſe of Commons done to-day?
Then ſhews his politics, to let you ſee
Of ſtate affairs he 'll judge as notably
As he can do of wit and poetry.
The younger ſparks, who hither do reſort,
Cry ——
Pox o' your gentle things! give us more ſport;
Damme! I 'am ſure 'twill never pleaſe the court.
Such fops are never pleas'd, unleſs the play
Be ſtuff'd with fools, as briſk and dull as they;
Such might the half-crown ſpare, and in a glaſs
At home behold a more accompliſh'd aſs;
Where they may ſet their cravats, wigs, and faces,
And practiſe all their buffoon'ry grimaces—
See how this huff becomes—this damme ſtare,
Which they at home may act, becauſe they dare;
But muſt with prudent caution do elſewhere.
O, that our Nokes, or Tony Lee, could ſhew
A fop but half ſo much to th' life as you!

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§ 9. *Epilogue to the Round-Heads, or The Good Old Cauſe*; 1682. *Spoken by Lady Deſbro'*. *Mrs.* Behn.

The vizor 's off, and now I dare appear
High for the royal cauſe, *en cavalier*;
Tho' once as true a Wig as moſt of you,
Could cant and lye, preach, and diſſemble too!
So far you drew me in; but 'faith I 'll be
Reveng'd on you, for thus debauching me:
Some of your pious cheats I 'll open lay,
That lead your ignoramus flock aſtray;
For, ſince I cannot fight, I will not fail
To exerciſe my talent—that 's to rail.
Ye race of hypocrites, whoſe cloak of zeal
Covers the knave that cants for commonweal,
All laws, the church, and ſtate to ruin brings,
And impudently ſets a rule on kings:
Ruin, deſtroy, all 's good that you decree,
By your infallible preſbytery:
Proſperous at firſt, in ills you grew ſo vain,
You thought to play the old game o'er again;
And thus the cheat was put upon the nation,
Firſt with long parliaments, next reformation,
And now you hop'd to make a new invaſion:
And when you can't prevail by open force,
To cunning tickling tricks you have recourſe,
And raiſe ſedition forth without remorſe.
" Confound theſe curſed Tories," then they cry,
[*In a preaching tone.*
" Thoſe fools, thoſe loyal pimps to monarchy,
" Thoſe that exclude the ſaints, yet ope the door
" To introduce the Babylonian Whore!
" By ſacred Oliver, the nation 's mad!
" Belov'd, 't was not ſo when he was head:
" But then, as I have ſaid it oft before ye,
" A cavalier was but a type of Tory.
" The curs then durſt not bark, but all the breed
" Is much increas'd ſince that good man is dead:
" Yet then they rail'd againſt the Good Old Cauſe,
" Rail'd fooliſhly for loyalty and laws;
" But when the ſaints had put them to a ſtand,
" We left them loyalty, and took their land;
" Yea, and the pious work of reformation
" Rewarded was with plunder, ſequeſtration."

* Alluding to the rivalry of the Spital-fields manufactures with thoſe of France.

Thus

Thus cant the faithful; nay, they're so uncivil,
To pray us harmless players to the devil.
When this is all th' exception they can make,
They damn us for our glorious master's sake.
But why 'gainst us do you unjustly arm?
Our small religion sure can do no harm:
Or if it do, since that 's the only thing,
We will reform, when you are true to th' king.

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§ 10. *Epilogue to the Lancashire Witches*; 1682. *Spoken by Mrs. Barry and Teague.* SHADWELL.

Mrs. Barry. A Skilful mistress uses wondrous art
To keep a peevish crazy lover's heart.
His awkward limbs, forgetful of delights,
Must be urg'd on by tricks and painful nights,
Which the poor creature is content to bear,
Fine mantuas and new petticoats to wear.
And, Sirs, your sickly appetites to raise,
The starving players try a thousand ways:
You had a Spanish Friar of intrigue,
And now we have presented you a Teague,
Which with much cost from Ireland we have got:
If he be dull, e'en hang him for the plot.

Teague. Now have a care; for, by my shoul's shaulvaation.
Dish vill offend a party in de nation.

Mrs. Barry. They that are angry must be very beasts;
For all religions laugh at foolish priests.

Teague. By Creesht, I swear, de poet has undone me;
Some simple Tory will make beat upon me.

Mrs. Barry. Good Protestants, I hope you will not see
A martyr made of our poor Tony Lee.
Our popes and friars on one side attend,
And yet, alas! the city 's not our friend:
The city neither like us nor our wit;
They say their wives learn ogling in the pit:
They 're from the boxes taught to make advances,
To answer stolen sighs and naughty glances.
We virtuous ladies some new ways must seek;
For all conspire our playing trade to break.
If the bold poet freely shews his vein,
In every place the snarling fops complain.
Of your gross follies if you will not hear,
With inoffensive nonsense you must bear.
You, like the husband never shall receive
Half the delight the sportful wife can give.
A poet dares not whip this foolish age;
You cannot bear the physic of the stage.

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§ 11. *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise*, 1683. *Spoken by Mrs. Cook.* DRYDEN.

MUCH time and trouble this poor play has cost;
And, 'faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.
Yet no one man was meant, nor great, nor small;
Our poets, like frank gamesters*, threw at all.
They took no single aim———
But like bold boys, true to their prince, and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.
Duels are crimes; but when the cause is right,
In battle, every man is bound to fight.
For what should hinder me to sell my skin
Dear as I could, if once my heart were in?
Se defendendo never was a sin.
'Tis a fine world, my masters—right or wrong,
The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
They must do all they can—
But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind,
And fight like boys with one hand tied behind:
Nay, and when one boy 's down 'twere wondrous wise,
To cry, Box fair, and give him time to rise.
When fortune favours, none but fools will dally:
Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipp'd you th' inviting wink, stand, shall I shall I?
A Trimmer, cried (that heard me tell the story)
Fie, Mistress Cook! 'faith you're too rank a Tory!
Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard cases;
You women love to see men make wry faces.
Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
I say no more, but give the devil his due.
Lenitives, says he, best suit with our condition.
Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent physician.
I love no blood—Nor, I Sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.
We Trimmers are for holding all things even—
Yes, just like him that hung 'twixt hell and heaven.
Have we not had men's lives enough already?—
Yes, sure; but you 're for holding all things steady.
Now, since the weight hangs all on one side, brother,
You Trimmers should, to poize it, hang on the t'other.
Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish nor flesh, nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they, nor this nor that;
Nor birds, nor beasts, but just a kind of bat;
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.

* This play was written jointly by Dryden and Lee.

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§ 12. *Prologue to the Emperor of the Moon*; 1675. *Spoken by Mr. Jevern.* Mrs. BEHN.

LONG, and at vast expence, th' industrious stage
Has strove to please a dull ungrateful age:
With heroes and with gods we first began,
And thunder'd to you in heroic strain:
Some dying love-sick queen each night you enjoy'd,
And with magnificence at last were cloy'd:

Our

Our drums and trumpets frighted all the women;
Our fighting ſcar'd the beaux and billet-doux
So Spark, in an intrigue of quality, [men.
Grows weary of his ſplendid drudgery;
Hates the fatigue, and cries, A pox upon her!
What a damn'd buſtle 's here, with love and honour!
In humble comedy we next appear,
No ſop, or cuckold, but, ſlap-dash, we had him here;
We ſhew'd ye all; but you, malicious grown,
Friends' vices to expoſe, and hide your own,
Cry, Damn it—this is ſuch or ſuch a one!'
Yet nettled, Plague! what does this ſcribbler mean,
With his damn'd characters, and plots obſcene?
No woman without vizard in the nation
Can ſee it twice, and keep her reputation——
That 's certain, forgetting——
That he himſelf, in every groſs lampoon,
Her lewder ſecrets ſpread about the town;
Whilſt their feign'd niceneſs is but cautious fear,
Their own intrigues ſhould be unravell'd here.
Our next recourſe was dwindling down to farce,
Then, Zounds—what ſtuff is here! Is wit ſo ſcarce?
Well, gentlemen, ſince none of theſe has ſped,
Gad we have bought a ſhare in the ſpeaking head.
So there you 'll ſave a ſice,
You love good huſbandry in all but vice.

The head riſes upon a twiſted poſt, on a bench from under the ſtage. After Jevern *ſpeaks to its mouth.*

O!—O!—O!

Stentor. O!—O!—O!

[*After this it ſings* Sawny, *laughs, cries God bleſs the king, in order.*

Stentor *anſwers,*

Speak louder Jevern, if you'd have me repeat;
Plague of this rogue, he will betray the cheat.
[*He ſpeaks to her, it anſwers indirectly.*
—Hum——There 'tis again:
Pox of your echo with a northern ſtrain.
Well—this will be but a nine days wonder too;
There 's nothing laſting but the puppet-ſhew.
What lady's heart ſo hard, but it would move,
To hear Philander and Irene's love?
Thoſe ſiſters too, the ſcandalous wits do ſay,
Two nameleſs keeping beaux have made ſo gay;
But thoſe amours are perfect ſympathy,
Their gallants being as mere machines as they.
O! how the city wife, with her own ninny,
Is charm'd with, Come into my coach, Miſs Jenny!
But overturning——Fribble cries——Adzigs,
The joggling rogue has murder'd all his kids.
The men of war cry, Pox on 't! this is dull;
We 're for rough ſports—dog Hector, and the bull.
Thus each, in his degree, diverſion finds,
Your ſports are ſuited to your mighty minds;
Whilſt ſo much judgment in your choice you ſhew,
The puppets have more ſenſe than ſome of you.

§ 13. *Prologue to The Miſtakes, a Play written by Joſeph Harris, comedian*; 1690. DRYDEN.

Enter Mr. Bright.

GENTLEMEN, we muſt beg your pardon; here 's no prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on without a frontiſpiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet ſnivelling and ſobbing behind the ſcenes, and curſing ſomebody that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. Bowen.

Hold your prating to the audience; here is honeſt Mr. Williams juſt come in, half mellow, from the Roſe-Tavern. He ſwears he is inſpired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or ſomething like one. O here he comes to his trial, at all adventures: for my part I wiſh him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt* Mr. Bright *and* Mr. Bowen.

Enter Mr. Williams.

Save ye, Sirs, ſave ye! I'm in a hopeful way,
I ſhould ſpeak ſomething, in rhyme, now, for the play:
But the deuce take me if I know what to ſay.
I'll ſtick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the laſt drop of claret in my belly.
So far I 'm ſure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting: [are wanting.
And, if my verſes feet ſtumble—you ſee my own
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which tho' much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that 's as long as Cork *.
But for this play—(which 'till I have done, we ſhew not)
What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know not.
This I dare ſwear, no malice here is writ:
'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.
He 's no high-flyer—he makes no ſky-rockets,
His ſquibs are only levell'd at your pockets.
And if his crackers 'light among your pelf,
Ye are blown up; if not, then he 's blown up himſelf.
By this time I 'm ſomething recover'd of my fluſter'd madneſs:
And now, a word or two, in ſober ſadneſs,
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—juſt half a crown.
You 'll ſay, I play the pimp on my friend's ſcore;
But ſince 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er:
For many a mother has done that before.
How 's this? you cry: an actor write!—we know
But Shakſpeare was an actor and a poet.
Has not great Jonſon's learning often fail'd,
While Shakſpeare's greater genius ſtill prevail'd?
Have not ſome writing actors, in this age,
Deſerv'd and found ſucceſs upon the ſtage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inſpir'd.

* The ſiege of the city of Cork.

Let

Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt, is all our bus'ness here;
So much for that—and the devil take small beer.

§ 14. *Epilogue to King Arthur, an Opera*; 1691. *Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, in the Character of Emeline.* DRYDEN.

I've had to-day a dozen billet-doux,
From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow-street beaux:
Some from Whitehall, but from the Temple more,
A Covent Garden porter brought me four.
I have not yet read all; but, without feigning,
We maids can make shrewd guesses at your meaning.
What if, to shew your styles, I read them here?
Methinks I hear one cry, "O Lord, forbear!
"No, Madam, no; by Heaven that's too severe."
Well then, be safe——
But swear henceforward to renounce all writing,
And take this solemn oath of my inditing,
"As you love ease, and hate campaigns and fighting."
Yet, 'faith, 'tis just to make some few examples:
What if I shew'd you one or two for samples?
Here's one desires my ladyship to meet
[*Pulls out one.*
At the kind couch above, in Bridges street.
O sharping knave! that would have you know
For a poor sneaking treat of chocolate. [what,
Now, in the name of luck, I'll break this open,
[*Pulls out another.*
Because I dreamt last night I had a token;
The superscription is exceeding pretty,
"To the desire of all the town and city."
Now, gallants, you must know, this precious fop
Is foreman of a haberdasher's shop;
One who devoutly cheats, demure in carriage,
And courts me to the holy bands of marriage:
But with a civil inuendo too,
My overplus of love shall be for you.
[*Reads.*
"Madam, I swear, your looks are so divine,
"When I set up your face shall be my sign.
"Tho' times are hard, to shew how I adore you,
"Here's my whole heart, and half a guinea for you.
"But have a care of beaux; they're false, my "honey;
"And, which is worse, have not one rag of "money."
See how maliciously the rogue would wrong
But I know better things of some among ye. [ye:
My wisest way will be to keep the stage,
And trust to the good-nature of the age;
And he that likes the music and the play,
Shall be my favourite gallant to-day.

§ 15. *Prologue to the Old Bachelor*; 1693. CONGREVE.

How this vile world is chang'd! In former days
Prologues were serious speeches before plays;
Grave, solemn things (as graces are to feasts),
Where poets begg'd a blessing from their guests.
But now no more like suppliants we come!
A play makes war, and prologue is the drum.
Arm'd with keen satire, and with pointed wit,
We threaten you, who do for judges sit,
To save our plays; or else we'll damn your pit.
But, for your comfort, it falls out to-day,
We've a young author, and his first-born play:
So, standing only on his good behaviour,
He's very civil, and entreats your favour.
Not but the man has malice, would he shew it:
But, on my conscience, he's a bashful poet;
You think that strange—no matter; he'll outgrow it,
Well, I'm his advocate—by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I shall speak to please you)
He prays—O bless me! what shall I do now?
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!
And 'twas the prettiest prologue as he wrote it:
Well, the deuce take me if I han't forgot it.
O Lord! for Heaven's sake excuse the play,
Because, you know, if it be damn'd to-day,
I shall be hang'd for wanting what to say.
For my sake then—but I'm in such confusion,
I cannot stay to hear your resolution.
[*Runs off.*

§ 16. *Prologue, spoken by Lord Buckhurst, at Westminster School, at a representation of Mr. Dryden's* CLEOMENES, *the Spartan Hero, at Christmas*, 1695. PRIOR.

Pish! Lord, I wish this prologue was but Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak:
But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?
No, witness all ye gods of antient Greece,
Rather than condescend to terms like these,
I'd go to School six hours on Christmas-day,
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Who tremble when they see a critic frown;
Poor rogues, that smart like fencers for their bread,
And if they are not wounded are not fed.
But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to see our friends:
Our gen'rous scenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts we left our midnight bed,
Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read:
Not that from this confession we would sue
Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you:
Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
We neither censure fear, nor beg applause,
For those are Westminster and Sparta's laws.
Yet if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
To young desert and growing virtue kind,

That

That critic by ten thousand marks should know,
That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

§ 17. *Prologue to the Royal Mischief*; 1696.
PRIOR.

LADIES, to you with pleasure we submit
This early offspring of a virgin-wit.
From your good-nature nought our authoress fears:
Sure you 'll indulge, if not the muse, her years;
Freely the praise she may deserve, bestow;
Pardon, not censure, what you can 't allow;
Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.
Let critics follow rules; she boldly writes
What Nature dictates, and what Love indites.
By no dull forms her queen and ladies move,
But court their heroes, and agnize their love.
Poor maid! she'd have (what e'en no wife would crave)
A husband love his spouse beyond the grave:
And, from a second marriage to deter,
Shews you what horrid things step-mothers are.
Howe'er to constancy the prize she gives,
And tho' the sister dies the brother lives.
Blest with success, at last he mounts a throne,
Enjoys at once his mistress and a crown.
Learn, ladies, then, from Lidaraxa's fate,
What great rewards on virtuous lovers wait.
Learn too, if Heaven and fate should adverse prove,
(For fate and heaven don't always smile on love)
Learn with Zelinda to be still the same,
Nor quit your first for any second flame:
Whatever fate, or death, or life, be given,
Dare to be true, submit the rest to Heaven.

§ 18. *Prologue to Love and a Bottle*; 1699.
FARQUHAR.

[*Servant attending with a bottle of wine.*

AS stubborn atheists, who disdain to pray,
Repent, tho' late, upon their dying day;
So in their pangs most authors, rack'd with fears,
Implore your mercy in our suppliant pray'rs.
But our new author has no cause maintain'd,
Let him not lose what he has never gain'd:
Love and a Bottle are his peaceful arms;
Ladies and gallants, have not those some charms?
For love, all mankind to the fair must sue:
And, Sirs, the bottle he presents to you.
Health to the play I toast [*Drinks*]—e'en let it pass,
Sure none sit here that will refuse their glass!
O there 's a damning soldier—let me think—
He looks as he were sworn—to what? To drink.
[*Drinks.*
Come on then; foot to foot be boldly set,
And our young author's new commission wet.
He and his bottle here attend their doom,
From you the poet's Helicon must come;
If he has any foes, to make amends, [friends;
He gives his service [*Drinks*]—Sure you now are
No critic here will he provoke to fight;
The day be theirs, he only begs his night.
Pray pledge him now, secur'd from all abuse;
Then name the health you love, let none refuse.

§ 19. *Prologue to the Constant Couple*; 1700.
FARQUHAR.

POETS will think nothing so checks their fury,
As wits, cits, beaux, and women for their jury.
Our spark's half dead to think what medley's come,
With blended judgments, to pronounce his doom.
'Tis all false fear; for in a mingled pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His neighbour i' th' great wig may take for wit.
Some authors court the few, the wise if any;
Our youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like ends to church and play,
Not to observe what priests or poets say—
No, no! your thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.
The ladies safe may smile, for here 's no slander,
No smut, no lewd-tongued beau, no *double entendre*.
'Tis true, he has a spark just come from France,
But then, so far from beau—why he talks sense,
Like coin, oft carried out, but—seldom brought from thence.
There's yet a gang to whom our spark submits,
Your elbow-shaking fool, that lives by 's wits,
That 's only witty tho', just as he lives, by fits:
Who, lion-like, through bailiff's scours away,
Hunts, in the face of dinner, all the day,
At night with empty bowels grumbles o'er the play.
And now the modish 'prentice he implores,
Who, with his master's cash, stol'n out of doors,
Employs it on a brace of—honourable whores:
While their good bulky mother pleas'd sits by,
Bawd-regent of the bubble gallery.
Next to our mounted friends we humbly move,
Who all your side-box tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us with your love.
Ah, friends! poor Dorset Garden-house is gone;
Our merry meetings there are all undone:
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange misdeeds,
That strong dog Sampson's pull'd it o'er our heads,
Snaps rope like thread; but when his fortune 's told him,
He'll hear perhaps of rope will one day hold him:
At least, I hope that our good-natur'd town
Will find a way to pull his prices down.
Well, that's all! Now, gentlemen, for the play:
On second thoughts, I 've but two words to say;
Such as it is, for your delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find.

§ 20. *Prologue to the Inconstant*; 1702.
FARQUHAR.

LIKE hungry guests a sitting audience looks:
Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks.
The founders you: the table is the place:
The carvers we, the prologue is the grace:

Each

Each act a course; each scene a diff'rent dish:
Tho' we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh.
Satire 's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and rough;
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper proof,
Wit is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true,
Poets, 'like vintners, balderdash and brew.
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,
Are butcher's meat, a battle 's a sirloin:
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft, and chaste,
Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.
Bawdy's fat venison, which, tho' stale, can please:
Your rakes love *haut-gouts*, like your damn'd French cheese.
Your rarity, for the fair guest to gape on,
Is your nice squeaker, or Italian capon;
Or your French virgin-pollet, garnish'd round.
And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred pound.
An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age;
Farce is the hasty-pudding of the stage:
For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,
You can dispence with slender stage-coach fare.
A pastoral's whipt-cream; stage whims, mere trash;
And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh.
But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer;
This night, we hope, you'll an Inconstant bear:
Wild-fowl is lik'd in play-house all the year.
Yet since each mind betrays a diff'rant taste,
And ev'ry dish scarce pleases ev'ry guest,
If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.
This favour crav'd, up let the music strike:
You're welcome all—now fall to where you like.

§ 21. *Prologue on the proposed Union of the Two Houses*; 1703. FARQUHAR.

Now all the world 's ta'en up with state affairs,
Some wishing peace, some calling out for wars,
'Tis likewise fit we should inform the age,
What are the present politics o' th' stage:
Two diff'rent states, ambitious both, and bold,
All free-born souls, the New House and the Old,
Have long contended, and made stout essays,
Which should be monarch absolute in plays.
Long has the battle held with bloody strife,
Where many ranting heroes lost their life;
Yet such their enmity, that e'en the slain
Do conquer death, rise up, and fight again.
Whilst from the gallery, box, the pit, and all,
The audience look'd, and shook its awful head,
Wond'ring to see so many thousands fall,
And then look'd pale to see us look so red.
For force of numbers, and poetic spell,
We 've rais'd the ancient heroes too from hell,
To lead our troops; and on this bloody field
You've seen great Cæsar fight, great Pompey yield.
Vast sums of treasure too we did advance,
To draw some mercenary troops from France;
Light-footed rogues, who, when they got their pay,
Took to their heels—*Allons*—and ran away.
Here you have seen great Philip's conqu'ring son,
Who in twelve years did the whole world o'er-run;
Here has he fought, and found a harder job,
To beat one play-house, than subdue the globe;
All this from emulation for the bays,
You lik'd the contest, and bestow'd your praise.
But now (as busy heads love something new)
They would propose an Union—*O mort dieu!*
If it be so, let Cæsar hide his head,
And fight no more for glory, but for bread.
Let Alexander mourn, as once before,
Because no worlds are left to conquer more.
But if we may judge small from greater things,
The present times may shew what union brings,
You feel the danger of united kings.
If we grow one, then slav'ry must ensue,
To poets, players, and, my friends, to you.
For, to one house confin'd, you then must praise
Both curs'd actors, and confounded plays.
Then leave us as we are, and next advance
Bravely to break the tie 'twixt Spain and France.

§ 22. *Prologue to Love's Contrivance*; 1703. CENTLIVRE.

Poets like mushrooms rise and fall of late,
Or as th' uncertain favourites of state;
Invention 's rack'd to please both eye and ear,
But no scene takes without the moving play'r:
Daily we see plays, pamphlets, libels, rhymes,
Become the falling-sickness of the times;
So fev'rish is the humour of the town,
It surfeits of a play ere three days run.
At Locket's, Browne's, and at Pontack's inquire
What modish kick-shaws the nice beaux desire,
What fam'd ragouts, what new-invented sallad,
Has best pretensions to regale the palate.
If we present you with a medley here,
A hodge-podge dish serv'd up in china ware,
We hope 'twill please, 'cause like your bills of fare.
To please you all we should attempt in vain;
In diff'rent persons diff'rent humours reign.
The soldier 's for the rattling scenes of war,
The peaceful beau hates shedding blood so near.
Courtiers in comedy place their chief delight,
'Cause love 's the proper business of the night.
The clown for past'ral his half-crown bestows,
But t'other house by sad experience knows
This polish'd town produces few of those.
The merchant is for traffic ev'ry where,
And values not the best, but cheapest ware.
Since various humours are pleas'd various ways,
A critic 's but a fool to judge of plays.
Fool, did I say? 'Tis difficult to know
Who 'tis that 's so indeed, or is not so:
If that be then a point so hard to gain,
Wit 's sure a most profound unfathom'd main.
He that sits judge, the trident ought to sway,
To know who 's greatest fool or wit to-day,
The audience, or the author of the play.

§ 23. *Epilogue to the Beau's Duel*; 1703. CENTLIVRE.

You see, gallants, 't has been our poets's care,
To shew what beaux in their perfection are;
By nature cowards, foolish; useless tools,
Made men by taylors, and by women, fools:
A fickle,

A fickle, falſe, a ſinging, dancing crew,
Nay, now we hear they 've ſmiling-maſters too;
Juſt now a Frenchman, in the dreſſing-room,
From teaching of a beau to ſmile was come.
He ſhew'd five guineas—Was n't he rarely paid?
Thus all the world by ſmiles are once betray'd.
The ſtateſman ſmiles on them he would undo,
The courtier's ſmiles are very ſeldom true,
The lover's ſmiles too many do believe,
And women ſmile on them they would deceive.
When tradeſmen ſmile, they ſafely cheat with ease;
And ſmiling lawyers never fail of fees.
The doctor's look the patient's pains beguiles,
The ſick man lives if the phyſician ſmiles:
Thus ſmiles with intereſt hand in hand do go,
He ſureſt ſtrikes, that ſmiling gives the blow.
Poets, with us, this proverb do defy,
We live by ſmiles, for if you frown we die.
To pleaſe you, then, ſhall be our chief endeavour.
And all we aſk is but your ſmiles for ever.
[*Going.*
Hold—I forgot—the author bid me ſay,
She humbly begs protection for her play:
'Tis yours—ſhe dedicates it to you all,
And you 're too gen'rous, ſure, to let it fall;
She hopes the ladies will her cauſe maintain,
Since virtue here has been her only aim.
The beaux, ſhe thinks, won't fail to do her right,
Since here they're taught with ſafety how to fight.
She 's ſure of favour from the men of war,
A ſoldier is her darling character:
To fear their murmurs then would be abſurd,
They only mutiny when not preferr'd.
But yet, I ſee, ſhe does your fury dread,
And, like a priſ'ner, ſtands with fear half dead,
While you, her judges, do her ſentence give;
If you 're not pleas'd, ſhe ſays, ſhe cannot live.
Let my petition then for once prevail;
And let your gen'rous hands her pardon ſeal.

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§ 24. *Prologue to Love makes a Man*; 1704.
CIBBER.

SINCE plays are but a kind of public feaſts,
Where tickets only make the welcome gueſts:
Methinks, inſtead of grace, we ſhould prepare
Your taſtes in prologue, with your bill of fare.
When you foreknow each courſe, tho' this may teaſe you,
'Tis five to one but one o' th' five may pleaſe you.
Firſt, for the critics, we've your darling cheer,
Faults without number, more than ſenſe can bear;
You 're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.
From your diſpleaſure I dare vouch we're ſafe;
You never frown but where your neighbours laugh.
Now, you that never know what ſpleen or hate is,
Who for an act or two are welcome gratis,
That tip the wink, and ſo ſneak out with *nunquam ſatis*;
For your ſmart taſtes we 've toſs'd you up a fop,
We hope the neweſt that 's of late come up;
The fool, beau, wit, and rake ſo mix'd he carries,
He ſeems a ragout piping hot from Paris.
But for the ſofter ſex, whom moſt we 'd move,
We've what the fair and chaſte were form'd for—love:
An artleſs paſſion, fraught with hopes and fears,
And neareſt happy when it moſt deſpairs.
For maſks, we 've ſcandal; and for beaux, French airs.
To pleaſe all taſtes, we 'll do the beſt we can;
For the galleries, we've Dicky and Will Pinkethman.
Now, Sirs, you're welcome, and you know your fare;
But pray, in charity, the founder ſpare,
Leſt you deſtroy at once the poet and the play'r.

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§ 25. *Prologue to the Twin Rivals*; 1706.
FARQUHAR.
[*An alarm ſounded.*

WITH drums and trumpets, in this warring age,
A martial prologue ſhould alarm the ſtage.
New plays—ere acted, a full audience here,
Seem towns infeſted, when a ſiege they fear.
Prologues are like a forlorn hope, ſent out
Before the play, to ſkirmiſh and to ſcout:
Our dreadful foes, the critics, when they ſpy,
They cock, they charge, they fire—then back they fly.
The ſiege is laid—there gallant chiefs abound,
Here—foes intrench'd, there—glitt'ring troops around,
And the loud batt'ries roar—from yonder riſing ground.
In the firſt act, briſk ſallies (miſs or hit),
With vollies of ſmall ſhot, or ſnip-ſnap wit,
Attack, and gall the trenches of the pit.
The next—the fire continues, but at length
Grows leſs, and ſlackens like a bridegroom's ſtrength.
The third---feints, mines, and countermines abound;
Your critic engineers, ſafe under ground,
Blow up our works, and all our art confound.
The fourth—brings on moſt action, and 'tis ſharp,
Freſh foes crowd on, at your remiſſneſs carp,
And deſp'rate, though unſkill'd, inſult our counterſcarp.
Then comes the laſt; the gen'ral ſtorm is near,
The poet-governor now quakes for fear;
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And would give all he's plunder'd—to get off.
So—Don, and Monſieur—Bluff, before the ſiege,
Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege:
'Twas *Viva Spagnia! Viva France!* before;
Now, *Quartier, Monſieur! Quartier! Ah, Senor!*
But what your reſolution can withſtand?
You maſter all, and awe the ſea and land.
In war—your valour makes the ſtrong ſubmit;
Your judgment humbles all attempts in wit.
What play, what ſort, what beauty can endure
All fierce aſſaults, and always be ſecure?

Then

Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to write,
Since now—that seems as desp'rate as to fight.
If we must yield—yet, ere the day be fix'd,
Let us hold out the third, and, if we may, the sixth.

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§ 26. *Prologue to the Basset-Table*; 1706. *Spoken by Mr. Pinkethman.* CENTLIVRE.

IN all the faces that to plays resort,
Whether of country, city, mob, or court,
I've always found, that none such hopes inspire,
As you—dear brethren of the upper tier.
Poets in prologues may both preach and rail,
Yet all their wisdom nothing will avail;
Who writes not up to you, 'tis ten to one will fail.
Your thund'ring plaudit 'tis that deals out fame;
You make plays run, though of themselves but lame.
How often have we known your noise commanding,
Impose on your inferior masters understanding!
Therefore, dear brethren, since I'm one of you,
Whether adorn'd in grey, green, brown, or blue,
This day stand all by me, as I will fall by you.
And now let—
The poor pit see how Pinky's voice commands.
Silence—Now rattle all your sticks, and clap your grimy hands.
I greet your love—and let the vainest author show
Half this command on cleaner hands below:
Nay, more to prove your interest, let this play live by you.
So may you share good claret with your masters,
Still free in your amours from their disasters;
Free from poor house-keeping, where peck is under locks;
Free from cold kitchens, and no Christmas-box;
So may no long debates i' th' House of Commons [mons;
Make you i' th' lobby starve, when hunger sum-
But may your plenteous vails come flowing in,
Give you a lucky hit, and make you gentlemen:
And, thus preferr'd, ne'er fear the world's reproaches,
But shake your elbows with my lord, and keep your coaches.

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§ 27. *Prologue to the Busy Body*; 1708. CENTLIVRE.

THOUGH modern prophets were expos'd of late,
The author could not prophesy his fate:
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,
The poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas! are melancholy days,
For modern prophets, and for modern plays.
Yet since prophetic lies please fools of fashion,
And women are so fond of agitation;
To men of sense I'll prophesy anew,
And tell you wondrous things that will prove true.
Undaunted colonels will to camps repair,
Assur'd there 'll be no skirmishes this year;
On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife, shall cease.
The Grand Monarque may wish his son a throne,
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This season most things bear a smiling face;
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.
Court ladies will to country seats be gone,
My lord can't all the year live great in town;
Where wanting operas, basset, and a play,
They'll sigh, and stitch a gown to pass the time away.
Gay city wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose husbands long have wished for an heir;
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,
But by the waters only they conceive.
The Fleet-street sempstress—toast of Temple sparks,
That runs spruce neckcloths for attorneys clerks,
At Cupid's gardens will her hours regale,
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale.
At all assemblies rakes are up and down,
And gamesters, when they think they are not known.
Should I denounce our author's fate, to-day,
To cry down prophecies, you'd damn the lay!
Yet whims like these have sometimes made you laugh,
'Tis tattling all like Isaac Bickerstaff.
Since war and places claim the bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat, to-night;
Ler your indulgence all her fears allay,
And none but women-haters damn this play.

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§ 28. *Prologue to The Man's bewitch'd*; 1710. CENTLIVRE.

OUR female author trembling stands within,
Her fear arises from another's sin;
One of her sex has so abus'd the town,
That on her score she dreads your angry frown;
Though I dare say, poor soul, she never writ
Lampoon, or satire, on the box or pit;
A harmless hum'rous play is her extent of wit.
Tho' Bickerstaff's vast genius may engage,
And lash the vice and follies of the age;
Why should the tender Delia tax the nation?
Stickle and make a noise for reformation,
Who always gave a loose herself to inclination!
Scandal and satire's thrown aside to-day,
And humour the sole business of our play.
Beaux may dress on, to catch the ladies' hearts,
And good assurance pass for mighty parts:
The cits may bring their spouses without fear;
We shew no wife that's poaching for an heir,
Nor teach the use of fine gauze handkerchief.
Cowards may huff, and talk of mighty wonders,
And jilts set up—for twenty thousand pounders.

Our author, even though she knows full well,
Is so good-natur'd, she forbears to tell,
What colonels, lately, have found out the knack,
To muster madam, still, by Ned or Jack,
To keep their pleasures up, a frugal way, [pay,
They give her—subaltern's subsistence for her
In short, whate'er your darling vices are,
They pass untouch'd in this night's bill of fare.
But if all this can't your good-nature wake,
Tho' here and there a scene should fail to take,
Yet spare her for the Busy Body's sake.

§ 29. *Epilogue to the same. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield*; 1710. CENTLIVRE.

[*A Porter delivers a Letter, just as she is going to speak.*

WHAT's this? a billet-doux! from hands unknown?
'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the town:
But since the poor man's so agog,
I'll read it out, by way of epilogue.
[*Reads.*

Madam,
Permit a wretch to let you know,
That he's no more *in statu quo*;
My ruin from this night commences,
Unless your smiles refund my senses;
For, with one thrust of Cupid's dart,
You've whipp'd your slave quite thro' the heart:
Therefore, I beg you, cast your eye
O'er boxes, pit, and gallery;
In pity of my pains and doubt,
And try if you can't find me out.

Poor soul! he seems indeed in dismal plight;
Let's see! it can't be, sure! from th' upper flight,
No, no—that's plain—for—none of them can write:
Nor can I think it from the middle fell,
For I'm afraid as few of them can spell;
Beside, their haggling passions never gain
Beyond the passage-walking nymphs of Drury-Lane:
And then the pit's more stock'd with rakes and rovers,
Than any of these senseless, whining lovers.
The backs o' th' boxes too seem mostly lin'd
With souls who sepassion's to themselves confin'd.
In short, I can't perceive, 'mongst all your sparks,
The wretch distinguish'd by these bloody marks:
But since the town has heard your kind commands, sir,
The town shall e'en be witness of my answer.
First then, beware you prove no spark in red,
With empty purse and regimental head;
That thinks no woman can refuse t' engage in't,
While love's advanc'd with offer'd bills on agent;
That swears he'll settle from his joys commencing,
And make the babe, the day he's born, an ensign.
Nor could I bear a titled beau, that steals
From fasting spouse her matrimonial meals;
That modish sends next morn to her apartment
A civil how d'ye—far, alas! from th' heart meant:
Then powder'd for th' ensuing day's delights,
Bows thro' his crowd of duns, and drives to White's.
Nor could I like the wretch that all night plays,
And only takes his rest on winning days:
Then sets up, from a lucky hit, his rattler;
Then's trac'd from his orig'nal—in the Tatler.
To tell you all that are my fix'd aversion,
Would tire the tongue of malice or aspersion.
But if I find 'mongst all one gen'rous heart,
That deaf to stories takes the stage's part;
That thinks that purse deserves to keep the plays,
Whose fortune's bound for the support of operas;
That thinks our constitution here is justly fix'd:
And now no more with lawyers' brawls perplex'd;
He, I declare, shall my whole heart receive;
And (what's more strange) I'll love him while I live.

§ 30. *Prologue to Cato*; 1713. POPE.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes,
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's rev'rend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend; be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued;
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:

Such

Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

§ 31. *Prologue to Lady Jane Gray*; 1715. Rowe

To-night the noblest subject swells our scene,
A heroine, a martyr, and a queen;
And though the poet dares not boast his art,
The very theme shall something great impart,
To warm the gen'rous soul, and touch the tender heart.
To you, fair judges, we the cause submit;
Your eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ.
If your soft pity waits upon our woe,
If silent tears for suff'ring virtue flow;
Your grief the muses' labour shall confess,
The lively passions, and the just distress.
O! could our author's pencil justly paint,
Such as she was in life; the beauteous saint;
Boldly your strict attention might we claim,
And bid you mark and copy out the dame.
No wand'ring glance one wanton thought confess'd,
No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast:
The only love that warm'd her blooming youth,
Was husband, England, liberty, and truth.
For these she fell; while, with too weak a hand,
She strove to save a blind ungrateful land.
But thus the secret laws of fate ordain,
William's great hand was doom'd to break that chain,
And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannic reign.
For ever as the circling years return,
Ye grateful Britons! crown the hero's urn;
To his just care you ev'ry blessing owe,
Which or his own, or following reigns bestow:
Though his hard fate a father's name denied,
To you a father, he that loss supplied.
Then while you view the royal line's increase,
And count the pledges of your future peace,
From this great stock while still new glories
Conquest abroad, and liberty at home; [come,
While you behold the beautiful and brave,
Bright princesses to grace you, kings to save,
Enjoy the gift, but bless the hand that gave.

§ 32. *Epilogue to the Cruel Gift. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield*; 1717. Rowe.

Well, 'twas a narrow 'scape my lover made—
That cup and message—I was sore afraid!
Was that a present for a new-made widow,
All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something good,
There was—O gad! a nasty heart and blood*,
If the old man had shew'd himself a father,
His bowl should have inclos'd a cordial rather;
Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,
L'eau de Barbade—or comfortable *Nantz* †.
He thought he paid it off with being smart,
And, to be witty, cried, he'd send the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover,
Were I our sex's secrets to discover,
'Tis what we never look for in a lover.
Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a bride,
So he make good the jewels and the jointure,
To miss the heart does seldom disappoint her.
'Faith, for the fashion hearts of late are made in,
They are the vilest baubles we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
With hearts of oak, so much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to mother-church and state;
When their false hearts were secretly maintaining
Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting crew of soul-insurers,
That Tyburn-tribe of speech-making nonjurors;
Who, innew-fangled terms old truth sexplaining,
Teach honest Englishmen damn'd double-meaning.
O, would you lost integrity restore,
And boast that faith your plain forefathers bore;
What surer pattern can you hope to find; [hind?
Than that dear pledge ‡ your monarch left behind.
See how his looks his honest heart explain,
And speak the blessings of his future reign!
In his each feature truth and candour trace,
And read plain dealing written in his face.

§ 33. *Epilogue to the Pseudolus of Plautus. Acted by the Scholars of Bury School, November 6*, 1734.

I have been peeping for these many days
I' th' tail of all the Greek and Latin plays,
And, after strictest search, to none can find
An epilogue, like dishclout, pinn'd behind.
Those ancient bards knew when the play was done,
Nor, like Sir Martin Mar-all, still play'd on;
They imitated nature in their plan,
Nor made a monkey when they meant a man.
From modern fancy then this custom rose,
Like whimsical toupees among the beaux:
Monstrous excrescences! both which disgrace
(By being fix'd in an improper place)
Heaven's great production, man; man's great production, plays.
Yet must we, though as foolish we decry
This mode, be fools in fashion, and comply;
For rights, we know, howe'er absurdly gain'd
At first, with obstinacy are maintain'd:
Since then this privilege you will not lose,
Let's hear what sort of epilogue you'll choose.
Are you for satire? No; why there you're right:
The wisest can't foresee where that may light.
Are ye for politics? There we cry No,
Where that may light—you easily may know.
Another topic then, pray, ladies, hear;
Suppose a panegyric on the fair.

* This tragedy was founded upon the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, out of Boccace's novels; wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter, as a present.

† i. e. Citron-water and good brandy.

‡ The Prince of Wales, then present.

So, I perceive, I've touch'd the tickliſh place;
And clearly read conſent in ev'ry face.
O fie! conſent ſo ſoon? that can't be right;
I hate ſuch coming ladies—ſo good night.

§ 34. *Epilogue to the Lying Valet*; 1740. GARRICK.

THAT I'm a lying rogue you all agree,
And yet, look round the world, and you ſhall ſee,
That many more, my betters, *lie* as faſt as me.
Againſt this vice we all are ever railing,
And yet, ſo tempting is it, ſo prevailing,
You'll find but few without this uſeful failing.
Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
The *lie* goes round, and the ball's never ſtill.
My lies were harmleſs, told to ſhew my parts,
And not like thoſe, when tongues belie their hearts.
In all profeſſions you will find this flaw;
And in the graveſt too, in phyſic and in law.
The gouty ſerjeant cries, with formal pauſe,
"Your plea is good, my friend, don't ſtarve the cauſe:"
But when my lord decrees for t' other ſide,
Your coſts of ſuit convince you—that he lied.
A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,
Firſt feels your pulſe, then thinks, and knows your caſe;
"Your fever's ſlight, not dangerous, I aſſure you;
"Keep warm, and *repetatur hauſtus*, Sir, will cure you."
Around the bed, next day, his friends are crying;
The patient dies; the doctor's paid for lying.
The poet, willing to ſecure the pit,
Gives out, his play has humour, taſte, and wit:
The cauſe comes on, and, while the judges try,
Each groan and cat-call gives the bard the lie.
Now let us aſk, pray, what the ladies do:
They too will fib a little, *entre nous*. [fan)
"Lord!" ſays the prude (her face behind her
"How can our ſex have any joy in man? [me;
"As for my part, the beſt could ne'er deceive
"And were the race extinct, 'twould never grieve me!
"Their ſight is odious, but their touch, O gad!
"The thought of that's enough to drive one mad."
Thus rails at man the ſqueamiſh Lady Dainty,
Yet weds at fifty-five a rake of twenty.
In ſhort, a beau's intrigues, a lover's ſighs,
The courtier's promiſe, the rich widow's cries,
And patriot's zeal, are ſeldom more than lies.
Sometimes you'll ſee a man belie his nation,
Nor to his country ſhew the leaſt relation.
For inſtance, now——
A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave,
A ſober German, or a Spaniard brave,
An Engliſhman, a coward or a ſlave.
Mine, though a fibbing, was an honeſt art;
I ſerv'd my maſter, play'd a faithful part:
Rank me not, therefore, 'mongſt the lying crew,
For, though my tongue was falſe, my heart was true.

§ 35. *Epilogue to Ignoramus, acted at Weſtminſter School in December* 1747. *Spoken by Ignoramus and Muſæus.*

Ign. PEACE, bookworm! bleſs me what a clerk have I!
A ſtrange place ſure——this univerſity!
What's learning, virtue, modeſty, or ſenſe?
Fine words to hear—but will they turn the pence?
Theſe ſtiff pedantic notions—far outweighs
That one ſhort, comprehenſive thing—a face.
Go, match it if you can with all your rules
Of Greek or Roman, old or modern ſchools:
The total this of Ignoramus' ſkill, [will.
To carve his fortune—place him where you
For not in law alone could I appear;
My parts would ſhine alike in any ſphere.
You've heard my ſong in Roſabella's praiſe:
And would I try the loftier ode to raiſe,
You'd ſee me ſoon—a rival for the bays.
Or, I could turn a journaliſt, and write
With little wit, but large recruits of ſpite:
Abuſe and blacken—juſt as party ſways——
And laſh my betters——theſe are thriving ways.
My mind to graver phyſic would I bend,
Think you I'd ſtudy Greek, like Mead or Friend?
No—with ſome *noſtrum* I'd enſure my fees,
Without the help of learning or degrees:
On drop or pill ſecurely I'd rely,
And ſhake my head at the whole faculty.
Or would I take to orders——
Muſ. Orders; how? [know:
Ign. One not too ſcrupulous a way might
'Twere but the forging of a hand—or ſo.
In orders too my purpoſes I'd ſerve;
And if I could not riſe, I would not ſtarve.
With lungs and face I'd make my butchers ſtare,
Or publiſh—that I'd marry at May-fair.
Theſe, theſe are maxims, that will ſtand the teſt:
But univerſities——are all a jeſt.
Muſ. I grant, a prodigy we ſometimes view,
Whom neither of our ſeats of learning knew.
Yet ſure none ſhine more eminently great,
In law or phyſic, in the church or ſtate,
Than thoſe who early drank the love of fame
At Cam's fair bank, or Iſis' ſilver ſtream.
Look round—here's proof enough this point to clear.
Ign. Bleſs me!—what!—not one Ignoramus here?
I ſtand convicted——what can I ſay more?
See—my face fails, which never fail'd before.
How great foe'er I ſeem in Dulman's eye,
Yet Ignorance muſt bluſh—when Learning's by.

§ 36. *Epilogue to Agamemnon.* THOMSON.

OUR Bard, to modern epilogue a foe,
Thinks ſuch mean mirth but deadens gen'rous woe;
Diſpels in idle air the moral ſigh,
And wipes the tender tear from pity's eye:
No more with ſocial warmth the boſom burns;
But all th' unfeeling, ſelfiſh man returns.
Thus he began:—And you approv'd the ſtrain,
Till the next couplet ſunk to light and vain.

You

You check'd him there—to you, to reason just,
He owns he triumph'd in your kind disgust.
Charm'd by your frown, by your displeasure
He hails the rising virtue of your taste. [grac'd,
Wide will its influence spread, as soon as known;
Truth, to be lov'd, need only to be shown.
Confirm it, once, the fashion to be good
(Since fashion leads the fool, and awes the rude)
No petulance shall wound the public ear;
No hand applaud what honour shuns to hear:
No painful blush the modest cheek shall stain;
The worthy breast shall heave with no disdain.
Chastis'd to decency, the British stage
Shall oft invite the fair, invite the sage: [part;
Both shall attend well-pleas'd, well-pleas'd de-
Or, if they doom the verse, absolve the heart.

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§ 37. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick at the opening of the Theatre in Drury-Lane, in the Year* 1747. JOHNSON.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule:
His studious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach assay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame;
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days:
Their cause was gen'ral, their support was strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid. [fin'd,

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as re-
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd:
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd, whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled.
But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:
Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste:
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chace the new-blown bubble of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense; [show,
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Stage.

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§ 38. *Epilogue to Shakspeare's First Part of King Henry IV. Spoken by Mr. J. Y. in the Character of Falstaff*, 1748. *Acted by young Gentlemen at Mr. Newcome's School at Hackney.* HOADLEY.

[*Push'd in upon the stage by Prince Henry.*

A PLAGUE upon all cowards, still, I say—
Old Jack must bear the heat of all the day,
And be the master-fool, beyond the play—
Amidst hot-blooded Hotspur's rebel strife,
By miracle of wit I sav'd my life;
And now stand foolishly expos'd again
To th' hissing bullets of the critic's brain.

Go to, old lad, 'tis time that thou wert wiser—
Thou art not fram'd for an epiloguizer.
There's Hal, now, or his nimble shadow, Poins,
Straight in the back, and lissome in the loins,
Who wears his boot smooth as his mistress' skin,
And shining as the glass she dresses in;
Can bow and cringe, fawn flatter, cog, and lie—
Which honest Jack could never do—not I.
Hal's heir-apparent face might stand it buff,
And make (ha! ha! ha!) a saucy epilogue enough;
But I am old, and still—nay, bashful grown,
For Shakspeare's humour is not now my own.
I feel myself a counterfeiting ass;
And if for sterling wit I give you brass,
It is his royal image makes it pass.
Fancy now works; and here I stand and strew
In mine own greasy scars, which set to view
Eleven buckram critics in each man of you.
Wights, who with no out-facings will be hamm'd,
Nor into risibility be bamm'd, [treason,
Will, tho' the shake their sides, think nature
And see one damn'd—ere laugh without a reason.

Then how shall one, not of the virtuous, speed,
Who merely has a wicked wit to plead——
Wit without measure, humour without rule,
Unfetter'd laugh, and lawless ridicule?
'Faith! try him by his peers, a jury chosen—
The kingdom will, I think, scarce raise the dozen.

So—be but kind, and countenance the cheat.
I'll in, and say to Hal—I've done the feat.

---

§ 39. *Prologue to Irene*, 1749. JOHNSON.

YE glitt'ring train! whom lace and velvet bless,
Suspend the soft solicitudes of dress;
From grov'ling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of Avarice! a moment spare:
Vot'ries of Fame, and worshippers of Pow'r!
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring Bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.
Learn here how Heaven supports the virtuous mind,
Daring, tho' calm; and vig'rous, tho' resign'd.
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,
In pow'r dependent, in success depress'd.
Learn here that peace from innocence must flow;
All else is empty sound, and idle show.
If truths like these with pleasing language join;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine:
If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools:
Intriguing wits! his artless plot forgive;
And spare him, beauties! tho' his lovers live.
Be this at least his praise, be this his pride;
To force applause no modern arts are tried.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound:
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls not thunders o'er the drowsy pit;
No snares to captivate the judgment spreads;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd tho' witlings sneer, and rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail,
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust:
Ye fops, be silent; and, ye wits, be just.

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§ 40. *Prologue to Comus, for the Benefit of Milton's Grand-daughter*; 1750. *Spoken by Mr. Garrick.* JOHNSON.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close malevolence, or public rage;
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell,
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay,
What tho' she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No fav'ring muse her morning dreams inspire,
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

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§ 41. *Occasional Prologue, spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, September* 5, 1750.

AS heroes, states, and kingdoms, rise and fall;
So (with the mighty to compare the small)
Thro' int'rest, whim, or, if you please, thro' fate,
We feel commotions in our mimic state:
The sock and buskin fly from stage to stage;
A year's alliance is with us—an age!
And where's the wonder? all surprise must cease,
When we reflect how int'rest, or caprice,
Makes real kings break articles of peace.
Strengthen'd with new allies, our foes prepare;
"Cry, havock! and let slip the dogs of war."
To shake our souls, the * papers of the day
Drew forth the adverse pow'r in dread array;
A pow'r, might strike the boldest with dismay:
Yet, fearless still, we take the field with spirit,
Arm'd *cap-à-pée* in self-sufficient merit.
Our ladies too, with souls and tongues untam'd,
Fire up like Britons when the battle's nam'd;
Each female heart pants for the glorious strife,
From Hamlet's mother † to the cobler's ‡ wife.
Some few there are, whom paltry passions guide,
Desert each day, and fly from side to side:
Others, like Swiss, love fighting as their trade;
For, beat or beating, they must all be paid.
Sacred to Shakspeare was this spot design'd,
To pierce the heart, and humanize the mind.

* In which papers was this paragraph: "We hear that Mr. Quin, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Barry, Mr. Macklin, and Mrs. Woffington, are engaged at Covent-Garden theatre for the ensuing season."—On the part of Drury-Lane theatre it was notified, "That two celebrated actors from Dublin were engaged to perform there, also Miss Bellamy, and a new actress, Signor Fauson, the comic dancer, and his wife, and a gentleman to sing, who had not been on any stage."

† Mrs. Pritchard. ‡ Mrs. Clive.

But

But if an empty house, the actor's curse,
Shews us our Lears and Hamlets lose their force;
Unwilling we must change the nobler scene,
And, in our turn, present you Harlequin;
Quit poets, and set carpenters to work,
Shew gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk:
For tho' we actors, one and all, agree
Boldly to struggle for our—vanity,
If want comes on, importance must retreat;
Our first great ruling passion, is—to eat.
To keep the field, all methods we 'll pursue;
The conflict glorious! for we 'll fight for you:
And, should we fail to gain the with'd applause,
At least we 're vanquish'd in a noble cause.

§ 42. *Occasional Prologue, spoken at Covent Garden Theatre by Mr. Barry*; 1750.

When vice or folly over-runs a state,
Weak politicians lay the blame on fate:
When rulers useful subjects cease to prize,
And damn for arts that caus'd themselves to rise;
When jealousies and fears possess the throne,
And kings allow no merit—but their own;
Can it be strange, that men for flight prepare,
And strive to raise a colony elsewhere?
This custom has prevail'd in ev'ry age,
And has been sometimes practis'd on the stage:
For—*entre nous*—these managers of merit,
Who fearless arm, and take the field with spirit,
Have curb'd us monarchs with their haughty sway,
And Herod * have out *Herod*-ed—within. [men,
[*Pointing to the Green Room.*
O, they can torture twenty thousand ways!
Make bouncing Bajazet † retreat from Bays ‡!
The ladies § too, with every pow'r to charm
Whose face and fire an anchorite might warm,
Have felt the fury of a tyrant's arm.
By selfish arts expell'd our ancient seat,
In search of candour, and in search of *meat*,
We from your favour hope for this retreat.
If Shakspeare's passion, or if Jonson's art,
Can fire the fancy, or can warm the heart,
That task be ours; but if you damn their scenes,
And heroes must give way to harlequins,
We too can have recourse to mime and dance,
Nay, there, I think, we have the better chance:
And, should the town grow weary of the mute,
Why, we 'll produce a child upon the flute ‖.
But, be the food as 't will, 't is you that treat!
Long they have feasted—permit us now to *eat*.

§ 43. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Clive, on the two occasional Prologues at Covent-Garden and Drury Lane*, 1750.

[*Enters hastily, as if speaking to one who would oppose her.*

I'll do't; by heaven I will!—Pray get you gone;
What! all these janglings, and I not make one!
Was ever woman offer'd so much wrong?
These creatures here would have me hold my tongue!
I 'm so provok'd, I hope you will excuse me;
I must be heard—and beg you won't refuse me.
While our mock heroes, not so wise as rash,
With indignation hold the vengeful lash,
And at each other throw alternate squibs,
Compos'd of little wit—and some few fibs;
I Catherine Clive come here to attack 'em all,
And aim alike at little and at tall.
But first, ere with the buskin chiefs I brave it,
A story is at hand, and you shall have it.
Once on a time two boys were throwing dirt,
A gentle youth was one, and one was somewhat pert:
Each to his master with his tale retreated,
Who gravely heard their diff'rent parts repeated,
How Tom was rude, and Jack, poor lad! ill-treated.
The master paus'd—to be unjust was loth,
Call'd for a rod, and fairly whipp'd them both.
In the same master's place, lo! here I stand,
And for each culprit hold the lash in hand.
First, for our own—O, 'tis a pretty youth!
But out of fifty lies I 'll sift some truth:
'Tis true, he 's of a choleric disposition,
And fiery parts make up his composition.
How have I seen him rave when things miscarried,
Indeed he 's grown much tamer since he married.
If he succeeds, what joys his fancy strike!
And then he gets——to which he 's no dislike.
Faults he has many—but I know no crimes;
Yes, he has one—he contradicts sometimes:
And when he falls into his frantic fit,
He blusters so, it makes e'en me submit.'
So much for him—the other youth comes next,
Who shews, by what he says, poor soul! he 's vex'd,
He tells you tales how cruelly this treats us,
To make you think the little monster beats us.
Would I have whin'd in melancholy phrase,
How bouncing Bajazet retreats from Bays!
I, who am woman, would have stood the fray;
At least not snivell'd thus, and run away!
Should any manager lift arm at me,
I have a tyrant arm as well as he!——
In fact, there has some little bouncing been,
But who the bouncer was enquire within.
No matter who—I now proclaim a peace,
And hope henceforth hostilities will cease:
No more shall either rack his brains to tease ye,
But let the contest be—who most shall please ye.

§ 44. *Prologue to Gil Blas*; 1751. *Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a Critic, with a Cat-call in his Hand.* Moore.

Are you all ready? here 's your music, here ¶!
Author, sneak off; we 'll tickle you, my dear.
The fellow stopp'd me in a hellish fright——
Pray, Sir, said he, must I be damn'd to-night?

* Mr. Quin. † Both Quin and Barry. ‡ Mr. Garrick. § Mrs. Cibber, &c.
‖ A child, said to be but four years of age, had been introduced on the stage of Drury-lane theatre, to play a tune on that instrument. ¶ Blowing his cat-call.

Damn'd! Surely, friend—don't hope for our compliance;
Zounds, Sir—a second play's downright defiance.
Though once, poor rogue, we pitied your condition,
Here 's the true recipe—for repetition.
Well, Sir, says he, e'en as you please; so then
I 'll never trouble you with plays again.
But, hark ye, poet!—won't you though, says I,
'Pon honour?—then we'll damn you, let me die,
Shan't we, my bucks? Let's take him at his word.
Damn him, or, by my soul, he 'll write a third.
The man wants money, I suppose—but, mind ye,
Tell him—you've left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we bloods had bowels for a bard!
Besides, what men of spirit, now-a days,
Come to give sober judgments of new plays?
It argues some good-nature to be quiet——
Good-nature!—Aye—but then we lose a riot.
The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss,
'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis sport to us.
Don't mind me though—for all my fun and jokes,
The bard may find us bloods good-natur'd folks.
No crabbed critics—foes to rising merit—
Write but with fire, and we'll applaud with spirit.
Our author aims at no dishonest ends,
He knows no enemies, and boasts some friends;
He takes no methods down your throats to cram
So, if you like it, save it; if not, damn it. [it:

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§ 45. *Prologue to Taste*; 1752. *Spoken in the Character of an Auctioneer.* GARRICK.

BEFORE this court I Peter Puff appear,
A Briton born, and bred an auctioneer!
Who, for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our present desperate case before ye.—
'Tis said, this night, a certain wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends:
If lords and ladies, and such dainty folks,
Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes;
Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the land,
Before you buy, be sure to understand; [land,
O, think on us, what various ills will flow,
When great ones purchase only what they know!
Why laugh at *taste?* It is a harmless fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental passion:
The fair ones' hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—china and japan.
The virtuoso too, and connoisseur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure; [hold,
The smallest hair their looser thoughts might
Just warm when single, and when married cold.
Their blood, at sight of beauty, gently flows;
Their Venus must be old, and want a nose!
No am'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives;
'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!
'Tis said *virtù* to such a height is grown,
All artists are encourag'd—but our own.
Be not deceiv'd; I here declare on oath,
I never yet sold goods of foreign growth:
Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome:
My best antiquities are made at home.
I 've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at hand,
True Britons all—and living in the Strand.
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium;
They furnish out my room from Herculaneum.
But hush——
Should it be known that English are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;
No matter what our countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns starve—
If we should fall, to you it will be owing;
Farewel to arts—they are going, going, going!
The fatal hammer 's in your hand, O town!
Then set *us* up—and knock the *poet* down.

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§ 46. *Prologue to Cato. Acted in* 1753 *by the Scholars of the free Grammar School at Derby, for the Benefit of the Orphan of the late Usher. Written by one of the Scholars, aged* 16.

NO Garrick here majestic treads the stage,
No Quin your whole attention to engage;
No practis'd actor here the scene employs;
But a raw parcel of unskilful boys.
Shall we disfigur'd in a school-boy see
Cato's great soul in base epitome?
Can critics bear such slavery as this?
Would not even Cato join the critic's hiss?
Wht shall we say, then? what excuses make?
Our credit and success lie both at stake.
As when some peasant, who, to treat his lord,
Brings out his little stock, and decks his board
With what his ill-stor'd cupboard will afford,
With awkward bows, and ill-plac'd rustic airs,
To make excuses for his feast prepares;
So we, with tremor mix'd with vast delight,
View the bright audience which appears to-night
And, conscious of its meanness, hardly dare,
To bid you welcome to our homely fare.
But would the ladies in our cause appear,
One look would silence every critic here.
If you but smile, 'twill cheer our tim'rous hearts,
And give us courage to perform our parts.
To you, ye fair ones, then, we make address,
And beg protection for this night's success.
Look gently on our faults, and, where we fail,
Let pity to our tender youth prevail.
Our cause is in your hands; and Cato, who
Disdain'd great Cesar's yoke, submits to you.

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§ 47. *Prologue to the Fairies*; 1755. *Written and spoken by Mr. Garrick.*

[*Enter—interrupting the band of music.*

A Moment stop your tuneful fingers, pray,
While here, as usual, I my duty pay.
[*To the audience.*
Don't frown, my friends [*to the band*]; you shall soon melt again;
But, if not *there* is felt each dying strain,
Poor I shall speak, and you will scrape in vain.

To

To see me now, you think the strangest thing!
For, like friend Benedick, I cannot sing:
Yet, in this prologue, cry but you *corragio!*
I 'll speak you both a jig, and an *adagio*.
A Persian king, as Persian tales relate,
Oft went disguis'd, to hear the people prate!
So, curious I sometimes steal forth, *incog*,
To hear what critics croak of me, King *Log*.
Three nights ago, I heard a *tête-à-tête*,
Which fix'd at once our English opera's fate:
One was a youth born here, but flush from Rome;
The other born abroad, but here his home:
And first the *English foreigner* began,
Who thus address'd the *foreign Englishman*:
"An English opera! 'tis not to be borne;
"I both my country and their music scorn.
"O, damn their Ally Croakers, and their Early-horn!
"*Signior si—bat sons—vors recitativo:*
"*Il tutto, è bestiale e cativo.*"
This said, I made my *exit* full of terrors;
And now ask pardon, for the following errors:
Excuse us, first, for foolishly supposing,
Your countrymen could please you in composing;
An opera too!—play'd by an English band,
Wrote in a language which you understand—
I dare not say who wrote it—I could tell ye,
To soften matters—Signor Shakspearelli:
This awkward drama (I confess th' offence)
Is guilty too of poetry and sense:
And then the price we take—you 'll all abuse it,
So low, so unlike op'ras—but excuse it,
We 'll mend that fault, whenever you shall choose it.
Our last mischance, and worse than all the rest,
Which turns the whole performance to a jest,
Our singers all are well, and all will do their best.
But why would this rash fool, this Englishman,
Attempt an opera?—'Tis the strangest plan!
Struck with the wonders of his master's art,
Whose sacred dramas shake and melt the heart,
Whose heaven-born strains the coldest breast inspire,
Whose chorus-thunder sets the soul on fire!
Inflam'd, astonish'd, at those magic airs,
When Sampson groans, and frantic Saul despairs,
The pupil wrote—his work is now before ye,
And waits your stamp of infamy or glory!
Yet, ere his errors and his faults are known,
He says, those faults, those errors are his own;
If thro' the clouds appear some glimmering rays,
They 're sparks he caught from his great master's blaze!

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§ 48. *Prologue to Virginia*; 1754. *Written and spoken by Mr.* GARRICK.

PROLOGUES, like compliments, are loss of time,
'Tis penning bows, and making legs, in rhyme:
'Tis cringing at the door, with simp'ring grin,
When we should shew the company within—
So thinks our bard, who, stiff in classic knowledge,
Preserves too much the buckram of the college.——
"Lord, Sir," said I, "an audience must be woo'd,
"And, lady-like, with flattery pursued; [rude.
"They nauseate fellows that are blunt and
"Authors should learn to dance, as well as write—" [sight!
"Dance at my time of life! Zounds, what a
"Grown gentlemen ('tis advertis'd) do learn
"by night.
"Your modern prologues, and such whims as these, [phocles."
"The Greeks ne'er knew—turn, turn to So-
"I read no Greek, Sir—when I was at school,"
"Terence had prologues—Terence was no fool."
"He had; but why? replied the bard, in rage:
"Exotics, monsters, had possess'd the stage,
"But we have none, in this enlighten'd age!
"Your Britons now, from gallery to pit,
"Can relish nought but sterling Attic wit.
"Here, take my play, I meant it for instruction;
"If rhymes are wanting for its introduction,
"E'en let that nonsense be your own production."
Off went the poet—It is now expedient,
I speak as manager, and your obedient——
I, as your cat'rer, would provide you dishes,
Dress'd to your palates, season'd to your wishes.
Say but you 're tir'd with boil'd and roast at home,
We too can send for niceties from Rome;
To please your tastes will spare nor pains nor money,
Discard sirloins, and get you maccaroni.
Whate'er new gusto for a time may reign,
Shakspeare and beef must have their turn again.
If novelties can please, to night we 've two—
Tho' English both, yet spare 'em, as they 're new.
To one, at least, your usual favours show;
A female asks it—can a man say No?
Should you indulge our novice * yet unseen,
And crown her, with your hands, a tragic queen;
Should you, with smiles, a confidence impart,
To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart;
Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame,
Which curbs a genius in its road to fame:
With one wish more her whole ambition ends—
She hopes some merit, to deserve such friends.

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§ 49. *Epilogue to the same*; 1754. GARRICK.

THE poet's pen can, like a conjurer's wand,
Or kill or raise his heroine at command:
And I shall, spirit-like, before I sink, [think.
Not courteously enquire, but tell you what you
From top to bottom I shall make you stare,
By hitting all your judgments to a hair!
And, first, with you above I shall begin——
[*To the upper gallery.*
Good-natur'd souls, they 're ready all to grin.

* Mrs. Graham, afterwards Mrs. Yates, then a new actress.

Though

Though twelve pence ſeat you there, ſo near the ceiling,
The folks below can't boaſt a better feeling.
No high-bred prud'ry in your region lurks,
You boldly laugh and cry, as nature works.
Says John to Tom (aye—there they ſit together,
As honeſt Britons as e'er trod on leather):
"'Tween you and I, my friend, 'tis very vild,
"That old Vergeenus ſhould have ſtruck his child;
"I would have hang'd him for't had I been ruler;
"And duck'd that Apus too, by way of cooler."
Some maiden-dames, who hold the middle floor,
[*To the middle gallery.*
And fly from naughty man, at forty-four,
With turn'd-up eyes applaud Virginia's 'ſcape,
And vow they 'd do the ſame to ſhun a rape;
So very chaſte, they live in conſtant fears,
And apprehenſion ſtrengthens with their years.
Ye bucks, who from the pit your terrors ſend,
Yet love diſtreſſed damſels to befriend;
You think this tragic joke too far was carried,
And wiſh, to ſet all right, the maid had married:
You'd rather ſee (if ſo the fates had will'd)
Ten wives be kind, than one poor virgin kill'd.
May I approach unto the boxes, pray—
And there ſearch out a judgment on the play?
In vain, alas! I ſhould attempt to find it;
Fine ladies ſee a play, but never mind it.
'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by acted paſſion,
Or form opinions till they 're fix'd by faſhion.
Our author hopes this fickle goddeſs Mode,
With us will make, at leaſt, nine days abode;
To preſent pleaſure he contracts his view,
And leaves his future fame to time and you.

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§ 50. *Prologue to Barbaroſſa*; 1755. *Written and ſpoken by Mr. Garrick, in the Character of a Country Boy.*

MEASTER! meaſter!
Is not my meaſter here among you, pray?
Nay ſpeak—my meaſter wrote this fine new play.
The actor-folks are making ſuch a clatter!
They want the pro-log—I know nought o' the matter:
He muſt be there among you— look about—
A weezen pale-fac'd mon—do find him out.
Pray, meſter, come, or all will fall to ſheame;
Call Miſter—hold—I muſt not tell his neame.
La! what a crowd is here! what noiſe and pother!
Fine lads and laſſes! one o' top o' tother.'
[*Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.*
I could for ever here with wonder gaze;
I ne'er ſaw church ſo full, in all my days!—
Your ſervant, Sirs—What do you laugh for, eh?
You donna take me ſure for one o' the play?
You ſhould not flout an honeſt country lad—
You think me fool, and I think you half mad:
You 're all as ſtrange as I, and ſtranger too;
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.
[*Laughing.*
I donna like your London tricks, not I; [why:
And, ſince you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you
And, if you wull, ſince now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I 'll relate my ſtory.
I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great:
But troth I'm ſick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en;
I like it not—would I were whoame again!
Firſt, in the city I took up my ſtation,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation;
A round big mon—he ate a plaguy deal;
Zooks! he 'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, could you think 't? he ate a great ſea-toad!
It came from *Indies*—'t was as big as me;
He call'd it *belly-patch*, and *cap-a-pé:*
La! how I ſtar'd!— I thought—who knows but I,
For want of monſters, may be made a pye?
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I 'll back to whoame and country fare again.
I left toad-eater; then I ſerv'd a lord, [word,
And there they promis'd—but ne'er kept their
While 'mong the great this geaming work the trade is, [ladies.
They mind no more poor ſervants—than their
A lady next, who lik'd a ſmart young lad, [mad.
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her
She turn'd the world top-down, as one may ſay,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
I was ſo ſheam'd with all her freakiſh ways,
She wore her gear ſo ſhort, ſo low her ſtays—
Fine folks ſhew all for nothing, now-a-days!
Now I'm the poet's mon—I find with wits
There 's nothing ſartain—nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are ſlender—what of that?
There are but three on 's—meaſter, I, and cat.
Did you but ſee us all, as I am a ſinner,
You 'd ſcarcely ſay which of the three is thinner.
My wages all depend on this night's piece;
But ſhould you find that all our ſwans are geeſe,
'Efeck, I 'll truſt no more to meaſter's brain,
But pack up all, and whiſtle whoame again.

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§ 51. *Epilogue to the ſame*; 1755. *Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a fine Gentleman.* GARRICK.

[*Enter—ſpeaking without.*
'PSHAW! damn your epilogue, and hold your tongue—
Shall we of rank be told what 's right and wrong?
Had you ten epilogues, you ſhould not ſpeak 'em,
Tho' he had writ 'em all in linguum Grecum.
I'll do 't, by all the gods! (you muſt excuſe me)
Tho' author, actors, audience, all abuſe me!
[*To the audience.*
Behold a gentleman!—and that 's enough!
Laugh if you pleaſe—I 'll take a pinch of ſnuff!
I come to tell you (let it not ſurpriſe you)
That I 'm a wit—and worthy to adviſe you.
How could you ſuffer that ſame country booby,
That pro-log ſpeaking ſavage, that great looby,
To talk his nonſenſe?—give me leave to ſay,
'Twas low! damn'd low, but ſave the fellow's
Let the poor devil eat; allow him that, [play;
And give a meal to *meaſter, mon*, and *cat*;

But

But why attack the fashions? senseless rogue!
We have no joys but what result from vogue:
The mode should all controul! —nay, ev'ry passion,
Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion:
I hate as much as he a turtle-feast,
But, till the present turtle-rage is ceas'd,
I 'd ride a hundred miles to make myself a beast.
I have no ears; yet operas I adore!
Always prepar'd *to die—to sleep—no more!*
The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dress,
He wants them all ruff'd up like good queen Bess!
They are, forsooth, too much expos'd and free:
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I see,
For more or less, 'tis all the same to me.
Poor gaming too was maul'd among the rest,
That precious cordial to a high-life breast!
When thoughts arise, I always game or drink,
An English gentleman should never think——
The reason 's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit on——
What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton.
In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
Which always ends in politics or madness:
I therefore now propose, by your command,
That tragedies no more shall cloud this land;
Send o'er your Shakspeares to the sons of France,
Let *them* grow grave—let *us* begin to dance!
Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
Reserve alone, to bless these golden times,
A farce or two——and Woodward's pantomimes,

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§ 52. *Occasional Prologue to the Mask of Britannia*; 1755. *Written and spoken by Mr. Garrick, in the Character of a Sailor, fuddled, and talking to himself.*

Enters, singing, "How pleasant a sailor's life "passes!"

WELL! if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,
A sailor, half-seas o'er—'s a pretty fellow.
What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?
[*To the pit.*
No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—
[*He staggers forward, and then stops.*
But softly tho'—the vessel seems to heel——
Steady! my boy—she must not shew her keel.
And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?
Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue?
Dost love 'em, boy? By this right hand, I do!
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:
There 's nothing better, 'faith—save flip and
I must away—I must—— [fighting.
What! shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?
What! shall these *Parly-voos* make such a racket,
And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket?
Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?—
Whene'er he shuffles we should always cut.
I 'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show?
[*Pulls out a play-bill.*
From this same paper we shall understand
What work 's to-night—I read your printed hand.
First let 's refresh a bit—for, 'faith, I need it—
I 'll take one sugar-plum—[*takes some tobacco*] and then I 'll read it.
[*He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.*
" At the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane—
" Will be presen-ta-ted a tragedy, called *Sarah*—"
I 'm glad 'tis *Sarah*—then our Sall may see
Her namesake's tragedy: and as for me,
I 'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.
" To which will be added—a new masque—"
Zounds! why a masque? We sailors hate grimaces:
Above board all; we scorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, so very large and plain?
" Bri-tan-nia." —— O, Britannia! —— good again——
Huzza, boys!— By the Royal George, I swear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, shall straight be there.
All free-born souls must take Bri-tan-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart! [*Going off, he stops.*
I wish you landmen, tho', would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And, like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing;
True to yourselves, your country, and your king!

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§ 53. *Prologue to Comus. Performed for the Benefit of the General Hospital at Bath*, 1756; *and spoken by Miss Morrison, in the Character of a Lady of Fashion.* HOADLEY.

[*She enters with a number of tickets in her hand.*

WELL, I 've been beating up for volunteers,
But find that charity has got no ears.
I first attack'd a colonel of the guards——
Sir, charity—consider its rewards;
With healing hand the saddest sores it skins,
And covers—O! a multitude of sins.
He swore the world was welcome to his thoughts:
'Twas damn'd hypocrisy to hide one's faults;
And with that sin his conscience ne'er was twitted,
The only one he never had committed.
Next to my knight I plead. He shook his head,
Complain'd the stocks were low, and trade was dead.
In these Bath charities a tax he 'd found
More heavy than four shillings in the pound.
What with the play-house, hospital, and abbey,
A man was stripp'd—unless he 'd look quite shabby.
Then such a train, and such expence, to wit;
My lady, all the brats, and cousin Kit—
He 'd steal himself, perhaps, into the pit.
Old Lady Slipslop, at her morning cards,
Vows that all works of *genus* she regards;
Raffles for Chinese gods; card houses, shells,
Nor grudges to the music, or the bells,
But has a strange *antiquity* to nasty *ospitals*.
I hope

I hope your lordship—then my lord replies—
No doubt, the governors are—very wise;
But, for the play, he wonder'd at their choice.
In Milton's days such stuff might be the taste,
But, 'faith! he thought it was damn'd dull and chaste:
Then swears he to the charity is hearty,
But can't, in honour, break his evening party.
When to the gouty alderman I sued,
The nasty fellow ('gad) was downright rude.
Is begging grown the fashion, with a pox!
The mayor should set such housewives in the stocks.
Give you a guinea! Z——ds! replied the beast,
'Twould buy a ticket for a turtle-feast.
Think what a guinea a-head might set before eye—
Sir, mullet—turbot—and a grand John Dory.
I'll never give a groat, as I'm a sinner,
Unless they gather 't in a dish—at dinner.
I trust, by art and more polite address,
You fairer advocates met more success;
And not a man compassion's cause withstood,
When beauty pleaded for such *gen'ral good.*

§ 54. *Prologue to the Winter's Tale, and Catherine and Petruchio*; 1756. *Written and spoken by Mr.* GARRICK.

TWO various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:
This night, for want of better simile,
Let this our theatre a tavern be:
The poets, vintners, and the waiters we.
So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,
You're welcome, gem'men; kindly welcome, ladies.
To draw in customers, our bills are spread;
You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakspeare's Head.
From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
For different palates springs a different wine;
In which no tricks, to strengthen or to thin 'em—
Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em—
Hence for the choicest spirits flows Champagne,
Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every vein,
Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd brain!
Hence flow for martial minds potations strong,
And sweet love-potions for the fair and young:
For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,
[*To the upper gallery.*
There's good old English stingo, mild and stale:
For high, luxurious souls, with lucious smack,
There's Sir John Falstaff in a butt of sack;
And, if the stronger liquors more invite ye,
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua vitæ.
But should you call for Falstaff, where to find him,
He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind him.
Sunk in his elbow chair, no more he'll roam,
No more, with merry wags, to East cheap come;
He's gone—to jest and laugh, and give his sack at home.
As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and, catching, fall asleep;
Who, in the storms of passion, hum and haw!—
For such our master will no liquor draw——
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfey's for the Shakspeare's Head.
A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much Perry for the best Champagne.
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights—whats's that—when wine is pure?
"Come, fill a bumper, Jack."—"I will, my "Lord."
"Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense!—"upon my word!
"Sir William, what say you?"—"The best, "believe me."
"In this—eh, Jack?—the devil can't deceive me."
Thus the wise critic, too, mistakes his wine;
Cries out, with lifted hands—'Tis great! divine!
Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike him;
This Shakspeare! Shakspeare!—O, there's nothing like him!
In this night's various and enchanted cup
Some little Perry's mix'd, for filling up. [taken,
The five long acts, from which our three are
Stretch'd out to * sixteen years, lay by, forsaken:
Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!

§ 55. *Prologue to the Apprentice*; 1756. *Spoken by Mr. Murphy, Author of the Piece, dressed in black.* GARRICK.

BEHOLD a wonder for theatric story!
The culprit of this night appears before ye:
Before his judges dares these boards to tread,
"With all his imperfections on his head!"
Prologues precede the piece, in mournful verse,
As undertakers walk before the hearse;
Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd mind,
And wake its feelings—for the dead—behind.
Trick'd out in black, thus actors try their art,
To melt that rock of rocks—the critic's heart.
No acted fears my vanity betray!
I am, indeed—what others only play.
Thus far myself. The farce comes next in view;
Tho' many are its faults, at least, 'tis new.
No smuggled, pilfer'd scenes from France we show;
'Tis English—English, Sirs—from top to toe.
Tho' coarse my colours, and my hand unskill'd,
From real life my little cloth is fill'd.
My hero is a youth, by fate design'd [mind
For culling simples—but whose stage-struck
Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.
A place there is, where such young Quixotes meet;
'Tis call'd the spouting-club—a glorious treat!
Where 'prentic'd kings alarm the gaping street.

* The action of the Winter's Tale, as written by Shakspeare, comprehends sixteen years.

There

There Brutus ſtarts and ſtares by midnight taper,
Who all the day enacts—a woollen-draper.
Here Hamlet's ghoſt ſtalks forth, with doubled fiſt:
Cries out, with hollow voice, "Liſt, liſt, O liſt!"
And frightens Denmark's prince—a young tabacconiſt.
The ſpirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
Riſes——a haberdaſher to the ſight!
Not young attornies have this rage withſtood,
But change their pens for truncheons, ink for blood;
And (ſtrange reverſe!)—die for their counſ try's good.
Through all the town this folly you may trace;
Myſelf am witneſs—'tis a common caſe.
I 've further proofs, could ye but think I wrong ye—
Look round—you 'll find ſome ſpouting youths among ye.
To check theſe heroes, and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to reaſon—and their ſhop;
To raiſe an harmleſs laugh, was all my aim;
And, if I ſhun contempt—I ſeek not fame.
Indulge this firſtling, let me but begin,
Nor nip me—in the buddings of my ſin:
Some hopes I cheriſh, in your ſmiles I read 'em;
Whate'er my faults, your candour can exceed 'em.

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§ 56. *Epilogue to the ſame*; 1756. *Spoken by Mrs. Clive.* SMART.

[*Enters, reading the play-bill.*

A VERY pretty bill—as I 'm alive!
The part of—Nobody—by Mrs. Clive!
A paltry, ſcribbling fool—to leave me out!
He 'll ſay, perhaps—he thought I could not ſpout.
Malice and envy to the laſt degree!
And why?—I wrote a farce as well as he,
And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid
Of prologue dreſs'd in black, and face in maſquerade;
O pit, have pity—ſee how I 'm diſmay'd!
Poor ſoul! this canting ſtuff will never do,
Unleſs, like Bayes, he brings his hangman too.
But granting that, from theſe ſame obſequies,
Some pickings to our bard in black ariſe;
Should your applauſe to joy convert his fear,
As Pallas turns to feaſt Lardella's bier!
Yet 'twould have been a better ſcheme, by half,
T' have thrown his weeds aſide, and learnt with me to laugh.
I could have ſhewn him, had he been inclin'd,
A ſpouting junto of the female kind.
There dwells a milliner in yonder row, [ſhow,
Well-dreſs'd, full-voic'd, and nobly built for
Who, when in rage ſhe ſcolds at Sue and Sarah,
Damn'd, damn'd diſſembler! thinks ſhé 's more than Zara.
She has a daughter too, that deals in lace,
And ſings—O ponder well—and Chevy-chaſe,
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place.
And in her cock'd-up hat, and gown of camlet,
Preſumes on ſomething——touching the Lord Hamlet.
A couſin too ſhe has, with ſquinting eyes,
With waddling gait, and voice like London cries;
Who, for the ſtage, too ſhort by half a ſtory,
Acts Lady Townly—thus—in all her glory;
And, while ſhe 's traverſing her ſcanty room,
Cries—"Lord, my Lord, what can I do at "home?"
In ſhort, there 's girls enough for all the fellowe, [lous,
The ranting, whining, ſtarting, and the jea-
The Hotſpurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
O little do theſe ſilly people know
What dreadful trials actors undergo.
Myſelf, who moſt in harmony delight,
Am ſcolding here from morning until night.
Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings!
Young men, beware, and ſhun our ſlippery ways,
Study arithmetic, and burn your plays;
And you, ye girls, let not our tinſel train [brain:
Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning
Be timely wiſe; for, O! be ſure of this:—
A ſhop, with virtue, is the height of bliſs.

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§ 57. *Epilogue to the Reprial*; 1757. *Spoken by Miſs Macklin.*

AYE—now I can with pleaſure look around.
Safe as I am, thank Heaven, on Engliſh ground.
In a dark dungeon to be ſtow'd away,
'Midſt roaring, thund'ring, danger, and diſmay;
Expos'd to fire and water, ſword and bullet—
Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet.
I dread to think what might have come to paſs,
Had not the Britiſh lion quell'd the Gallic aſs.
By Champignon a wretched victim led
To cloiſter'd cell, or more deteſted bed,
My days in pray'r and faſting I had ſpent;
As nun, or wife, alike a penitent.
His gallantry, ſo confident and eager,
Had prov'd a meſs of delicate ſoup-meagre.
To bootleſs longings I had fell a martyr;
But, Heaven be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a Tartar.
Yet ſoft—our author's fate you muſt decree;
Shall he come ſafe to port, or ſink at ſea?
Your ſentence, ſweet or bitter, ſoft or ſore,
Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump aſhore.—
Ye wits above, reſtrain your awful thunder;
In his firſt cruize 'twere pity he ſhould founder.
[*To the gallery.*
Safe from your ſhot, he fears no other ſee,
No gulph but that which horrid yawns below.
[*To the pit.*
The braveſt chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
Have here been tam'd with—pippin and potatoe.
Our bard embarks in a more Chriſtian cauſe,
He craves not mercy, but he claims applauſe,
His pen againſt the hoſtile French is drawn,
Who damns him is no Antigallican.
Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and ſmiling ſkies,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.

But

But if this welkin angry clouds deform,
[*Looking round the houſe.*
And hollow groans portend th' approaching ſtorm; [*To the gallery.*
Should the deſcending ſhow'rs of hail redouble,
And theſe rough billows hiſs, and boil and bubble, [*To the pit.*
He 'll launch no more on ſuch fell ſeas of trouble.

§ 58. *Prologue to the Author*; 1757. FOOTE.

SEVERE their taſk, who, in this critic age,
With freſh materials furniſh out the ſtage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic ſtore;
Freſh characters ſpring up as heretofore.
Nature with novelty does ſtill abound;
On ev'ry ſide freſh follies may be found.
But then the taſte of every gueſt to hit,
To pleaſe at once the gallery, box, and pit,
Requires, at leaſt, no common ſhare of wit.
Thoſe who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake or modiſh wife;
Whilſt they who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and ſlumber at their love.
If light low mirth employs the comic ſcene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the ſpleen,
The poliſh'd critic damns the wretched ſtuff,
And cries—"'Twill pleaſe the gall'ries well
"enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile?
Since fops will frown, where humble traders ſmile.
To daſh the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirſt for univerſal fame,
The Grecian fabuliſt in moral lay
Has thus addreſs'd the writers of his day:
Once on a time, a ſon and ſire, we 're told,
The ſtripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-aſs at a country fair,
To eaſe their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
But as the ſluggiſh animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both ſhould mount, his back would break:
Up gets the boy, the father leads the aſs,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to paſs.
Forth from the throng the greybeards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble ſhout.
"This the reſpect to rev'rend age you ſhow,
"And this the duty you to parents owe?
"He beats the hoof, and you are ſet aſtride;
"Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride."
As Grecian lads are ſeldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth reſign'd his place.
Then a freſh murmur through the rabble ran,
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.
"Sure never was brute beaſt ſo void of nature!
"Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
"To your own baby can you be unkind?
"Here—take, Bill, Betty—put the child be-
"hind."
Old Dapper next the clown's compaſſion claim'd:
"'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't aſham'd!
"Two at a time upon the poor dumb beaſt!
"They might as well have carried him, at leaſt."
The pair; ſtill pliant to the partial voice,
Diſmount, and bear the aſs—Then what a noiſe!
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet ſilent fire, theſe words provoke:
"Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call;
"Vain his attempts, who ſtrives to pleaſe them
"all."

§ 59. *Prologue to the Trip to Paris. Spoken by Mr. Shuter, at one of his Benefits.* FOOTE.

IN former times there liv'd one Ariſtotle,
Who, as the ſong ſays, lov'd, like me, his bottle.
To Alexander Magnus he was tutor——
(A'n't you ſurpris'd to hear the learned Shuter?)
But let that reſt—a new tale I 'll advance;
A tale?—no, truth! mum—I 'm juſt come from
France. [ter;
From Paris I came; why I went there, no mat-
I 'm glad that once more I 'm on this ſide the water.
'Twas to win a large wager that hurried me over;
But I wiſh'd to be off when I came down to Dover.
To ſwallow ſea-water the doctors will tell ye,
But the ſight of ſuch water at once fill'd my belly;
They who chooſe it for phyſic may drink of the ſea,
But only to think on 't is phyſic for me.
When I firſt went on board, Lord! I heard
ſuch a racket,
Such babbling and ſquabbling, 'fore and aft, thro' the packet;
The paſſengers bawling, the ſailors yo-ho-ing,
The ſhip along daſhing, the winds aloft blowing;
Some ſick, and ſome ſwearing, ſome ſinging, ſome ſhrieking,
Sails hoiſting, blocks rattling, the yards and booms creaking;
Stop the ſhip!—but the tars, never minding our caſes,
Took their chaws, hitch'd their trowſers, and grinn'd in our faces.
We made Calais ſoon, and were ſoon ſet on ſhore,
And I trod on French ground, where I ne'er trod before.
The ſcene was quite chang'd; 'twas no more yo, yo-ho, [no!
With damme Jack, yes, boy—or damme Tom,
'Twas quite t'other thing, mun, 'twas all complaiſance;
With cringes and ſcrapes we were welcom'd to France:
Ah, Monſeer Angloy—they cried—*be on ven nu,*
Tres umble ſervant, Sir, we glad to ſee you.
I ne'er met ſuch figures before in my rambles,
They flock'd round my carcaſe like flies in the ſhambles:
To be crowded amongſt them at firſt I was loth,
For fear they ſhould ſeize me, and ſouſe me for broth.
At laſt, tho' they call'd me my *Lor Angleterre*,
(Lord, had you then ſeen but my ſtrut and my ſtare!)
Wee, wee, I cried, *wee* then—and put on a ſword,
So at once Neddy Shuter turn'd into a lord.
I expected at France all the world and his wife,
But I never was balk'd ſo before in my life:
I ſhould

I ſhould ſee wonders there, I was told by *Monſeer*;
So I did, I ſaw things that were wonderful queer;
Queer ſtreets and queer houſes, with people much queerer,
Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.
I ſoon had enough of their *pallavouſee*;
It 's a fine phraſe to ſome folks, but non ſenſe to me.
All folks there are dreſs'd in a toyſhop-like ſhow,
A hodge-podging habit, 'twixt fidler and beau;
Such hats, and ſuch heads too, ſuch coats and ſuch ſkirts—
They ſold me ſome ruffles—but I found the ſhirts.
Then, as to their dinners, their ſoups, and their ſtewings,
One ounce of meat ſerves for ten gallons of brewings;
For a ſlice of roaſt beef how my mind was agog!
But for beef they produc'd me a fricaſee'd frog:
Out of window I toſs'd it, it wa'n't fit to eat,
Then down ſtairs I jump'd, and ran into the ſtreet.
'Twas not their palaver could make me determine
To ſtay where I found it was taſte to eat vermin.
Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand Monarque clever;
I 'm for beef, and King George, and old England for ever!

§ 60. *Epilogue to the Minor*; 1760.

NEAR the mad manſions of Moorfields I 'll bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, ſiſters, ſons, and all,
Shut up your ſhops and liſten to my call.
With labour, toil, all ſecond means diſpenſe,
And live a rent charge upon Providence.
Prick up your ears; a ſtory now I 'll tell,
Which once a widow and her child befel,
I knew the mother and her daughter well:
Poor, it is true, they were, but never wanted;
For whatſoe'er they aſk'd was always granted.
One fatal day the matron's truth was tried,
She wanted meat and drink, and faintly cried.
Child. Mother, you cry!——
Mother. O child! I've got no bread.
Child. What matters that? Why, Providence an't dead!
With reaſon good this child the truth might ſay,
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better ſure a table ne'er was put on.
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with theſe poor ſouls;
But we ne'er had a raſher for the coals.
And d'ye deſerve it? How d'ye ſpend your days?
In paſtimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let 's go ſee Foote! O, Foote's a precious limb!
Old Nick will ſoon a foot-ball make of him!
For foremoſt rows in ſide-boxes you ſhove;
Think you to meet with ſide-boxes above,
Where giggling girls and powder'd fops may ſit?
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And crowd the houſe for Satan's benefit.—
O! what you ſnivel?—Well, do ſo no more—
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And—if I pleaſe—I 'll give it to the poor.

§ 61. *Prologue to Polly Honeycombe*; 1760. GARRICK.

HITHER, in days of yore, from Spain or France,
Came a dread ſorcereſs, her name Romance,
O'er Britain's iſle her wayward ſpells ſhe caſt,
And Common Senſe in magic chain bound faſt.
In mad ſublime did each fond lover woo,
And in heroics ran each billet-doux:
High deeds of chivalry their ſole delight,
Each fair a maid diſtreſs'd, each ſwain a knight.
Then might Statira Oroondates ſee
At tilts and tournaments, arm'd cap-à-pie.
She too, on milk-white palfrey, launce in hand,
A dwarf to guard her, pranc'd about the land.
This fiend to quell, his ſword Cervantes drew,
A truſty Spaniſh blade, Toledo true:
Her taliſmans and magic wand he broke;
Knights, genii, caſtles, vaniſh'd into ſmoke.
But now, the dear delight of later years,
The younger ſiſter of Romance appears:
Leſs ſolemn is her air, her drift the ſame,
And Novel her enchanting, charming name.
Romance might ſtrike our grave forefather's pomp,
But Novel for our buck, and lively romp!
Caſſandra's folios now no longer read,
See two neat pocket volumes in their ſtead!
And then, ſo ſentimental is the ſtyle,
So chaſte, yet ſo bewitching all the while!
Plot and elopement, paſſion, rape, and rapture,
The total ſum of ev'ry dear—dear—chapter.
'Tis not alone the ſmall-talk and the ſmart,
'Tis Novel moſt beguiles the female heart.
Miſs reads—ſhe melts—ſhe ſighs—love ſteals upon her—
And then—alas, poor girl!—good night, poor Honour!
' * Thus of our Polly having lightly ſpoke,
' Now for our author—but without a joke.
' Tho' wits and journals, who ne'er fibb'd before,
' Have laid this bantling at a certain door,
' Where, lying ſtore of faults, they 'd fain heap more,
' I now declare it, as a ſerious truth,
' 'Tis the firſt folly of a ſimple youth,
' Caught and deluded by our harlot plays——
' Then cruſh not in the ſhell this infant Bayes!
' Exert your favour to a young beginner;
' Nor uſe the ſtripling like a batter'd ſinner.'

§ 62. *Prologue to All in the Wrong*; 1761. *Written and ſpoken by Mr.* FOOTE.

TO-NIGHT, be it known to box, g'leries, and pit,
Will be open th' original warehouſe of wit;

* Theſe lines were added by Mr. Garrick, on its being reported that he was the author of the piece; and however humorous and poetical, contain as ſtrict matter of fact as the dulleſt proſe.

The

The new manufacture, Foote and Co. undertakers,
Play, opera, pantomime, farce—by the makers.
We scorn, like our brethren, our fortunes to owe
To Shakspeare and Southerne, to Otway and Rowe:
Tho' our judgment may err, yet our justice is shown;
For we promise to mangle no works but our own;
And moreover, on this you may firmly rely,
If we can't make you laugh, that we won't make you cry;
For our monarch, who knew we were mirth-loving souls, [bowls;
Has lock'd up his lightning, his daggers, and
Resolv'd that in buskins no heroes should stalk,
He has shut us quite out of the tragedy walk.
No blood, no blank verse—in short we 're undone,
Unless you 're contented with frolic and fun.
If, tir'd of her round in the Ranelagh mill,
There should be one female inclin'd to sit still;
If blind to the beauties, or sick of the squall,
A party should n't choose to catch cold at Vauxhall;
If at Sadler's sweet Wells the wine should be thick,
The cheesecakes be sour, or Miss Wilkinson sick;
If the fume of the pipe should prove pow'rful in June,
Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune;
We hope you will call at our warehouse in Drury:
We 've a curious assortment of goods, I assure ye,
Domestic and foreign, indeed all kind of wares,
English cloth, Irish linens, and French *pet en-l' airs.*
If, for want of good custom, or losses in trade,
The poetical partners should bankrupts be made;
If, from dealing stool large, we plunged deeply in debt,
And a *whereas* comes out in the Muses' Gazette,
We 'll on you, our assigns, for certificates call;
Tho' insolvents, we 're honest, and give up our all.

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§ 63. *Epilogue to the Liar*, 1761; *between Miss Grantham and old Wilding.*

M. Gr. HOLD, Sir! Our plot concluded, and strict justice [done,
Let me be heard as counsel for your son.
Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate;
Proscribe all lying, what would be the fate
Of this and every other earthly state?
Consider, Sir, if once you cry it down,
You 'll shut up every coffee-house in town;
The tribe of politicians will want food,
Even now half famish'd—for the public good;
All Grub-street murderers of men and sense,
And every office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.

O. Wild. Too mild a sentence! Must the good and great,
Patriots be wrong'd, that booksellers may eat?

M. Gr. Your patience, Sir; yet hear another word,
Turn to that hall where Justice wields her sword;
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proscription, all the sons of law:
For 'tis the fix'd determin'd rule of courts,
(Vyner will tell you—nay, even Coke's Reports)
All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,
To gain one truth expend an hundred lies.

O. Wild. To curb this practice I am somewhat loth;
A lawyer has no credit but on oath.

M. Gr. Then to the softer sex some favour show:
Leave us possession of our modest No!

O. Wild. O freely, Ma'am, we 'll that allowance give,
So that two Noes be held affirmative:
Provided ever, that your pish and fie,
On all occasions, should be deem'd a lie.

M. Gr. Hard terms!
On this rejoinder then I rest my cause:
Should all pay homage to truth's sacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the case;
Why, many a great man would be out of place.

O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character restore.

M. Gr. But take a character from many more.

O. Wild. Strong are your reasons; yet, ere I submit,
I mean to take the voices of the pit.
Is it your pleasures that we make a rule,
That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit subjects for our author's ridicule?

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§ 64. *Prologue to the Earl of Essex*; 1761.
MURPHY.

WHENE'ER the brave, the gen'rous, and the just,
Whene'er the patriot sinks to silent dust,
The tragic muse attends the mournful hearse,
And pays her tribute of immortal verse.
Inspir'd by noble deeds, she seeks the plain,
In honour's cause where mighty chiefs are slain;
And bathes with tears the sod that wraps the dead,
And bids the turf lie lightly on his head.
Nor thus content, she opens death's cold womb,
And bursts the cearments of the awful tomb,
To cast him up again—to bid him live,
And to the scene his form and presence give.
Thus once-fam'd Essex at her voice appears,
Emerging from the sacred dust of years.
Nor deem it much, that we retrace, to-night,
A tale to which you 've listen'd with delight.
How oft, of yore, to learned Athens' eyes
Did new Electras and new Phædras rise!
In France, how many Theban monarchs groan
For Laius' blood, and incest not their own!
When there new Iphigenias raise the sigh,
Fresh drops of pity gush from ev'ry eye.
On the same theme tho' rival wits appear,
The heart still finds the sympathetic tear.
If there soft pity pour her plenteous store,
For fabled kings, and empires now no more;
Much more should you from freedom's glorious plan,
Who still inherit all the rights of man;
Much more should you with kindred sorrows glow
For your own chiefs, your own domestic woe;
Much more a British story should impart
The warmest feelings to each British heart.

§ 65.

§ 65. *Prologue to the School for Lovers*, 1762. *Written and ſpoken by Mr.* Garrick.

Success makes people vain—the maxim's true,
We all confeſs it, and not over new.
The verieſt clown, who ſtumps along the ſtreets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,
Some twelve-months hence, bedaub'd with livery lace,
Shall thruſt his ſaucy flambeau in your face.
Not ſo our bard—tho' twice your kind applauſe
Has, on this fickle ſpot, eſpous'd his cauſe;
He owns, with gratitude th' obliging debt;
Has twice been favour'd, and is modeſt yet.
Your giant wits, like thoſe of old, may climb
Olympus high, and ſtep o'er ſpace and time;
May ſtride, with ſeven-leagued boots, from ſhore to ſhore,
And nobly, by tranſgreſſing, charm ye more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at ſchools—
Plain ſenſe confines his humbler muſe to rules:
He ſhifts no ſcene—But here I ſtopt him ſhort—
"Not change your ſcenes?" ſaid I—"I 'm ſorry "for 't:
"My conſtant friends above, around, below,
"Have Engliſh taſtes, and love both change and "ſhow:
"Without ſuch aid even Shakſpeare would beflat,
"Our crowded pantomimes are proofs of that.
"What eager trrnſport ſtarts from ev'ry eye,
"When pullies rattle, and our genii fly!
"When tin'caſcades, like falling waters, gleam,
"Or through the canvas burſts the real ſtream!
"While thirſty Iſlington laments, in vain,
"Half her New-river roll'd to Drury-lane.
"Lord, Sir?" ſaid I, "for gallery, boxes, pit,
"I'll back my Harlequin againſt your wit."
Yet ſtill the author, anxious for his play, [ſay?"
Shook his wiſe head—"What will the critics
"As uſual, Sir—abuſe you all they can!"
"And what the ladies?"—"He's a charming man!
"A charming piece!—one ſcarce knows what it "means;
"But that 's no matter—when there 's ſuch ſweet "ſcenes!"
Still he perſiſts—and let him—*entre nous*—
I know your taſtes, and will indulge 'em too.
Change you ſhall have; ſo ſet your hearts at eaſe:
Write as *he* will, we 'll act it—as *you* pleaſe.

§ 66. *Prologue upon Prologues, to The Deuce is in Him. Spoken by Mr. King.* Garrick.

And, egad, it will do for any other play as well as this. Bayes.

An old trite proverb let me quote—
As is your cloth, ſo cut your coat.
To ſuit our author, and his farce,
Short let me be, for wit is ſcarce;
Nor would I ſhew it, had I any;
The reaſons why are ſtrong and many.
Should I have wit, the piece have none,
A flaſh in pan with empty gun,
The piece is ſure to be undone.
A tavern with a gaudy ſign,
Whoſe buſh is better than the wine,
May cheat you once—Will that device,
Neat as imported, cheat you twice?
'Tis wrong to raiſe your expectations:
Poets, be dull in dedications!
Dulneſs in theſe to wit prefer——
But there, indeed, you ſeldom err.
In prologues, prefaces, be flat!
A ſilver button ſpoils your hat.
A thread-bare coat might jokes eſcape,
Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
A caſe in point to this before ye;
Allow me, pray, to tell a ſtory.
To turn the penny, once, a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit:
Hung out a board, on which he boaſted,
Dinner for three-pence, boil'd and roaſted.
The hungry read, and in they trip,
With eager eye, and ſmacking lip——
"Here, bring this boil'd and roaſted, pray—"
Enter potatoes, dreſs'd each way.
All ſtar'd and roſe, the houſe forſook,
And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook.
My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly!
There was no joking with the belly.
Theſe facts laid down, then thus I reaſon,
Wit in a prologue 's out of ſeaſon.
Yet ſtill will you for jokes ſit watching,
Like Cock-lane folks for Fanny's ſcratching,
And here my ſimile 's ſo fit,
For prologues are but ghoſts of wit;
Which mean to ſhew their art and ſkill,
And ſcratch you to their author's will.
In ſhort, for reaſons great and ſmall,
'Tis better to have none at all.
Prologues and ghoſts!—a paltry trade—
So let 'em both at once be laid!
Say but the word—give your commands,
We 'll tie our prologue-monger's hands:
Confine theſe culprits! [*holding up his hands*] bind 'em tight:
Nor girl can ſcratch, nor fools can write.

§ 67. *Epilogue to Elvira*; 1763. Garrick.

Ladies and gentlemen—'tis ſo ill-bred—
We have no epilogue, becauſe I 'm dead;
For he, our bard, with phrenſy-rolling eye,
Swears you ſhant't laugh, when he has made you cry,
At which I gave his ſleeve a gentle pull,
Suppoſe they ſhould not cry, and ſhould be dull;
In ſuch a caſe, 'twould ſurely do no harm;
A little lively nonſenſe taken warm,
On critic ſtomachs delicate and queaſy,
'Twill even make a heavy meal ſit eaſy.
The town hates epilogues—It is not true,
I anſwer'd that for *you*—and *you*—and *you*—
[*To Pit, Boxes, and Firſt Gallery.*
They call for epilogues and hornpipes too.
[*To the upper Gall.*
Madam, the critics ſay—to you they're civil,
Here, if they have 'em not, they 'll play the devil.

Out of this house, sir, and to you alone,
They 'll smile, cry Bravo! charming!—Here they groan:
A single critic will not frown, look big,
Harmless and pliant as a single twig;
But crowded here they change, and 'tis not odd,
For twigs, when bundled up, become a rod.
Critics to bards, like beauties to each other,
When *tête-à tête* their enmity they smother:
" Kiss me, my dear—how do you?—charming
" creature!
" What shape! what bloom! what spirit in each
" feature!
" You flatter me—'pon honour, no.—You do—
" My friend—my dear—sincerely yours——
" adieu!"
But when at routs, the dear friends change their tone;
I speak of foreign ladies, not our own.
Will you permit, good sirs, these gloomy folk
To give all tragedy without one joke?
They gravely tell us, Tragedy 's design'd
To purge the passions, purify the mind:
To which I say, to strike those blockheads dumb,
With physic always give a sugar-plum.
I love these sugar-plums in prose or rhymes:
No one is merrier than myself sometimes;
Yet I, poor I, with tears and constant moan,
Am melted down almost to skin and bone:
This night, in sighs and sobs I drew my breath;
Love, marriage, treason, prison, poison, death,
Were scarce sufficient to complete my fate;
Two children were thrown in, to make up weight.
With all these suff'rings, is it not provoking,
To be denied at last a little joking?
If they will make new laws, for mirth's sake break 'em;
Rour out for epilogues, and let me speak 'em.

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§ 68. *Mr. Foote's Address to the Public, after a Prosecution against him for a Libel*; 1764.
FOOTE.

Hush! let me search before I speak aloud—
Is no informer skuking in the crowd?
With art laconic noting all that 's said,
Malice at heart, indictments in his head;
Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,
And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar?
Is there none such?—Not one:—then, *entre nous*,
I will a tale unfold, tho' strange, yet true;
The application must be made by you.
At Athens once, fair queen of arms and arts,
There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts*;
Precise his manner, and demure his looks,
His mind unletter'd, tho' he dealt in books;
Amorous, tho' old; tho' dull, lov'd repartee;
And penn'd a paragraph most daintily:
He aim'd at purity in all he said,
And never one omitted *eth*, or *ed*;
In *hath*, and *doth*, was rarely known to fail,
Himself the hero of each little tale.
With wits and lords this man was much delighted,
And once (it has been said) was near being knighted.
One Aristophanes (a wicked wit,
Who never heeded grace in what he writ)
Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,
And, thinking him a subject for the stage,
Had from the lumber cull'd, with curious care,
His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait, and air,
His affectation, consequence, and mien,
And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene.
Loud peals of plaudits through the circle ran,
All felt the satire, for all knew the man.
Then Peter—*Petros* was his classic name,
Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,
" The case you put I fully understand;
" The thing is plain from *Cocor*'s reports,
" For rules of poetry a'n't rules of courts:
" A libel this—I 'll make the mummer know
" it."—
A Grecian constable took up the poet,
Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
Call'd harmless humour scandalous abuse:
The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
Th' indulgent public set the pris'ner free:
Greece was to him what Dublin is to me.

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§ 69. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Love, on the opening the new Theatre on Richmond Green*; 1765.
GARRICK.

The ship now launch'd, with necessaries stor'd,
Rigg'd, mann'd, well-built, and a rich freight on board,
All ready, tight and trim, from head to poop,
And, by commission, made a royal sloop;
May Heaven from tempests, rocks, and privateers,
Preserve the Richmond!——Give her, boys, three cheers! [*Three huzzas behind.*
Queen Mab, our Shakspeare says, and I believe him,
In sleep haunts each vain mortal, to deceive him:
As in her hazel-nut she lightly trips,
By turns, o'er eyes, ears, fingers, nose, and lips,
Each quicken'd sense such sweet enchantment seizes,
We hear, see, smell, taste, touch—whate'er she pleases. [see,
Look round this house, and various proofs you 'll
Strong glaring proofs that Mab has been with me.
She caught me napping, knew were I was vain,
And tickled ev'ry fibre of my brain:
Deep in my musing (deep as I was able)
Methought I saw her driving tow'rds my table;
She whisk'd her chariot o'er my books and shelves,
And at my standish stopp'd her tiney elves.

* George Faulkner, Bookseller.

" What

"What are you ſcribbling there?—Quick, let
"me ſee——
"Poh! leave this nonſenſe, and along with me!"
I, grinning, bow'd—"Bright ſtar of Lilliput!
"Shall I not crowd you in your hazel-nut?"
She ſmil'd; and, ſhewing me a large-ſiz'd hamper,
"Get into this, my friend, and then we'll ſcamper."
I for this frolic wanting quick digeſtion,
Sent to my tongue, poſt-haſte, another queſtion;
But, crack! ſhe went, before that I cou'd aſk it;
She in her ſtage—I, Falſtaff, in the baſket:
She wav'd her wand, then burſt in fits of laughter,
To ſee me rolling, bounding, tumbling after:
And I laugh'd too—Could you of laughing fail,
To ſee a minnow towing of a whale?
At laſt we reſted on a hill hard by,
With a ſweet vale, to feaſt the glutton eye—
"I'll ſhew you more," ſhe ſaid, "to charm and
"move us;" [us:
And to the gardens, quick as thought, ſhe drove
Then, pointing to the ſhade—"There, there
"they are,
"Of this moſt happy iſle the happieſt pair!"
O, may thoſe virtuous raptures never ceaſe,
Nor public cares diſturb their private peace!
She ſigh'd—and like the lightning was ſhe ſeen
To drive her chariot o'er this fav'rite green;
Straight to this ſpot—where ſhe infus'd ſuch things
Might turn the heads of twenty playhouſe kings.
But fear diſperſing all my golden dream,
And I juſt entering on this fairy-ſcheme;
With wild ſurpriſe, I caſt my eyes about,
Deluſion ends—and now I wake to doubt:
O, may the dream be realis'd by you!
Your ſmiles or frowns can make this falſe or true.

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§ 70. *Prologue to Much ado about Nothing, acted by Command of their Majeſties, 1765. Written and ſpoken by Mr.* GARRICK, *being his firſt Appearance after his Return from Italy.*

WITH doubt, joy, apprehenſion, almoſt dumb,
To face this awful court, once more I come:
Leſt Benedick ſhould ſuffer by my fear,
Before he enters, I myſelf am here.
I'm told (what flattery to my heart?) that you
Have wiſh'd to ſee me; nay, have preſs'd it too:
Alas! 'twill prove another *Much ado.*
I, like a boy who long has truant play'd,
No leſſons got, no exerciſes made,
On bloody Monday takes his fearful ſtand,
And often eyes the birchen-ſceptred hand.
'Tis twice twelve years ſince firſt the ſtage I trod,
Enjoy'd your ſmiles, and felt the critics rod:
A very nine-pin I, my ſtage life through;
Knock'd down by wits, ſet up again by you.
In four-and-twenty years the ſpirits cool;
Is it not long enough to play the fool?
To prove it is, permit me to repeat
What late I heard, in paſſing through the ſtreet:
A youth of parts, with ladies by his ſide,
Thus cock'd his glaſs, and thro' it ſhot my pride:
"'Tis he, by Jove! grown quite a clumſy fellow,
"He's fit for nothing—but a Punchinello!"
"O yes, for comic ſcenes, Sir John—no further:
"He's much too fat—for battles, rapes, and
"murther!"
Worn in the ſervice, you my faults will ſpare,
And make allowance for the wear and tear.
The Chelſea penſioner, who, rich in ſcars,
Fights o'er, in prattle, all his former wars;
Tho' paſt the ſervice, may the young ones teach
To march—preſent—to fire—and mount the
breach.
Should the drum beat to arms, at firſt he'll grieve
For wooden leg, loſt eye, and armleſs ſleeve
Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and ſwells his cheek:
"'Tis for my king; and, zounds! I'll do my beſt."

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§ 71. *Prologue to the Clandeſtine Marriage*; 1766. GARRICK.

POETS and painters, who from nature draw
Their beſt and richeſt ſtores, have made this law;
That each ſhould neighbourly aſſiſt his brother,
And ſteal with decency from one another.
To-night, your matchleſs Hogarth gives the thought,
Which from the canvas to the ſtage is brought;
And who ſo fit to warm the poet's mind,
As he who pictur'd morals and mankind?
But not the ſame their characters and ſcenes;
Both labour for one end, by diff'rent means;
Each, as it ſuits him, takes a ſep'rate road,
Their one great object, marriage-à-la-mode;
Where titles deign with cits to have and hold.
And change rich blood for more ſubſtantial gold!
And honour'd trade from int'reſt turns aſide,
To hazard happineſs for titled pride.
The painter dead, yet ſtill he charms the eye;
While England lives, his fame can never die:
But he who ſtruts his hour upon the ſtage,
Can ſcarce extend his fame for half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor ſave;
The art and artiſt ſhare one common grave.
O let me drop one tributary tear
On poor Jack Falſtaff's grave, and Juliet's bier*!
You to their worth muſt teſtimony give;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live;
Still as the ſcenes of life will ſhift away,
The ſtrong impreſſions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known;
They 'll boaſt of Quins and Cibbers of their own.
The greateſt glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approv'd, by you.

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§ 72. *Prologue to the Taylors*; 1767. GARRICK.

THIS night we add ſome heroes to our ſtore,
Who never were as heroes ſeen before;

* Mr. Quin and Mrs. Cibber both died a little before.

No blust'ring Romans, Trojans, Greeks, shall rage; [stage,
No knights, arm'd *cap à pié*, shall crowd our
Nor shall our Henries, Edwards, take the field,
Opposing sword to sword, and shield to shield:
With other instruments our troop appears;
Needles to thimbles shall, and shears to shears;
With parchment gorgets, and in buckram arm'd,
Cold-blooded taylors are to heroes warm'd,
And slip-shod slide to war —No lions' glare,
No eye-balls flashing fire shall make you stare;
Each outside shall belie the stuff within:
A Roman spirit in each Taylor's skin——
A taylor-legg'd Pompey, Cassius, shall you see,
And the ninth part of Brutus strut in me!
What though no swords we drew, no daggers shake,
Yet can our warriors a quietus make [shake,
With a bare bodkin.—Now be dumb, ye railers,
And never, but in honour, call out *taylors!*
But these are heroes tragic, you will cry;
O, very tragic! and I'll tell you why——
Should female artists with the male combine,
And mantua-makers with the taylors join; [o'er,
Should all, too proud to work, their trades give
Not to be sooth'd again by six-pence more;
What horrors would ensue!—First you, ye beaux,
At once lose all existence with your clothes!
And you, ye fair, where would be your defence?
This is no golden age of innocence!
Such drunken bacchanals the Graces meet,
And no police to guard the naked street:
Beauty is weak, and passion bold and strong—
O then—but modesty restrains my tongue.
May this night's bard a skilful taylor be,
And like a well-made coat his tragedy:
Tho' close, yet easy; decent, but not dull;
Short, but not scanty; without buckram, full.

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§ 73. *Epilogue to the English Merchant*; 1767.
GARRICK.

Enter Lady Alton [*Mrs. Abington*] *in a passion*; *Spatter* [*Mr. King*] *following.*

L. Alton. I'LL hear no more, thou wretch.
Spatter. Attend to reason!
L. Alton. A woman of my rank, 'tis petty treason!
Hear reason, blockhead! Reason! what is that?
Bid me wear pattens and a high crown'd hat!
Won't you begone? What, won't you? What's your view? [you.—
Spatter. Humbly to serve the tuneful nine in
L. Alton. I renounce such things;
Not Phœbus now, but vengeance, sweeps the strings:
My mind is discord all!—I scorn, detest
All human kind—you more than all the rest.
Spatter. I humbly thank you, Ma'am—but weigh the matter. [Spatter!
L. Alton. I won't hear reason! and I hate you,
Myself, and ev'ry thing.
Spatter. That I deny;
You love a little mischief, so do I;
And mischief I have for you.
L. Alton. How? where? when?
Will you stab Falbridge?
Spatter. Yes, Ma'am—with my pen.
L. Alton. Let loose, my Spatter, till to death you've stung 'em,
That green-eyed monster, jealousy, among 'em.
Spatter. To dash at all, the spirit of my trade is,
Men, women, children, parsons, lords, and ladies.
There will be danger.
L. Alton. And there shall be pay—
Take my purse, Spatter! [*Gives it him.*
Spatter. In an honest way. [*Smiles, and takes it.*
L. Alton. Should my lord beat you——
Spatter. Let them laugh that win:
For all my bruises here 's gold-beaters skin! [*Chinking the purse.*
L. Alton. Nay, should he kill you!
Spatter. Ma'am?
L. Alton. My kindness meant
To pay your merit with a monument!
Spatter. Your kindness, lady, takes away my breath: [death.
We'll stop, with your good leave, on this side
L. Alton. Attack Amelia, both in verse and prose,
Your wit can make a nettle of a rose. [prose,
Spatter. A stinging-nettle for his lordship's breast:
And to my stars and dashes leave the rest.
I'll make them miserable, never fear;
Pout in a month, and part in half a year.
I know my genius, and can trust my plan;
I'll break a woman's heart with any man.
L. Alton. Thanks, thanks, dear Spatter! be severe and bold!
Spatter. No qualms of conscience with a purse of gold.
Tho' pill'ries threaten, and tho' crab-sticks fall,
Yours are my heart, soul, pen, ears, bones, and all.
[*Exit Spatter.*

Lady Alton alone.

Thus to the winds at once my cares I scatter—
O, 'tis a charming rascal, this same Spatter!
His precious mischief makes the storm subside!
My anger, thank my stars! all rose from pride!
Pride should belong to us alone of fashion;
And let the mob take love, that vulgar passion—
Love, pity, tenderness, are only made
For poets, Abigails, and folks in trade.
Some cits about their feelings make a fuss,
And some are better bred—who live with us.
How low lord Falbridge is!—He takes a wife,
To love, and cherish, and be fix'd for life!
Thinks marriage is a comfortable state,
No pleasure like a *vartuous tête-à-tête!*
Do our lords justice, for I would not wrong 'em,
There are not many such poor souls among 'em.
Our turtles from the town will fly with speed,
And I'll fortel the vulgar life they'll lead.
With love and ease grown fat, they face all weather,
And, farmers both, trudge arm in arm together:

Now

Now view their ſtock, now in their nurſery prat-
For ever with their children or their cattle. [tle,
Like the dull mill-horſe in one round they keep;
They walk, talk, fondle, dine, and fall aſleep;
"Their cuſtom always in the afternoon—"
He bright as Sol, and ſhe the chaſte full moon!
Wak'd with her coffee, Madam firſt begins,
She rubs her eyes, his lordſhip rubs his ſhins;
She ſips and ſmirks—"Next week 's our wed-
"ding-day,
"Married ſeven years!—and ev'ry hour more
"gay?" [*Yawns.*
"True, Emmy," cries my lord, "the bleſſing
"lies,
"Our hearts in ev'ry thing ſo ſympathize!"
[*Yawns.*
The day thus ſpent, my lord for muſic calls;
He thrums the baſe, to which my lady ſqualls;
The children join, which ſo delight theſe nin-
nies,
The brats ſeem all Guadaccies, Lovatinis.
—What means this qualm?—Why, ſure, while
I 'm deſpiſing,
That vulgar paſſion, Envy, is not riſing!
O no!—Contempt is ſtruggling to burſt out—
I 'll give it vent at Lady Scalp'em's *rout*.
[*Exit haſtily.*

"Hey! Preſto! paſs!"—all topſy-turvy ſee,
For "ho, ho, ho!" is chang'd to "he, he, he!"
We own'd the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue;
'Tis theirs who call and bawl for—Epilogue;
O, ſhame upon you!—for the time to come,
Know better, and go miſerable home. [proaches,
What ſays our comic goddeſs?—With re-
She vows her ſiſter tragedy encroaches!
And, ſpite of all her virtue and ambition,
Is known to have an amorous diſpoſition!
For in falſe Falſe Delicacy—wondrous ſly,
Join'd with a certain Iriſhman—O fie!
She made you, when you ought to laugh, to cry.
Her ſiſter's ſmiles with tears ſhe tried to ſmother,
Ruis'd ſuch a tragi-comic kind of pother,
You laugh'd with one eye, while you cried
with t'other.
What can be done?—ſad work behind the ſcenes!
There comic females ſcold with tragic queens;
Each party diff'rent ways the foe aſſails,
Theſe ſhake the daggers, thoſe prepare their
'Tis you alone muſt calm theſe dire mithaps,
Or we ſhall ſtill continue pulling caps.
What is your will?—I read it in your faces,
That all hereafter take their proper places,
Shake hands, and kiſs, and friends, and burn
their caſes.

§ 74. *Epilogue to Zenobia*; 1768. *Spoken by Mrs. Abington.* GARRICK.

[*She peeps through the curtain.*

How do you all, good folks?—In tears, for certain;
I 'll only take a peep behind the curtain:
You 're all ſo full of tragedy and ſadneſs,
For me to come among you, would be madneſs!
This is no time for giggling—when you 've leiſure,
Call out for me, and I 'll attend your pleaſure;
As ſoldiers hurry at the beat of drum,
Beat but your hands, that inſtant I will come.
[*She enters upon their clapping.*
This is ſo good! to call me out ſo ſoon—
The Comic Muſe by me entreats a boon; [nour,
She call'd for Pritchard, her firſt maid of ho-
And begg'd of her to take the taſk upon her;
But ſhe, I am ſure you 'll all be ſorry for 't,
Reſigns her place, and ſoon retires from court:
To bear this loſs we courtiers make a ſhift,
When good folks leave us, worſe may have a lift.
The Comic Muſe, whoſe ev'ry ſmile is grace,
And her ſtage ſiſter, with her tragic face,
Have had a quarrel—each has writ a caſe;
And on their friends aſſembled now I wait,
To give you of their diff'rence a true ſtate.
Melpomene complains, when ſhe appears,
For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,
To raiſe your ſouls, and with your raptures
wring 'em, [wring 'em—
Nay, wet your handkerchiefs, that you may
Some flippant huſſey, like myſelf, comes in;
Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,

§ 75. *Epilogue ſpoken by Mrs. Pritchard, on her quitting the Stage*; 1768. GARRICK.

THE curtain dropt—my mimic life is paſt,
That ſcene of ſleep* and terror was my laſt.
Could I in ſuch a ſcene my exit make,
When ev'ry real feeling is awake?
Which beating here, ſuperior to all art,
Burſts in full tides from a moſt grateful heart.
I now appear myſelf, diſtreſs'd, diſmay'd,
More than in all the characters I 've play'd;
In acted paſſion, tears may SEEM to flow,
"But I have that within that paſſeth ſhow."
Before I go, and this lov'd ſpot forſake,
What gratitude can give, my wiſhes, take:
Upon your hearts may no affliction prey,
Which cannot by the ſtage be chas'd away;
And may the ſtage, to pleaſe each virtuous mind,
Grow ev'ry day more moral, more refin'd,
Refin'd from groſſneſs, not by foreign ſkill:
Weed out the poiſon, but be Engliſh ſtill!
To all my brethren whom I leave behind,
Still may your bounty, as to me, be kind;
To me for many years your favours flow'd,
Humbly receiv'd—on ſmall deſert beſtow'd:
For which I feel—what cannot be expreſs'd—
Words are too weak—my tears muſt ſpeak the reſt.

§ 76. *Prologue to the Good-natur'd Man*; 1768. JOHNSON.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind,
With cool ſubmiſſion joins the lab'ring train,
And ſocial ſorrow loſes half its pain;

* The laſt ſcene of Lady Macbeth.

Our anxious bard without complaint may share
This bustling season's epidemic care;
Like Cæsar's pilot dignified by fate,
Tost in one common storm with all the great;
Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same:
Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgess boards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobler's vote;"
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of all-persuading gold;
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

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§ 77. *Prologue to False Delicacy*; 1768. *Spoken by Mr. King.* GARRICK.

I'm vex'd—quite vex'd—and you 'll be vex'd—that 's worse—— [curse.
To deal with stubborn scribblers—there 's the
Write moral plays—the blockhead!—why, good people,
You 'll soon expect this house to wear a steeple!
For our fine piece, to let you into facts,
Is quite a sermon—only preach'd in acts.
You 'll scarce believe me, till the proof appears;
But even I, Tom Fool, must shed some tears:
Do, ladies, look upon me—nay, no simpering;
Think you this face was ever made for whimp'ring?
Can I a cambric handkerchief display,
Thump my unfeeling breast, and roar away?
Why this is comical, perhaps you 'll say.
Resolving this strange awkward bard to pump,
I ask'd him what he meant?—He, somewhat plump,
New purs'd his belly, and his lips thus biting—
"I must keep up the dignity of writing!"—
"You may; but if you do, Sir, I must tell ye,
"You 'll not keep up that dignity of belly."
Still he preach'd on—"Bards of a former age
"Held up abandon'd pictures on the stage;
"Spread out their wit, with fascinating art,
"To catch the fancy, to corrupt the heart:
"But, happy change; in these more moral days,
"You cannot sport with virtue, even in plays;
"On virtue's side his pen the poet draws,
"And boldly asks a hearing for his cause."
Thus did he prance and swell.—The man may prate,
And feed these whimsies in his addle pate,
That you 'll protect his Muse because she 's good:
A virgin, and so chaste!—O lud! O lud!
No Muse the critic beadle's lash escapes;
Though virtuous, if a dowdy and a trapes:
If his come forth a decent likely lass,
You 'll speak her fair, and grant the proper pass:
Or should his brain be turn'd with wild pretences,
In three hours time you 'll bring him to his senses;
And well you may, when in your pow'r you get him;
In that short space, you blister, bleed, and sweat him. [ger;
Among the Turks, indeed, he 'd run no dan-
They sacred hold a madman and a stranger.

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§ 78. *Scrub's Trip to the Jubilee*; 1769. *Spoken by Mr. Weston.*

From Stratford arriv'd—piping hot—gentlefolks
From the rarest of shows, and most wonderful jokes, [clare,
Your simple acquaintance, Scrub, comes to de-
'Twas fuller, by far, than our Lichfield great fair;
Such crowds of fine ladies serenading and singing,
Such firing of loud patereroes, and ringing—
To tell it in London, must seem all a fable;
And yet I will tell it—as well a I 'm able. [ode;
First, something, in lingo of schools call'd an
All critics, they told me, allow'd very good:
One said—you may take it for truth, I assure ye,
'Twas made by the little great man of old Drury,
By my brother *Martin* (for whose sake, d'ye hear?)
This night I 'd a mind for a touch at Shakspeare*;
But, honestly speaking, I take more delight in
A bit of good fun, than drums, trumpets, and fighting.
The procession, 'twas said, would have been a fine train, [rain!
But could not move forward—O la!—for the
Such tragical, comical folks, and so fine——
What pity it was that the sun did not shine!
Since ladies, and baronets, aldermen, 'squires,
All went to this Jubilee full of desires,
In crowds, as they go for to see a new play;
And when it was done—why, they all came away!
Don't let me forget—a main parts of the show,
Was long-tail'd fine comets, by sam'd Angelo.
Some turtle I got, which they call'd *pashatee*;
But honest roast beef 's the best turtle for me.
I hate all ragouts; and, like a bold Briton,
Prefer good plum pudding to aught I e'er bit on.
I drank too (and now I a poet may be)
From a charming fine cup of the mulberry tree.
To bed I must go—for which, like a ninny,
I paid, like my betters, no less than a guinea,
For rolling—not sleeping—in linen so damp,
As struck my great toe, ever since, with the cramp.

* This alludes to Mr. Weston's design of playing Richard.

Thus

Thus fleec'd—in my pocket I felt a great smarting,
Yet griev'd not when I and the splinters were parting,
'Twas worth ten times more to hear sweet brother *Martin.*
He spoke, till poor Scrub was just fit, with one eye
To laugh, while the other was ready to cry,
Which makes me now tell you, without any brag,
He 's a second to none but the Warwickshire wag.
The Jubilee over, I came to this place,
To tell you my story: and sue for your grace:
You never refus'd it—yet never before,
With granting such kindness, bound gratitude more.
I live but to own, with a diligent spirit,
Your favours have ever outrun my slight merit.

§ 79. *Prologue to Doctor Last in his Chariot*; 1769. *Spoken by Mr. Foote.* GARRICK.

YOUR servant, kind masters, from bottom to top,
Be assur'd, while I breathe, or can stand—I mean, hop;
Be you pleased to smile, or be pleased to grumble,
Be whatever you please, I am still your most humble.
As to laugh is a right only given to man,
To keep up that right is my pride and my plan.
Fair ladies, don't frown; I meant woman too:
What's common to man, must be common to you.
You all have a right your sweet muscles to curl,
From the old smirking prude to the titt'ring young girl;
And ever with pleasure my brains I could spin,
To make you all giggle, and you, ye gods, grin.
In this present summer, as well as the past,
To your favour again we present Dr. Last,
Who, by wonderful feats, in the papers recounted,
From trudging on foot to his chariot is mounted.
Amongst the old Britons when war was begun,
Charioteers would slay ten, while the foot could slay one.
So when doctors on wheels with dispatches are sent,
Mortality bills rise a thousand per cent.
But think not to physic that quackery 's con-fin'd,
All the world is a stage, and the quacks are mankind:
There 's trade, law, and state quacks: nay, would we but search,
We should find—Heaven bless us!—some quacks in the church!
The stiff-band and stiff-bob of the Methodist race,
Give the balsam of life and the tincture of grace;
And their poor wretched patients think much good is done 'em,
Tho' blisters and caustics are ever upon 'em.
As for laws and the state, if quackery 's a curse,
Which will make the good bad, and the bad will make worse,
We should point out the quack from the regular brother; t'other!
They are wiser than I who can tell one from
Can the stage, with its bills, puffs, and patients stand trial? Royal?
Shall we find out no quacks in the Theatre-Some dramatical drugs, that are puff'd on the town,
Cause many wry faces, and scarce will go down.
Nay, an audience sometimes will in quack'ry delight,
And sweat down an author some pounds in one night.
To return to our quack—should he, help'd by the weather,
Raise laughter and kind perspiration together;
Should his nostrums of hip and of vapours but cure ye,
His chariot he well can deserve, I assure ye:
'Tis easy to set up a chariot in town,
And easier still is that chariot laid down.
He petitions by me, both as doctor and lover,
That you 'll not stop his wheels, or his chariot would be, tip over.
Fix him well, I beseech you; the worst on 't
Should you overturn him, you may overset me.

§ 80. *Epilogue to the Duellist*; 1773. *Spoken by Miss Barsanti.*

SO, men of valour! you dislike our play:
Nothing against it do the ladies say.
To own they 're pleas'd the critics ever loth,
Mutter, "A Duellist, with scarce an oath!
"'Tis like his hat that was without a feather;
"Duels and Dammes always go together."
Old sinners, loving the licentious joke, stroke;
May think there wants too, here and there, a
Round oaths and double meaning strew'd between,
With them the virtues of the comic scene,
And yet the town in gen'ral is so nice,
It holds these virtues as a kind of vice:
From the teeth outwards chaste, their hands before 'em,
Like reps, even demi-reps, are all decorum ing,
Tho' gross their thoughts, so delicate their hear-They think the very stage should fine for swear-Our author therefore scrupled to employ ing,
Your vulgar Damme, sir! and Damme, boy!
Nay, when by chance a naughty joke came pat in,
He wrapt it up, you know, in lawyers Latin.
So much refin'd the scene since former days,
When Congreve, Vanbrugh, Wycherley wrote plays,
"The stage so loosely did Astrea tread,
"She fairly put all characters to bed."
Tho' now no bard would venture to deposit
A macaroni in a lady's closet;
Lest the frail fair-one he be thought to ruin,
"While moon and stars alone" see what they're doing.
In the old plays, gallants take no denial,
But put the struggling actress to the trial.
Bless me! I shudder even now to think,
How near myself may come to danger's brink!
In modern plays more safe the female station
Secure as our sad solemn situation!

No rakish forward spark dares now be rude,
The Comic Muse herself grown quite a pride!
No wonder, then, if in so pure an age
No Congreves write for as demure a stage!

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§ 81. *Prologue to the School for Rakes*; 1774. *Spoken by Mr. King.* GARRICK.

THE scribbling gentry, ever frank and free,
To sweep the stage with Prologues, fix on me.
A female representative I come,
And with a prologue, which I call a broom,
To sweep the critic cobwebs from the room.
Critics, like spiders, into corners creep,
And at new plays their bloody revels keep:
With some small venom close in ambush lie,
Ready to seize the poor dramatic fly:
The weak and heedless soon become their prey,
But the strong blue-bottle will force its way,
Clean well its wings, and hum another day.
Unknown to nature's laws, we've here one evil;
For flies, turn'd spiders, play the very devil!
Fearing some danger, I will lay before ye
A short, true, recent, tragi-comic story.
As late I saunter'd in the Park for air,
As free from thought as any coxcomb there.
Two sparks came up; one whisper'd in my ear,
He was a critic; then ask'd me, with a sneer—
Thus standing, staring—with a swaggering swing,
"You've writ a farce?"—"Yes, Sir, a foolish thing."
"Damn'd foolish—You'd better mind your acting, King.
"'Tis ten to one—I speak it for your sake,
"That this same farce will prove—your wit's last Stake."—
"I scribble for amusement, boast no pow'rs."—
"Write for your own amusement---not for ours."
Thus he went on; and with his pleasant talking,
I lost the appetite I got with walking.
He laugh'd---I bow'd---but ere I could retreat,
His lisping friend did thus the dose repeat:
"Pray, Sir,---this School for Rakes---the women's play——
"When do you give it us?"---"Next Saturday.
"I hope you 'll both be kind to her, at least."
"A scribbling woman is a dreadful beast!
"Then they 're so ugly, all these female wits---
"I 'll damn her play---to throw her into fits.
"Had I my will, those flattern fluttish dames---
"They all should see the bottom of the Thames."
If you are here, good Sirs, to breed a riot,
[*Looking about the House.*
Don't shew your spite; for, if you are not quiet,
'Tis ten to one---I speak it for *your* sake,
This School for Rakes will prove *your* Wit's last Stake:
As you [*To the Pit*] save me from their tyrannic will,
You will not let them use a woman ill.
Protect her and her brat---the truly brave
Women and children will for ever save.

§ 82. *Prologue to the Jubilee*; 1769. *Spoken by Mr. King in the Character of a Waiter.* GARRICK.

FROM London, your honours, to Stratford I 'm come:
I 'm a waiter, your honours; you know bustling Tom;
Who, proud of your orders, and bowing before
Till supper is ready, I 'll tell you a story.
'Twixt Hounslow and Colnbrook, two houses of fame,
Well known on that road, the two Magpyes by name:
The one of long standing, the other a-new one;
This boasts it 's the old one, and that it 's the true one.
Sure we, the old Magpye, as well as the younger,
May boast that our liquor is clearer and stronger.
Of bragging and puffing you make but a jest;
You taste of us both, and will stick to the best.
A race we have had for your pastime and laughter;
Young Mag started first, with old Mag hopping after.
'Tis said the old house hath possess'd a receipt
To make a choice mixture of sour, strong, and sweet;
A Jubilee punch, which, right skilfully made,
Insur'd the old Magpye a good running trade:
But think you we mean to monopolize?—No, no,
We are like brother Ashley, pro publico bono.
Each Magpye, your honours, will pick at his brother,
And their natures were always to crib from each other.
Young landlords and old ones are taught by their calling
To laugh at engrossing—but practise forestalling.
Our landlords are game-cocks, and fair play but grant 'em,
I 'll warrant you pastime from each little bantam.
Let's return to the punch—I hope, from my soul,
That now the old Magpye may sell you a bowl:
We have all sorts and sizes, a quick trade to drive,
As one shilling, two shilling, three shilling, five:
In this town of Stratford we 'll have each ingredient,
Beside a kind welcome from me, your obedient.
I 'll now squeeze my fruit, put sugar and rum in,
And be back in a moment [*Bell rings*] A coming, a coming, a coming!

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§ 83. *Prologue to the Christmas Tale*; 1774. GARRICK.

Music plays, and enter several persons with different kinds of dishes.

Enter Mr. Palmer in the character of Christmas.

GO on—prepare my bounty for my friends,
And see that Mirth, with all her crew, attends.

To the Audience.

Behold a personage, well known to fame,
Once low'd and honour'd——Christmas is my name!
My officers of state my taste display;
Cooks, scullions, pastry-cooks, prepare my way;
Holly

Holly and ivy round me honours spread,
And my retinue shew—I 'm not ill-fed;
Mince'd pies, by way of belt, my breast divide,
And a large carving-knife adorns my side;
'Tis no fop's weapon, 't will be often drawn:
This turban for my head—is collar'd brawn.
Tho' old, and white my locks, my cheeks are cherry; [merry;
Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I 'm always
With carrol, fiddle, dance, and pleasant tale,
Jest, gibe, prank, gambol, mummery, and ale,
I English hearts rejoic'd in days of yore;
For new strange modes, imported by the score,
You will not sure turn Christmas out of door!
Suppose yourselves well seated by a fire,
(Stuck close, you seem more warm than you desire)
Old Father Christmas, now in all his glory,
Begs with kind hearts yo'll listen to his story;
Clear well your thoughts from politics and spleen,
Hear my tale out, see all that 's to be seen.
Take care, my children, that you well behave—
You, Sir, in blue, red cape, not quite so grave:
That critic there in black—so stern and thin,
Before you frown, pray let the tale begin——
You in the crimson capuchin, I fear you;
Why, Madam, at this time so cross appear you?
Excuse me, pray—I did not see your husband near you.
Don't think, fair ladies, I expect that you [do:
Should hear my tale—you 've something else to
Nor will our beaux old English fare encourage;
No foreign taste could e'er digest plum-porridge.
I have no sauce to quicken lifeless sinners;
My food is meant for honest hearty grinners.
For you, your spirits with good stomachs bring;
O, make the neighb'ring roof with rapture ring:
Open your mouths, pray, swallow every thing!
Critics, beware how you our pranks despise;
Hear well my tale, or you shan't touch my pies;
The proverb change—Be merry, but not wise.

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§ 84. *Prologue to the Maid of the Oaks*; 1774. *Spoken by Mr. King in the Character of Fame.*

GARRICK.

Unlike to ancient Fame, all eyes, tongues, ears,
See modern Fame, arm'd cap-a-pie, appears,
In ledgers, chronicles, gazettes, and gazetteers!
My soaring wings are fine election speeches,
And puffs of candidates supply my breeches.
My cap is satire, criticism, wit—
Is there a head that wants it in the pit?
[*Offering it.*
No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;
I wear a jacket, and I wind a horn.
Pipe, song, and pastoral, for five months past,
Puff'd well by me, have been the general taste.
Now Marybone shines forth to gaping crowds;
Now Highgate glitters from her hill of clouds;
St. George's Fields, with taste and fashion struck,
Display Arcadia at the Dog and Duck:
And Drury Misses here, "in tawdry pride,
"Are there Pastoras by the fountain side."
To frowsy bow'rs they reel through midnight damps,
With Fauns half drunk, and Dryads breaking lamps.
Both far and near did this new whimsy run
One night it frisk'd, forsooth, at Islington.
And now, as for the public bound to cater,
Our manager must have his *fête champetre.*
How is the weather?—Pretty clear and bright.
[*Looking about.*
A storm 's the devil on champêtre night!
Lest it should fall to spoil the author's scenes,
I 'll catch this gleam, to tell you what he means:
He means a show as brilliant as at Cox's,
Laugh *for* the pit, and may be *at* the boxes;
Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,
The merry-making of a wedding day.
Whose is the piece?—'Tis all surmise, suggestion— [tion.
Is 't his, or hers, or yours, Sir? That 's the ques-
The parent, bashful, whimsical, or poor,
Left it a puling infant at the door;
'Twas laid on flow'rs, and wrapp'd in fancied cloaks,
And on the breast was written—*Maid of the Oaks.*
The actors crowded round—the girls caress'd it: [bless'd it;
Lord! the sweet pretty babe!—they prais'd and
The master peep'd, smil'd, took it in, and dress'd it.
Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curse
Of being smother'd by a parish nurse:
As you 're kind, rear it—if you 're curious, praise it:
And ten to one but vanity betrays it.

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§ 85. *Occasional Prologue, upon Mr. Lacy's first Appearance in the Character of Alexander.*

GARRICK.

In Macedon when Alexander reign'd,
And victory after victory was gain'd;
The Greek Gazettes (for they had papers there)
Publish'd a thousand fibs———as they do here,
From them one Curtius wrote of Philip's son,
How he did things—which never could be done!
Unlike his copy, who will soon appear,
His mighty soul ne'er knew the smallest fear:
Tho' laurel-crown'd our pale young monarch comes [drums;
Trembling amidst his triumphs, shouts, and
Would give up all his vict'ries, false or true,
To gain one greater conquest—that of you.
"Lord!" cries a buxom widow, loud and strong,
"He 's quite a boy! to play that part is wrong."
"Madam, he 's six feet high, and cannot be "too young."
"He looks so modest, hardly speaks a word:
"Can he with proper spirit draw his sword?
"A face so smooth, where neither rage nor pride is,
"Fits not the hero."—*Fronti nulla fides.*—

In

In Engliſh thus: Truſt not to looks, they 'll cheat us:
Bounc'd not Sir Swagger lately, as he 'd beat us?
And was not he, with all his frowns and airs,
By one, who ſeem'd all meekneſs, kick'd down
Miſs B—, all delicacy, nerve, and fear, [ſtairs?
Elop'd laſt week, with a horſe grenadier!
And our advent'rer, though ſo mild and civil,
If you once rouſe him, plays the very devil!
"Indeed!" cries Madam, "Sir, I'm much your "debtor;
"I ſhould be glad to know the young man better."
Twice our young hero, who for glory tow'rs,
In fields leſs dang'rous tried his unknown pow'rs,
Like a young ſwimmer, whom his fears command;
In ſhallow ſtreams firſt ventur'd from the land;
Till, bolder grown, the rougher wave he ſtems,
Plunges from giddy heights into the Thames.
E'en now he ſtarts to hear the torrent roar,
While his pale fates ſtand frighted on the ſhore!
Soon will he leap the precipice—Your nod
Sinks him, or lifts him to a demi-god.

---

§ 86. *Prologue ſpoken by Mr. Yates, on opening a new Theatre, built for him by the Inhabitants of Birmingham.* FOOTE.

FROM fiddling, fretting, Monſieur and Signor,
And all the dangers of the Italian ſhore;
From ſqueaking monarchs and chromatic queens,
And Metaſtaſio's mix'd and mangled ſcenes,
Where Faſhion, and not Feeling, bears the ſway,
Whilſt Senſe and Nature coyly keep away,
I come.—All hail the conſecrated earth *,
Whoſe bounteous boſom gave our Shakſpeare birth!
Gave that great maſter of the ſcenic art
To feed the fancy, and correct the heart;
To check th' unruly paſſions' wild career,
And draw from Pity's eye the tender tear;
Of Folly's ſons t' explore the ample train,
The ſot, the fop, the vicious, and the vain;
Hypocriſy to drag from her diſguiſe,
And Affectation hunt through all her lyes:
Such was your bard. Who then can deem the ſtage,
The worthleſs fav'rite of an idle age?
Or judge that pleaſure, with inſtruction join'd,
Can ſoil the manners, or corrupt the mind?
For other thoughts your generous breaſt inſpire,
Touch'd with a ſpark of true Promethean fire:
Sure that the Arts with Commerce came to earth,
That the ſame parents gave thoſe ſiſters birth,
Cold creeping Prejudice you dar'd deſpiſe,
And bade this Temple to the Muſes riſe.
O that my tongue could utter all I feel!
Or that my pow'rs were equal to my zeal!
Plac'd by your favour, not by right divine,
Th' unworthy high-prieſt of the ſacred nine,
No tainted incenſe ſhould pollute their ſhrine,
Nor aught be offer'd to the public view,
But what was worthy them—and worthy you.

§ 87. *Prologue to Bon Ton*; 1775. COLMAN.

FASHION in ev'ry thing bears ſovereign ſway,
And words and periwigs have both their day;
Each have their purlieus too, are modiſh each,
In ſtated diſtricts, wigs as well as ſpeech.
The Tyburn ſcratch, thick club, and Temple tie;
The parſons feather-top, friz'd broad and high;
The coachman's cauliflow'r, built tiers on tiers;
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,
Than great St. George's or St. James's ſtyles
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.
What is Bon Ton?—"O, damme!" cries a buck,
Half drunk—"ask me, my dear, and you 're in "luck:
"Bon Ton 's to ſwear, break windows, beat the "watch, [catch,
"Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar a
"Keep it up! keep it up! damme, take your "ſwing! [thing!"
"Bon Ton is life, my boy; Bon Ton 's *the*
"Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields,"
Says Madam Fuſſock, warm from Spitalfields.
"Bon Ton 's the ſpace 'twixt Saturday and "Monday,
"And riding in a one-horſe chair o' Sunday!
"'Tis drinking tea, on ſummer afternoons,
"At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt ſpoons!
"'Tis laying by our ſtuffs, red cloaks, and "pattens,
"To dance *cowtillions* all in ſilks and ſatins!"
"Vulgar!"—cries Miſs—"Obſerve, in higher "life, [wife;
"The feather'd ſpinſter, and thrice-feather'd
"The Club 's Bon Ton. Bon Ton 's a conſtant "trade
"Of rout, *feſtino*, ball, and maſquerade! [new;
"'Tis plays and puppet-ſhows—'tis ſomething
"'Tis loſing thouſands every night at *lu!*
"Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reaſon;
"'Tis ſtiff French ſtays, and fruit when out of "ſeaſon!
"A roſe, when half-a-guinea is the price;
"A ſet of bays ſcarce bigger than ſix mice:
"To viſit friends—you never wiſh to ſee;
"Marriage 'twixt thoſe who never can agree.
"Old dowagers, dreſs'd, painted, patch'd and "curl'd——
"This is Bon Ton, and this we call *the world!*"
"True," ſays my Lord, "and thou, my only ſon,
"Whate'er your faults, ne'er ſin againſt Bon "Ton!
"Who toils for learning at a public ſchool,
"And digs for Greek and Latin, is a fool.
"French, French, my boy, 's the thing! *jaſez!* "prate, chatter!
"Trim be the mode, whipt-ſyllabub the matter!
"Walk like a Frenchman; for, on Engliſh pegs
"Moves native awkwardneſs with two left legs.
"Of courtly friendſhip form a treacherous league, [intrigue;
"Seduce men's daughters, with their wives

* Shakſpeare was born in Warwickſhire.

"In

" In sightly semicircles round your nails
" Keep your teeth clean—and grin, if small-talk fails:
" But never laugh, whatever jest prevails:
" Nothing but nonsense e'er gave laughter birth,
" That vulgar way the vulgar shew their mirth.
" Laughter's a rude convulsion, sense that justles,
" Disturbs the cockles, and distorts the muscles.
" Hearts may be black, but all should wear clean faces;
" The graces, boy! The graces, graces, graces!"
Such is Bon Ton! and walk this city through,
In building, scribbling, fighting, and *virtu*,
And various other shapes, 'twill rise to view:
To-night our Bayes, with bold but careless tints,
Hits off a sketch or two, like Darly's prints.
Should connoisseurs allow his rough draughts strike 'em,
'Twill be Bon Ton to see 'em, and to like 'em.

§ 88. *Prologue to the Rivals*; 1775. SHERIDAN.

Enter Serjeant at Law, and Attorney following, and giving a Paper.

Serj. WHAT's here?—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see
Without my spectacles. *Att.* He means his fee.
Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good Sir, try again.
[*Gives money.*
Serj. The scrawl improves—[*more*] O come, 'tis pretty plain.
Hey! how's this?—Dibble!—sure it cannot be!
A poet's brief! a poet—and a fee!
Att. Yea, Sir! tho' *you*, without reward, I know,
Would gladly plead the muses cause.—*Serj.* So, so!
Att. And if the fee offends, your wrath should fall
On me.—*Serj.* Dear Dibble, no offence at all.
Att. Some sons of Phœbus in the Courts we meet—
Serj. And fifty sons of Phœbus in the Fleet!
Att. Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig
Of bays adorns his legal waste of wig.
Serj. Full-bottom'd heroes thus on signs unfurl
A leaf of laurel in a grove of curl!
Yet tell your client that, in adverse days,
This wig is warmer than a bush of bays.
Att. Do you then, Sir, my client's place supply,
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tye——
Do you, with all those blushing pow'rs of face,
And wonted bashful hesitating grace,
Rise in the court, and flourish on the case.
[*Exit.*
Serj. For practice then suppose—this brief will shew it—
Me, Serjeant Woodward—counsel for the poet.
Us'd to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal
With this dread *Court*, from whence there's *no appeal*;
No *tricking* here to blunt the edge of *law*,
Or damn'd in *equity*—escape by *flaw*:
But *judgment* given—*your sentence* must remain;
No *writ of error* lies—to *Drury-lane!*
Yet when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute
We gain some favour, if not *costs of suit*.
No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;
I think I never fac'd a milder jury! [portation,
Sad else our plight!—where frowns are transA hiss the gallows—and a groan damnation!
But such the public candour, without fear
My client waves all *right of challenge* here.—
No newsman from *our* session is dismiss'd,
Nor wit, nor critic, *we* scratch off the list;
His faults can never hurt another's ease,
His crime at worst—a *bad attempt* to please:
Thus, all respecting he appeals to all,
And by the general voice will *stand* or *fall*.

§ 89. *Epilogue to the Same*; 1775. SHERIDAN.

LADIES, for *you*—I heard our poet say,
He 'd try to coax some *moral* from his play;
'One moral's plain,' cried I, 'without more fuss;
'Man's social happiness all rests on us:
'Thro' all the drama, whether damn'd or not,
'*Love* gilds the *scene*, and *women* guide the *plot*.
'From ev'ry rank obedience is our due:
'D' ye doubt?—the world's great stage shall
'prove it true.'
The cit, well skill'd to shun domestic strife,
Will sup abroad; but first—he 'll ask his *wife*.
John Trot, his friend, for once will do the same;
But then—he 'll just *step home to tell his dame*.
The *surly 'squire* at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day—Zounds! Madam is a fool!
Convinc'd at night, the vanquish'd victor says,
Ah, Kate! *you women have such coaxing ways!*
The *jolly toper* chides each tardy blade,
Till reeling Bacchus calls on love for aid:
Then with each toast he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling brim!
Nay, I have heard that statesmen, great and wise,
Will *sometimes* counsel with a lady's eyes;
The servile suitors watch her various face,
She smiles preferment—or she frowns disgrace,
Curtsies a pension here—there nods a place.
Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,
Is *view'd* the *mistress*, or is *heard* the *wife*.
The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil,
Early from radiant love's impartial light
Steals one small spark to cheer his world of night;
Dear spark! that oft, thro' winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows!
The wand'ring *tar*—who not for *years* has press'd
The widow'd partner of his *day* of rest,
On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,
Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd:
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.
The *soldier*, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the *triumph* of his Nancy's smile;

But ere the battle, should he list her cries,
The lover trembles—and the hero dies!
That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear!
But ye more cautious—ye nice judging few,
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,
Tho' friends to Love—*ye* view with deep regret
Our conquests marr'd, and triumphs incomplete,
Till polish'd wit more lasting charms disclose,
And judgment fix the darts which beauty throws.
In female breasts did sense and merit rule,
The lover's mind would ask no other school;
Sham'd into sense—the scholars of our eyes,
Our beaux from *gallantry* would soon be wise;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love!

§ 90. *Epilogue to Edward and Eleonora*; 1775. SHERIDAN.

YE wedded critics *, who have mark'd our taste,
How say you? does our plot in *nature* fail?
May we not boast that many a *modern* wife
Would lose her own to save a *husband*'s life?
Would gladly die——O monstrous and ill-bred!
There's not a husband here but shakes his head!
But you, my gall'ry friends †—come, what say you? [too!
Your wives are with you—shake their noddles
Above there—hey, lads ‡! You 'll not treat us so— [*No!*
You side with *us?*—They grin, and grumble,
Yet hold—tho' these plain folks traduce their doxies,
Sure we have *Eleonoras* in the *boxes!*
Inhuman beaux!—why that ill-natur'd sneer?
What, then, you think there is no such ideot here?
There are, no doubt, tho' rare to find, I know,
Who could lose husbands, yet survive the blow;
Two years a wife—view Lesbia, sobbing, crying;
Her chair is waiting—but my Lord is dying:
Preparing for the worst, she tells her maid
To countermand her points, and new brocade;
"For, O! if I should lose the *best of men*,
"Heaven knows when I shall see the *Club* again.
"So, Lappet, should he die while I am out,
"You 'll send for me at Lady Basto's rout;
"The doctor said he might hold out till three,
"But I ha'n't spirits for the *Coterie!*"
Now change the scene—place madam in the fever,
My lord for comfort at the *Sçavoir Vivre*;
His valet enters—shakes his meagre head—
"Chapeau, what news?"—"Ah! Sir, my lady
"dead!"
"The deuce!—'tis sudden, faith—but four days
"sick!——
"Well, seven's the main—(poor Kate!)—ele-
"ven 's a nick."
But hence reflections on a senseless train,
Who, lost to real joy, should feel no pain;
'Mongst Britain's daughters still can Hymen's light
Reveal the love which charm'd your hearts to-night;
Shew beauteous martyrs, who would each prefer,
To die for *him*, who long has liv'd for *her*;
Domestic heroines, who with fondest care
Outsmile a husband's griefs, or claim a share;
Search where the rankling evils most abound,
And heal with cherub-lip the poison'd wound.
Nay, such bright virtues in a royal mind
Were not alone to *Edward*'s days confin'd;
Still, still they beam around Britannia's throne,
And grace an *Eleonora* of our own.

§ 91. *Prologue to Braganza.* MURPHY.

WHILE, in these days of sentiment and grace
Poor comedy in tears resigns her place,
And, smit with novels full of maxims crude,
She that was frolic once now turns a prude;
To her great end the tragic muse aspires,
At Athens born, and faithful to her fires.
The comic sister, in hysteric fit,
You 'd swear has lost all memory of wit;
Folly for her may now exult on high;
Feather'd by ridicule, no arrows fly;
But, if you are distress'd she 's sure to cry.
She that could jig, and nick-name all heaven's creatures,
With sorrows not her own deforms her features;
With stale reflections keeps a constant pother;
Greece gave her one face, and she makes another—
So very pious, and so full of woe,
You well may bid her, "To a nunnery go."
Not so Melpomene; to nature true,
She holds her own great principle in view.
She, from the first, when men her pow'r confess'd,
When grief and terror seiz'd the tortur'd breast,
She made, to strike her moral to the mind,
The stage the great tribunal of mankind.
Hither the worthies of each clime she draws,
Who founded states, or rescued dying laws;
Who, in base times, a life of glory led,
And for their country who have toil'd or bled,
Hither they come—again they breathe, they live;
And virtue's meed thro' every age receive.
Hither the murd'rer comes, with ghastly mien,
And the fiend conscience hunts him o'er the scene.
None are exempted; all must re-appear,
And even kings attend for judgment here;
Here find the day, when they their pow'r abuse,
Is a scene furnish'd to the tragic muse.
Such is her art; weaken'd perhaps at length,
And, while she aims at beauty, losing strength.
Oh! when, resuming all her native rage,
Shall her true energy alarm the stage?
This night a bard (our hopes may rise too high—
'Tis yours to judge, 'tis yours the cause to try)—
This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,
Once more, we hope, will rouse a genuine flame.

* To the Pit. † First Gallery. ‡ Upper Gallery.

His

His no French play---tame, poliſh'd, dull by rule:
Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shakſpeare's ſchool.
Inſpir'd by him, he ſhews in glaring light
A nation ſtruggling with tyrannic might;
Oppreſſion ruſhing on with giant ſtrides;
A deep conſpiracy, which virtue guides;
Heroes, for freedom who dare ſtrike the blow,
A tableaux of honour, guilt and woe.
If on his canvas nature's colours ſhine,
You'll praiſe the hand that trac'd the juſt deſign.

§ 92. *Epilogue by Mr. Garrick, on quitting the Stage, June* 1776.

A VETERAN ſee! whoſe laſt act on the ſtage
Entreats your ſmiles for ſickneſs and forage;
Their cauſe I plead---plead it in heart and mind,
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind:
Might we but hope your zeal would not be leſs,
When I am gone, to patronize diſtreſs,
That hope obtain'd the wiſh'd-for end ſecures,
To ſoothe their cares who oft have lighten'd yours.
Shall the great heroes of celeſtial line,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman wine,
Cæſar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himſelf, who here has quaff'd his nectar!
Shall they who govern fortune, cringe and court her,
Thirſt in their age, and call in vain for porter?
Like Beliſarius, tax the pitying ſtreet
With *date obolum* to all they meet? [gore;
Sha'n't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in
Stab'd many, poiſon'd ſome, beheaded more?
Who numbers ſlew in battle on this plain---
Sha'n't I, the ſlayer, try to feed the ſlain?
Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men who ſlew me, and the men I ſlew:
I muſt, I will this happy project ſeize,
That thoſe too old to die may live with eaſe.
Suppoſe the babes I ſmother'd in the Tow'r,
By chance, or ſickneſs, loſe their acting pow'r,
Shall they, once princes, worſe than all be ſerv'd---
In childhood murder'd, and, when murder'd, ſtarv'd?
Matrons half raviſh'd for your recreation,
In age ſhould never want ſome conſolation.
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature loſt,
Behold, O horrible! my father's ghoſt,
With griſly beard, pale cheek, ſtalk up and down,
And he, the royal Dane, want half a crown?
Forbid it, ladies! gentlemen, forbid it!
Give joy to age, and let 'em ſay---you did it.
To you, ye gods*! I make my laſt appeal;
You have a right to judge, as well as feel;
Will your high wiſdoms to our ſcheme incline,
That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghoſts may dine?
Olympus ſhakes!---that omen all ſecures;
May ev'ry joy you give be tenfold yours!

§ 93. *Prologue to the Capuchin*; 1776. *Spoken by Mr. Foote.* COLMAN.

CRITICS, whene'er I write, in ev'ry ſcene
Diſcover meanings, that I never mean;
Whatever character I bring to view,
I am the father of the child, 'tis true,
But ev'ry babe his chriſt'ning owes to you.
" The comic poet's eye, with humorous air,
" Glancing from Watling-ſtreet to Groſvenor-
" ſquare.
" He bodies forth a light ideal train,
" And turns to ſhape the phantoms of his brain:
" Meanwhile your fancy takes more partial aim,
" And gives to airy nothing place and name."
A limner once, in want of work, went down
To try his fortune in a country town:
The waggon loaded with his goods, convey'd
To the ſame ſpot his whole dead ſtock in trade,
Originals and copies---ready made.
To the new painter all the country came;
Lord, lady, doctor, lawyer, ſquire, and dame,
The humble curate, and the curate's wife,
All aſk a likeneſs---taken from the life.
Behold the canvas on the eaſel ſtand!
A pallet grac'd his thumb, and bruſhes fill'd his hand:
But, ah! the painter's ſkill they little knew,
Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.
The waggon-load unpack'd, his ancient ſtore
Furniſh'd for each a face drawn long before,
God, dame, or hero, of the days of yore.
The Cæſars, with a little alteration,
Were turn'd into the mayor and corporation:
To repreſent the rector and the dean,
He added wigs and bands to Prince Eugene:
The ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces,
From Charles the Second's beauties, and the Graces.
Thus done, and circled in a ſplendid frame,
His works adorn'd each room, and ſpread his fame;
The countrymen of taſte admire and ſtare,
" My lady's leer! Sir John's majeſtic air!
" Miſs Dimple's languiſh too!---extremely
" like!
" And in the ſtyle and manner of Vandyke!
" O this new limner's pictures always ſtrike!
" Old, young; fat, lean; dark, fair; or big or
" little,
" The very man, or woman, to a tittle!"
Foote and this limner in ſome points agree,
And, thus good Sirs, you often deal by me.
When by the royal licence and protection,
I ſhew my ſmall academy's collection,
The connoiſſeur takes out his glaſs to pry
Into each picture with a curious eye;
Turns topſy-turvy my whole compoſition,
And makes mere portraits-all my exhibition.

* To the Upper Gallery.

But

But ſtill the copy's ſo exact you ſay;
Alas! the ſame thing happen ev'ry day!
How many a modiſh well dreſs'd fop you meet,
Exactly ſuits his ſhape in Monmouth ſtreet;
In Yorkſhire warehouſes and Cranbourn-alley,
'Tis wonderful how ſhoes and feet will tally!
As honeſt Criſpin underſtands his trade,
On the true human ſcale his laſts are made,
The meaſure of each ſex and age to hit,
And ev'ry ſhoe, as if beſpoke, will fit.
My warehouſe thus, for nature's walks ſupplies
Shoes for all ranks, and laſts of ev'ry ſize.
Sit ſtill, and try them, Sirs, I long to pleaſe ye---
How well they fit! I hope you find them eaſy:
If the ſhoe pinches, ſwear you cannot bear it:
But if well-made---I wiſh you health to wear it.

---

§ 94. *Prologue to the Contract*; 1776. *Written and intended to have been ſpoken by Mr. Foote.*

THE Contract is it call'd?---I cannot ſay
I much admire the title of his play:
Contracts, they tell me, have been fraught with evil,
Since Fauſtus ſign'd his contract with---the Devil.
Yet, ſpite of Satan, all men wiſh to make 'em,
Tho' nineteen out of twenty love to break 'em.
Butchers and meal-men, brewers, agents, factors,
Pimps, poets, placemen, managers, and actors,
Bawds, bankrupts, bookſellers, are all contractors;
All lye, and ſwear, and cheat, t' increaſe their ſtore,
Then die, and go---where Fauſtus went before.
While thus o'er all we ſee th' infection ſpread,
No wonder it ſhould taint the marriage bed:
Each wife forgets, each huſband breaks his vow;
For what are contracts, what is wedlock now?
Garrick, who long was married to the town,
At length, a faſhionable huſband grown,
Forſakes his ſpouſe, baſe man! for truth to tell,
She lov'd her own dear Davy wondrous well;
Though now he ſlights her, breaks from her by force,
And nought will ſerve him but a full divorce.
But, be the fault in women or in men,
Thanks to our laws! they all may---wed again:
Her faithleſs fav'rite gone, the lady 's free
To chooſe another, and may ſmile---on me;
To the Lame Lover may reſign her charms,
And, tho' a cripple, take me to her arms.
I'll promiſe to be conſtant, kind, polite,
And pay my duty---ev'ry other night:
My dear lov'd rib I never will abandon,
But ſtand by her, whilſt I've *one* leg to ſtand on.
I'll make a ſolemn *contract*, play or pay,
And hope we ſhall not part this many a day.
Our brother ſcribbler too, I greatly fear,
Has made a fooliſh kind of contract here;
He promiſes, and ten to one you 're bit,
To furniſh fable, ſentiment, and wit.
I've ſeen his piece; the man appeal'd to me,
And I, as Chancellor, iſſued my decree;
'T has paſs'd the ſeals, they're going to rehearſe it---
But you're the Houſe of Peers, and may reverſe it.

---

§ 95. *Prologue to the Spleen, or Iſlington Spa. Spoken by Mr King*; 1776. GARRICK.

THOUGH prologues now as blackberries are plenty,
And, like them, maukiſh too---nineteen in twenty;
Yet you will have them when their date is o'er,
And prologue! prologue! ſtill your honours roar;
Till ſome ſuch diſmal phiz as mine comes on---
Ladies and gentlemen, indeed there's none;
The prologue, author, ſpeaker---all are dead and gone.
Theſe reaſons have ſome weight, and ſtop the rout;
You clap---I ſmile---and thus go cringing out:
While living, call me; for your pleaſure uſe me:
Should I tip off---I hope you 'll then excuſe me.
So much for Prologues---and now enter Farce:
Shall I a ſcene, I lately heard, rehearſe?
The place, the Park; the *dramatis perſonæ*,
Two female wits with each a macaroni:
" Pr'ythee, Lord Flimſey, what's this thing at
" Drury---
" This Spleen?"——"'Tis low, damn'd low;
" Ma'am, I 'll aſſure you." [evil,
" *C'eſt vrai, my Lor!*---We now feel no ſuch
" Never are haunted with a vapouriſh devil.
" In pleaſure's round we whirl it from the brain;
" You rattle it away with, Seven 's the main!
" In upper life we have no ſpleen or gall;
" And as for other life--- it is no life at all."
What can I ſay in our poor bard's behalf?
He hopes that lower life may make you laugh.
May not a trader, who ſhall buſineſs drop,
Quitting at once his old accuſtom'd ſhop,
In fancy through a courſe of pleaſures run,
Retiring to his ſeat at Iſlington;
And, of falſe dreams of happineſs brim-full,
Be at his villa miſerably dull?
Would not he Iſlington 's fine air forego,
Could he again be choak'd in Butcher row;
In ſhewing cloth renew his former pleaſure,
Surpaſs'd by none---but that of clipping meaſure?
The maſter of this ſhop*, too ſeeks repoſe,
Sells off his ſtock in trade, his verſe and proſe,
His daggers, buſkins, thunder, lightning, and old clothes.
Will he in rural ſhades find eaſe and quiet?
O no! he 'll ſigh for Drury; and ſeek peace in riot.
Nature of yore prevail'd through human kind;
To low and middle life ſhe 's now confin'd:
'Twas there the choiceſt dramatiſts have ſought her.
'Twas there Moliere, there Jonſon, Shakſpeare caught her.
Then let our gleaning bard with ſafety come,
To pick up ſtraws dropt from their harveſt home.

* Alluding to Mr. Garrick's retiring from the Stage.

§ 96.

§ 96. *Prologue introduced in the Prelude of New Brooms. Spoken by Mr. King, at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre*; 1776. GARRICK.

SCRIBBLERS are ſportſmen; and as ſportſmen are,
Some hit, ſome miſs, ſome poach, and ſome beat fair,
This wounds a ſtraggling bird; that often tries
But never kills, he ſhoots and ſhuts both eyes;
Like our train'd-bands, the mark he never hits;
He ſcorns to ſee the murder he commits:
Some will whole covies take, nineteen in twenty;
And then you ſmack your lips---for game is plenty;
In ſhort, by you their merits muſt be tried;
And woe to them who are not qualified!
Another ſimile we mean to broach---
A new one too!---the ſtage is a ſtage-coach---
A ſtage-coach! why?---I 'll tell you, if you aſk it---
* Here ſome take places, and ſome mount the baſket †.
Our cattle too, that draw the ſtage along,
Are of all ſorts and ſizes---weak and ſtrong;
Brown, grey, black, bay, briſk, tame, blind, lame, fat, lean, old, and young!
If, as we 're jogging on, we ſometimes ſtop,
Some ſcold within, and ſome aſleep will drop,
While ſailors and their doxes ſing and roar o'top.
The coachman manager will ſometimes pleaſe ye--
But ſhould he ſtuff the coach too full, and ſqueeze ye,
You then begin to ſwear--"Zonnds! ſhut the door;
" We're cramm'd already---here's no room for
" more---
" You 're ſo damn'd fat! A little farther, Sir---
" Your elbow 's in my ſtomach---I can't ſtir!"
Hoit! Hoit! the coachman then drives on apace,
And, ſmack! with other ſtages runs a race.
Thro' thick and thin we daſh, now up, now down,
Now raiſe a duſt, now rattling thro' the town;
Now firſt, now laſt, now jolted, crack! we fall---
Laugh'd, pelted, hooted at, and damn'd by all.
Your late old coachman, tho' oft ſplaſh'd by dirt,
And out in many a ſtorm, retires unhurt;
Enjoys your kind reward for all his pains,
And now to other hands reſigns the reins..
But the new partners of the old machine,
Hoping you 'll find it ſnug, and tight, and clean,
Vow that with much civility they 'll treat you,
Will drive you well, and pleaſantly will ſeat you.
The road is not all turnpike--and what worſe is,
They can't inſure your watches, or your purſes;
But they 'll inſure you, that their beſt endeavour
Shall not be wanting to obtain your favour:
Which gain'd---Gee up! the old ſtage will run for ever!

§ 97. *Epilogue to the Runaway*; 1776. GARRICK.

POST haſte from Italy arrives my lover!
Shall I to you, good friends, my fears diſcover?
Should foreign modes his virtues mar and mangle.
And *cara ſpoſa* prove---Sir Dingle Dangle;
No ſooner join'd, than ſeparate we go;
Abroad---we never ſhall each other know,
At home---I mope above---he 'll pick his teeth below.
In ſweet domeſtic chat we ne'er ſhall mingle.
And wedded tho' I am, ſhall ſtill live ſingle.
However modiſh, I deteſt this plan;
For me no maukiſh creature, weak and wan;
He muſt be Engliſh--- and an Engliſh *man*.
To nature and his country falſe and blind,
Should Belville dare to twiſt his form and mind,
I will diſcard him---and, to Britain true,
A Britain chooſe---and may be one of you——
Nay, don't be frighten'd; I am but in jeſt;
Freemen, in love or war, ſhould ne'er be preſs'd,
If you would know my utmoſt expectation,
'Tis one unſpoil'd by travell'd education;
With knowledge, taſte, much kindneſs, and ſome whim, [him.
Good ſenſe to govern me---and let me govern
Great love of me muſt keep his heart from roving;
Then I'll forgive him, if he proves too loving.
If in theſe times I ſhould be bleſs'd by fate
With ſuch a phœnix, ſuch a matchleſs mate,
I will by kindneſs, and ſome ſmall diſcerning,
Take care that Hymens's torch continues burning.
At weddings, now-a-days, the torch thrown down,
Juſt makes a ſmoke, then ſtinks throughout the town!
No married Puritan, I 'll follow pleaſure, [ſure;
And even the faſhion---but in moderate mea-
I will of opera ecſtacies partake,
Tho' I take ſnuff to keep myſelf awake:
No rampant plumes ſhall o'er my temples play,
Foretelling that my brains will fly away;
Nor from my head ſhall ſtrange vagaries ſpring,
To ſhew the ſoil can teem with ev'ry thing;
No fruits, roots, greens, ſhall fill the ample ſpace,
A kitchen-garden to adorn my face!
No rocks ſhall there be ſeen, no windmill, fountain;
Nor curls, like guns ſet round to guard the mountain!
O learn, ye fair, if this ſame madneſs ſpreads,
Not to hold up, but to keep down your heads!
Be not miſled by ſtrange fantaſtic Art,
But in your dreſs let Nature take ſome part:
Her ſkill alone a laſting pow'r inſures,
And beſt can ornament ſuch charms as yours.

* Boxes. † Gallery.

§ 98.

§ 98. *Epilogue to Semiramis*; 1776.
SHERIDAN.

DISHEVELL'D still, like Asia's bleeding queen,
Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene?
No, beauteous mourners!---from whose down-cast eyes
The Muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice!
Whose gentle bosoms, *Pity's altars*---bear
The crystal incense of each falling tear!---
There lives the poet's praise!---no critic art
Can match the comment of a feeling heart!
When gen'ral plaudits speak the fable o'er,
Which mute attention had approv'd before,
Tho' ruder spirits love th' accustom'd jest
Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast,
Still hearts refin'd their sadden'd tints retain---
The sigh is pleasure! and the jest is pain!
Scarce have they smiles to honour grace or wit,
Tho' Roscius spoke the verse himself had writ!
Thus thro' the time when vernal fruits receive
The grateful show'rs that hang on April's eve;
Tho' ev'ry coarser stem of forest birth
Throws with the morning-beam its dews to earth,
Ne'er does the gentle *rose* revive so soon---
But bath'd in nature's tears, it droops till noon.
O could the muse one simple moral teach,
From scenes like these, which all who heard might reach!
Thou child of sympathy---whoe'er thou art,
Who with Assyria's queen hast wept thy part---
Go search where keener woes demand relief,
Go---while thy heart yet beats with fancied grief:
Thy lip still conscious of the recent sigh,
The graceful tear still ling'ring in thy eye---
Go---and on real misery bestow
The bless effusion of fictitious woe!---
So shall our Muse, supreme of all the Nine,
Deserve indeed the title of---*divine!*
Virtue shall own her favour'd from above,
And *Pity* greet her with a sister's love!

---

§ 99. *Prologue, spoken by Mr. Palmer, on the opening of the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market, May* 15, 1777. COLMAN.

PRIDE, by a thousand arts, vain honours claims,
And gives to empty nothings pompous names.
Theatric dealers thus would fain seem great,
And ev'ry playhouse grows a mighty state.
To fancied heights howe'er mock monarchs soar,
A manager 's a trader---nothing more——
You (whom they court) their customers---and then,
We play'rs---poor devils!---are their journeymen.
While two great warehouses, for winter use,
Eight months huge bales of merchandize produce,
Out with the swallow comes our summer Bays,
To shew his taffeta and lutestring plays;
A choice assortment of slight goods prepares,
The smallest haberdasher of small wares.
In Laputa, we're told, a grave projector—
A mighty schemer---like our new director---
Once form'd a plan--and 'twas a deep one, Sirs!--
To draw the sun-beams out of cucumbers.
So whilst less vent'rous managers retire,
Our Salamander thinks to live in fire.
A playhouse quidnunc---and no quidnunc's wiser——
Reading our play-bills in the Advertiser,
Cries, "Hey! what's here? In th' Hay-market a play;
"To sweat the public in the midst of May?
"Give me fresh air!;"—then goes and pouts alone
In country lodgings——by the two-mile stone:
There sits, and chews the cud of his disgust,
Broil'd in the sun, and blinded by the dust.
"Dearee," says Mrs. Inkle, "let us go
"To th' Hay-market to-night, and see the show."
"Psha, woman!" cries old Inkle, "you're a fool:
"We'll walk to Hornsey, and enjoy the cool."
So said, to finish the domestic strife
Forth waddle the fat spouse, and fatter wife:
And as they tug up Highgate-hill together,
He cries—"Delightful walking!—charming weather!"
Now with the napkin underneath the chin,
Unbutton'd cits their turtle feasts begin, [thin:
And plunge full knuckle deep, thro' thick and
Throw down fish, flesh, fowl, pastry, custard, jelly,
And make a salmagundy of their belly.
"More China-pepper! punch, another rummer!
"So cool and pleasant—eating in the summer!"
To ancient geographers 'twas not known
Mortals could live beneath the torrid zone:
But we, though toiling underneath the line,
Must make our hay now while the weather's fine.
Your good old *hay-maker*, long here employ'd,
The sunshine of your smiles who still enjoy'd;
The fields which long he mow'd will not forsake,
Nor quite forego the scythe, the fork, and rake;
But take the field, even in the hottest day,
And kindly help us to get in our hay.

---

§ 100. *Prologue to the Spanish Barber*; 1777.
COLMAN.

ONCE more from Ludgate hill behold Paul Prig! [wig!
The same spruce air, you see, same coat, same
A mercer smart and dapper all allow,
As ever at shop-door shot off a bow.
This summer—for I love a little prance—
This summer, gentlefolks, I've been to France,
To mark the fashions—and to learn to dance.
I, and dear Mrs. Prig, the first of Graces!
At Calais, in the diligence took places;
Travell'd through Boulogne, Amiens, and Chantilly,
All in a line—as straight as Piccadilly!
To Paris come, their dresses made me stare—
Their favo'rite colour is the French queen's hair:
They 're

They 're all so fine, so shabby, and so gay,
They look like chimney-sweepers on May-day:
Silks of all colours in the rainbow there;
A Joseph's coat appears the common wear.
Of some I brought home patterns; one, to-night,
We mean to shew—'tis true, it is but slight:
But then, for summer wear, you know, that 's right.
A *little weaver*, whom I long have known,
Has work'd it up, and begs to have it shown—
But pray observe, my friends, 'tis not his own.
I brought it over——nay, if it miscarries,
He 'll cry, "'Tis none of mine—it came from "Paris."
But should you like it, he 'll soon let you know,
'Twas spun and manufactur'd in Soho.
'T had a great run abroad, which always yields
Work for our Grub-street, and our Spital-fields.
France charms our ladies, naked bards, and beaux,
Who smuggle thence their learning and their clothes;
Buckles like gridirons, and wigs on springs;
Têtes built like towers, and rumps like ostrich wings.
If this piece please, each summer I 'll go over,
And fetch new patterns by the straits of Dover.

---

§ 101. *Prologue to the School for Scandal*; 1777. GARRICK.

A SCHOOL for Scandal!—Tell me, I beseech you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?
No need of lessons now—the knowing think—
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Caus'd by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours
Distress our fair-ones, let them read the papers;
Their pow'rful mixtures such disorders hit,
Crave what they will, there's *quantum sufficit*.
"Lord!" cries my Lady Wormwood (who loves tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle)
Just risen at noon, all night at cards when threshing, ["ing!
"Strong tea and scandal—bless me, how refresh-
"Give me the papers, Lisp—how bold and "free! [*sips.*
"Last night Lord L. [*sips.*] was caught with "Lady D.
"For aching heads, what charming *sal volatile!* [*sips.*
"If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,
"We hope she 'll draw, or we 'll undraw, the "curtain.—
"Fine satire, poz! in public all abuse it!
"But, by ourselves, [*sips*] our praise we can't "refuse it.
"Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash "and star."— [ware,
"Yes, Ma'am—A certain Lord had best be-
"Who lives not twenty miles from Grosve- "nor-square;
"For should he Lady W. find willing—
"Wormwood is bitter."—"O! that's me—"the villain!
"Throw it behind the fire, and never more
"Let that vile paper come within my door."
Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?
Knows he the world so little, and its trade?—
Alas! the devil's sooner rais'd than laid.
So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging;
Cut Scandal's head off—still the tongue is wagging.
Proud of your smiles, once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;
To shew his gratitude, he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in its den;
From his fell gripe the frighted fair to save—
Tho' he should fall, th' attempt must please the brave.
For your applause, all perils he would through,
He 'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,
Till ev'ry drop of blood—that 's ink—is spilt for you.

---

§ 102. *Epilogue to the same*; 1777. *Spoken by Mrs. Abington, in the Character of Lady Teazel.* COLMAN.

I, WHO was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade-wind must now blow all one way,
Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,
To one old rusty weather-cock—my spouse:
So wills our virtuous bard!—the pye-bald Bayes
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays.
Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives!
Each bring his dear to town—all faults upon her—
London will prove the very source of honour;
Plung'd fairly in, like a cold bath, it serves,
When principles relax, to brace the nerves.
Such is my case—and yet I must deplore
That the gay dream of dissipation 's o'er;
And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the highest life,
Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,
Like me condemn'd to such a dismal doom?
Save money—when I just knew how to *waste* it!
Leave London—just as I began to taste it!
Must I then watch the early-crowing cock?
The melancholy ticking of a clock?
In the lone rustic hall for ever bounded,
With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded?
With humble curates can I now retire,
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the 'squire)
And at back-gammon mortify my soul,
That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole?
Seven 's the main!—dear sound!—that must expire,
Lost at hot-cockles round a Christmas fire!

The tranſient hour of faſhion too ſoon ſpent,
" Farewel the tranquil mind, farewel content!
" Farewel the *plumed* head—the cuſhion'd *tête*,
" That takes the cuſhion from his proper ſeat!
" The ſpirit-ſtirring drum!—card-drums I
" mean—
" Spadille, odd trick, pam, baſto, king, and queen!
" And you, ye knockers, that with brazen throat
" The welcome viſitor's approach denote—
" Farewel!—all *quality* of high renown,
" Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious
" town,
" Farewel!—your revels I partake no more,
" And Lady Teazel's occupation 's o'er."
All this I told our Bard—he ſmil'd, and ſaid
'twas clear
I ought to play deep tragedy next year:
Meanwhile he drew wiſe morals from his play,
And in theſe ſolemn periods ſtalk'd away:
" Bleſt were the fair, like you, her faults who
" ſtopp'd, [dropp'd!
" And cloſ'd her follies when the curtain
" No more in vice or error to engage,
" Or play the fool at large on life's great ſtage!"

§ 103. *Prologue to A Word to the Wiſe, performed for the Benefit of Mr. Kelly's Family*; 1777. Johnson.

THIS night preſents a play which public rage,
Or right or wrong, once hooted from the
ſtage *.
From zeal or malice now no more we dread,
For Engliſh vengeance *wars not with the dead.*
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid where all muſt lie.
To wit reviving from its author's duſt
Be kind, ye judges, or at leaſt be juſt:
For no renew'd hoſtilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable ſhade.
Let one great payment every claim appeaſe,
And him who cannot hurt, allow to pleaſe;
To pleaſe by ſcenes unconſcious of offence,
By harmleſs merriment, or uſeful ſenſe.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece diſplays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praiſe.
If want of ſkill or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiſs—the poet cannot hear!
By all, like him, muſt praiſe and blame be found
At beſt a fleeting gleam, or empty ſound.
Yet then ſhall calm reflection bleſs the night,
When liberal pity dignified delight;
When pleaſure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

§ 104. *Prologue to Sir Thomas Overbury*; 1777. Sheridan.

TOO long the Muſe, attach'd to regal ſhow,
Denies the ſcene to tales of humbler woe;
Such as were wont, while yet they charm'd the ear,
To ſteal the plaudit of a ſilent tear;
When Otway gave domeſtic grief its part,
And Rowe's familiar ſorrows touch'd the heart.
A ſceptred traitor, laſh'd by vengeful fate,
A bleeding hero, or a falling ſtate,
Are themes (tho' nobly worth the claſſic ſong)
Which feebly claim your ſighs, nor claim them
Too great for pity, they inſpire reſpect, [long;
Their deeds aſtoniſh, rather than affect;
Proving how rare the heart that woe can move,
Which reaſon tells us we can never prove.
Other the ſcene, where ſadly ſtands confeſt
The private pang that rends the ſufferer's breaſt.
When ſorrow ſits upon a parent's brow,
When fortune mocks the youthful lover's vow,
All feel the tale—for who ſo mean but knows
What fathers' ſorrows are, what lovers' woes?
On kindred ground our Bard his fabric built,
And plac'd a mirror there for private guilt;
Where, fatal union! will appear combin'd
An angel's form and an abandon'd mind;
Honour attempting paſſion to reprove,
And friendſhip ſtruggling with unhallow'd love!
Yet view not, critics, with ſevere regard
The orphan offſpring of an orphan bard,
Doom'd, whilſt he wrote, unpitied to ſuſtain
More real mis'ries than his pen could feign!
Ill-fated Savage! at whoſe birth was giv'n
No parent but the Muſe, no friend but Heaven!
Whoſe youth no brother knew, with ſocial care
To ſooth his ſuff'rings, or demand to ſhare;
No wedded partner of his mortal woe,
To win his ſmile at all that fate could do;
While, at his death, nor friends nor mother's
Fell on the track of his deſerted bier! [tear
So pleads the tale † that gives to future times
The ſon's misfortunes, and the parent's crimes,
There ſhall his fame (if own'd to-night) ſur-
vive;
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live!

§ 105. *Prologue to Bonduca*; 1778. Garrick.

TO *modern* Britons let the old appear
This night, to rouſe 'em for this anxious
year:
To raiſe that ſpirit, which of yore, when rais'd,
Made even Romans tremble while they prais'd:
To rouſe that ſpirit, which thro' every age
Has wak'd the lyre, and warm'd th' hiſtorian's
page;
That dauntleſs ſpirit, which on Creſſy's plain
Ruſh'd from the heart thro' ev'ry Britiſh vein:
Nerv'd ev'ry arm the numerous hoſt to dare,
Whilſt Edward's valour ſhone the guiding ſtar,
Whoſe beams diſpers'd the darkneſs of deſpair.
Whate'er the craft or number of his foes,
Ever from danger Britain's glory roſe:
To the mind's eye let the fifth Harry riſe,
And in that viſion boaſting France deſpiſe;

* Upon the firſt repreſentation of this play, 1770, it was damned, from the violence of party.
† Life of Richard Savage, by Dr. Samuel Johnſon.

Then

Then turn to later deeds your sires have wrought,
When Anna rul'd, and mighty Marlb'rough fought.
Shall Chatham die and be forgot *?—O no!
Warm from its source let grateful sorrow flow;
His matchless ardour fir'd each fear-struck mind,
His genius soar'd when Britons droop'd and pin'd;
Whilst each State Atlas sunk beneath the load,
His heart, unshook, with patriot virtue glow'd;
Like Hercules, he freed 'em from the weight,
And on *his* shoulders fix'd the tottering state;
His strength the monsters of the land defied,
To raise his country's glory was his pride,
And for her service, as he liv'd, he died.
O for his powers, those feelings to impart,
Which rous'd to action every drooping heart!
Now, while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,
And all the nation cries, "To arms, to arms!"
Then would his native strength each Briton know,
And scorn the threats of an invading foe:
Hatching and feeding every civil broil,
France looks with envy on our happy soil;
When mischief 's on the wing she cries for war,
Insults distress, and braves her conqueror.
But Shakspeare sung—and well this land he knew,
O hear his voice! that nought shall make us rue,
"If England to itself do rest but true."

---

§ 106. *Prologue to the Princess of Parma*; 1778. CUMBERLAND.

ERE dark November, with his dripping wings,
Shuts out the cheerful face of men and things.
You all can tell how soon the dreary scene
Affects your wives and daughters with the spleen.
Madam begins—"My dear, these odious rains
"Will bring on all my old rheumatic pains;
"In fifty places it came in last night——
"This vile old crazy mansion's such a fright!
"What 's to be done?"—"In very truth, my love,
"I think 'twere better for us to remove."
This said, if as it chance that gentle spouse
Bears but a second int'rest in the house,
The bill is pass'd—no sooner said than done—
Up springs the hen-bird, and the covey's gone:
Then hey for London! there the game begins;
Bouquets, and diamond stars, and golden pins,
A thousand freakish wants, a thousand sighs,
A thousand poutings, and ten thousand lies;
Trim, and new-rigg'd, and launch'd for pleasure's gale,
Our madam comes, her goslings at her tail;
Away they scamper to present their faces
At Johnson's citadel, for side-box places.
He to their joint and supplicating moan
Presents a face of brass, a heart of stone;
Or, monarch-like, while their address is stating,
Sends them a "*veto*" by his lord in waiting.
Returning thence, the disappointed fleet
Anchors in Tavistock's fantastic street;
There under Folly's colours gaily rides,
Where Humour points, or veering passion guides.
In vain the steward racks, and tenants rave,
Money she wants, and money she will have.
Meanwhile, terrific hangs the unpaid bill,
Long as from Portman-square to Ludgate-hill.
The 'squire, exhausted, in desponding plight,
Creeps to his chambers to avoid the sight,
Or at the *Mount* with some old *snarler* chimes,
In damning wives, and railing at the times.
Such is the scene!—If then we fetch you down
Amusements which endear the smoky town,
And through the peasant's poor but useful hands
We circulate the produce of your lands;
In this voluptuous dissipated age,
Sure there 's some merit in our rural stage †.
Happy the call, nor wholly vain the play,
Which weds you to your acres but a day.

---

§ 107. *Epilogue to Percy*; 1778. GARRICK.

I MUST, will speak—I hope my dress and air
Announce the man of fashion not the play'r:
Tho' gentlemen are now forbid the scenes,
Yet I have rush'd through heroes, kings, and queens;
Resolv'd, in pity to this polish'd age,
To drive these ballad heroes from the stage——
"To drive the deer with hound and horn,
"Earl Percy took his way;
"The child may rue that is unborn,
"The hunting of that day."
A pretty basis truly, for a maudlin play!
What! shall a scribbling, senseless woman dare
To offer to your tastes such tasteless fare?
Is Douglas or is Percy, fir'd with passion,
Ready, for love or glory, death to dash on,
Fit company for modern still-life men of fashion?
Such madness will our hearts but slightly graze;
We 've no such frantic nobles now-a-days.
Could we believe old stories, those strange fellows
Married for love, could of their wives be jealous—
Nay, constant to 'em too—and, what is worse,
The vulgar souls thought cuckoldom a curse!
Most wedded pairs had then one purse, one mind,
One bed too—so preposterously join'd!
From such barbarity (thank Heaven!) we 're refin'd.
Old songs their happiness at home record,
From horse they sep'rate carriages abhorr'd—
One horse serv'd both—my lady rode behind my lord.
'Twas death alone could snap their bonds asunder:
Now, tack'd so slightly, not to snap's the wonder.

* Lord Chatham died May 11, 1778.

† This Prologue was spoken at the private theatre of Mr. Hanbury, of Kelmarsh, in Northamptonshire.

Nay, death itself could not their hearts divide,
They mix'd their love with monumental pride;
For, cut in stone, they still lay side by side.
But why these Gothic ancestors produce?
Why scour their rusty armours? What's the use?
'Twould not your nicer optics much regale,
To see us beaux bend under coats of mail:
Should we our limbs with iron doublets bruise,
Good Heaven! how much court-plaister we should use!
We wear no armour now—but on our shoes.
Let not with barbarism true taste be blended;
Old vulgar virtues cannot be defended;
Let the dead rest—we living can't be mended.

---

§ 108. *Epilogue to Fatal Falsehood*; 1779. SHERIDAN.

UNHAND me, gentlemen, by Heaven, I say,
I'll make a ghost of him who bars my way.
[*Behind the scenes.*
Forth let me come—a poetaster true,
As lean as envy, and as baneful too;
On the dull audience let me vent my rage,
Or drive these female scribblers from the stage;
For sense or history, we 've none but these,
The law of liberty and wit they seize;
In tragic—comic—pastoral—they dare to please.
Each puny bard must surely burst with spite,
To find that women with such fame can write:
But O, your partial favour is the cause,
Who feed their follies with such full applause;
Yet still our tribe shall seek to blast their fame,
And ridicule each fair pretender's aim;
Where the dull duties of domestic life
Wage with the Muse's toils eternal strife.
What motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
While maids and metaphors conspire to vex!
In studious dishabille behold her sit,
A letter'd gossip, and a housewife wit;
At once invoking, though for different views,
Her gods, her cook, her milliner, and muse;
Round her strew'd room a frippery chaos lies,
A chequer'd wreck of notable and wise;
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied mass,
Oppress the toilet, and obscure the glass;
Unfinish'd here an epigram is laid,
And there, a mantua-maker's bill unpaid;
Here new-born plays foretaste the town's applause,
There, dormant patterns lie for future gauze:
A moral essay now is all her care;
A satire next, and then a bill of fare:
A scene she now projects, and now a dish; [fish.
Here's Act the first—and here—Remove with
Now while this eye in a fine phrensy rolls,
That, soberly casts up a bill for coals;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
And tears, and thread, and bowls, and thimbles mix.
Sappho, 'tis true, long vers'd in epic song,
For years esteem'd all household studies wrong;
When, dire mishap! tho' neither shame nor sin,
Sappho herself, and not her Muse, lies in.
The virgin Nine in terror fly the bow'r,
And matron Juno claims despotic pow'r:
Soon Gothic hags the classic pile o'erturn,
A caudle-cup supplants the sacred urn;
Nor books nor implements escape their rage,
They spike the ink-stand, and they rend the page:
Poems and plays one barbarous fate partake;
Ovid and Plautus suffer at the stake; [cake.
And Aristotle 's only sav'd—to wrap plum-
Yet shall a woman tempt the tragic scene?
And dare—but hold—I must repress my spleen;
I see your hearts are pledg'd to her applause,
While Shakspeare's spirit seems to aid her cause;
Well pleas'd to aid—since o'er his sacred bier
A female hand did ample trophies rear,
And gave the gentlest laurel that is worshipp'd there.

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§ 109. *Prologue to the Fathers*; 1779. GARRICK.

WHEN from the world departs a son of fame,
His deeds or works embalm his precious name;
Yet, not content, the public call for art,
To rescue from the tomb his mortal part;
Demand the painter's and the sculptor's hand,
To spread his mimic form throughout the land;
A form, perhaps, which living was neglected,
And, when it could not feel respect, respected.
This night, no bust or picture claims your praise;
Our claim 's superior—we his spirit raise;
From Time's dark store-house bring a long-lost play,
And drag it from oblivion into day.
But who the author? Need I name the wit,
Whom Nature prompted as his genius writ?
Truth smil'd on Fancy for each well-wrought story,
Where characters live, act, and stand before ye.
Suppose these characters, various as they are,
The knave, the fool, the worthy, wise, and fair,
For and against the author pleading at your bar.
First pleads Tom Jones—grateful his heart and warm—
"Brave gen'rous Britons! shield this play from "harm;
"My best friend wrote it; should it not succeed,
"Tho' with my Sophy blest—my heart will "bleed."
Then from his face he wipes the manly tear.
"Courage, my master!" Partridge cries, "don't fear:
"Should Envy's serpents hiss, or Malice frown,
"Tho' I 'm a coward, zounds! I 'll knock 'em "down."
Next, sweet Sophia comes—she cannot speak—
Her wishes for the play o'erspread her cheek;
In ev'ry look her sentiments you read:
And more than eloquence her blushes plead.

Now

Now Blifil bows---with ſmiles his falſe heart gilding---
" He was my foe---I beg you 'll damn this " Fielding *."
" Right!" Thwackum roars, " no mercy, Sirs, " I pray; [" play."
" Scourge the dead author, thro' his orphan
" What words!" cries Parſon Adams; "fie, " fie! diſown 'em!
" Good Lord!---*de mortuis nil niſi bonum*: [em?
" If ſuch are Chriſtian teachers, who 'll revere
" If thus they preach, the dev'l alone ſhould hear 'em."
Now Slipſlop enters---" Tho' this *ſcriv'ning* va- " grant
" *Slated* my virtue, which was ever *flagrant*,
" Yet, like black *Thello*, I 'd bear ſcorns and whips,
" Slip into poverty to th' very hips,
" T' *exult* this play---may it *decreaſe* in favour,
" And be its fame *immortaliz'd* for ever!"
Squire Weſtern, reeling with October mellow,
" Tally-o-boys!---Yoicks!---Critics, hunt the " fellow!
" Damn 'en! theſe wits are *varmint* not worth " breeding: [" ing?"
" What good e'er came of writing and of read-
Next comes, brim full of ſpite and politics,
His ſiſter Weſtern---and thus deeply ſpeaks:
" Wits are arm'd pow'rs; like France attack the " foe; [blow."
" Negotiate till they ſleep---then ſtrike the
Allworthy, laſt, pleads to your nobleſt paſſions:
" Ye gen'rous leaders of the taſtes and faſhions,
" Departed Genius left his orphan play
" To your kind care---what the dead wills, obey:
" O then reſpect the father's fond bequeſt,
" And make his widow ſmile, his ſpirit reſt!"

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§ 110. *Prologue to the Miniature-Picture*; 1780. SHERIDAN.

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant May
Withholds the beauties of the vernal day;
As ſome fond maid, whom matron frowns reprove,
Suſpends the ſmile her heart devotes to love;
The ſeaſon's pleaſures too delay their hour,
And winter revels with protracted pow'r:
Then blame not, critics, if thus late we bring
A winter's drama; but reproach—the ſpring.
What prudent cit dares yet the ſeaſon truſt,
Baſk in his whiſky, and enjoy the duſt?
Hous'd in Cheapſide, ſcarce yet the gayer ſpark
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park;
Scarce yet you ſee him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New-road, and daſh thro' Groſvenor-gate.
Anxious—and fearful too—his ſteed to ſhow,
The hack'd Bucephalus of Rotten-row:
Careleſs he ſeems, yet vigilantly ſly,
Wooes the ſtray glance of ladies paſſing by;
While his off-heel, inſidiouſly aſide,
Provokes the caper which he ſeems to chide.
Scarce rural Kenſington due honour gains,
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains,
Where white-rob'd miſſes amble two by two,
Nodding to booted beaux—" How do, how do?"
With gen'ral queſtions, that no anſwer wait,
" How vaſtly full! A'n't you come vaſtly late?
" Isn't it quite charming? When do you leave " town?
" An't you quite tir'd? Pray, can we ſet you " down?"
Theſe ſuburb pleaſures of a London May,
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay:
But if this plea 's denied, in our excuſe
Another ſtill remains you can't refuſe;
It is a lady writes—and hark—a noble Muſe!
But ſee a critic ſtarting from his bench——
" A noble author?" Yes, Sir, but the play 's not French;
Yet if it were, no blame on us cou'd fall;
For we, you know, muſt follow faſhion's call:
And true it is, things lately were in train
To woo the Gallic Muſe at Drury lane;
Not to import a troop of foreign elves,
But treat you with French actors—in ourſelves:
A friend we had, who vow'd he 'd make us ſpeak
Pure flippant French—by contract—in a week;
Told us 'twas time to ſtudy what was good,
Poliſh, and leave off being underſtood:
That crowded audiences we thus might bring
To Monſieur Parſons, and Chevalier King:
Or ſhould the vulgars grumble now and then,
The prompter might tranſlate---for country gentlemen.
Straight all ſubſcrib'd---kings, gods, mutes, ſinger, actor;
A Flanders figure-dancer our contractor.
But here I grieve to own, tho' 't be to you,
He acted---e'en as moſt contractors do,
Sold what he never dealt in; and, th' amount
Being firſt diſcharg'd, ſubmitted his account.
And what th' event? Their induſtry was ſuch,
Dodd ſpoke good Flemiſh, Banniſter bad Dutch:
Then the rogue told us, with inſulting eaſe,
So it was foreign it was ſure to pleaſe:
Beaux, wits applaud, as faſhion ſhould command,
And miſſes laugh---to ſeem to underſtand——
So from each clime our ſoil may ſomething gain;
Manhood from Rome, and ſprightlineſs from Spain;
Some Ruſſian Roſcius next delight the age,
And a Dutch Heinel ſkate along the ſtage.
Exotic fopperies, hail! whoſe flatt'ring ſmile
Supplants the ſterner virtues of our iſle!
Thus while with Chineſe firs and Indian pines
Our nurs'ries ſwarm, the Britiſh oak declines:
Yet vain our Muſes fear---no foreign laws
We dread, while native beauty pleads our cauſe:
While you too judge, whoſe ſmiles are honours higher
Than verſe ſhould gain, but where thoſe eyes inſpire.

* The late Henry Fielding, Eſq. author of the play.

But if the men presume your pow'r to awe,
Retort their churlish senatorial law:
This is your house---and move---the gentlemen withdraw:
Then they may vote, with envy never ceasing,
Your influence has increas'd and is increasing:
But there, I trust, the resolution 's finish'd;
Sure none will say—it ought to be diminish'd.

§ 111. *Epilogue to the same*; 1780.
JEKYLL.

THE men, like tyrants of the Turkish kind,
Have long our sex's energy confin'd;
In full-dress black, and bows, and solemn stalk,
Have long monopoliz'd the Prologue's walk;
But still the flippant Epilogue was ours,
It ask'd, for gay support, the female pow'rs;
It ask'd a flirting air, coquet and free,
And so, to murder it, they fix on *me*.
Much they mistake my talents---I was born
To tell, in sobs and sighs, some tale forlorn;
To wet my handkerchief with Juliet's woes,
Or turn to Shore's despair my tragic nose.
Yes, gentlemen, in education's spite,
You still shall find that we can read and write;
Like you, can swell a debt or a debate,
Can quit the card-table to steer the state,
And bid our Belle Assemblée's rhet'ric flow,
To drown your dull declaimers at Soho!
Methinks e'en now I hear my sex's tongues,
The shrill, smart melody of female lungs!
The storm of question, the division calm,
With "Hear her! hear her! Mrs. Speaker,
"Ma'am!
"Oorder! order!" Kates and Susans rise,
And Marg'ret moves, and Tabitha replies.
Look to the camp---Coxheath and Warley Common
Supplied, at least, for ev'ry tent a woman;
The cartridge-paper wrapp'd the billet-doux,
The rear and piquet form'd the rendezvous;
The drum's stern rattle shook the nuptial bed,
The knapsack pillow'd *Lady Sturgeon*'s head;
Love was the watch-word, till the morning fife
Rous'd the tame Major and his warlike wife.
Look to the stage---to-night's example draws
A female Dramatist to grace the cause——
So fade the triumphs of presumptuous man!
And would you, ladies, but complete my plan,
Here should ye sign some patriot petition
To mend our constitutional condition.
The men invade our rights, the mimic elves
Lisp and nick-name God's creatures like ourselves,
Rouge more than we do, simper, flounce, and fret,
And they *coquet, good gods, how they coquet!*
They too are coy; and, monstrous to relate,
Theirs is the coyness in a *tête à-tête.*
Yes, ladies, yes, *I could a tale unfold,*
Would harrow up your---cushions---were it told;
Part *your combined curls, and freeze*---pomatum,
At griefs and grievances, as I could state 'em.
But *such eternal blazon must not* speak;
Besides, the House adjourns some day next week.
This fair *committee* shall detail the rest;
And then let monsters, if they dare, *protest.*

§ 112. *Prologue to Fatal Curiosity*; 1782.
COLMAN.

LONG since, beneath this humble roof, this play,
Wrought by true English genius, saw the day.
Forth from this humble roof it scarce has stray'd;
In prouder theatres 't was never play'd.
There you have gap'd and doz'd o'er many a piece,
Patch'd up from France, or stolen from Rome or Greece,
Or made of shreds from Shakspeare's golden fleece.
There scholars, simple nature cast aside,
Have trick'd their heroes out in classic pride;
No scenes where genuine passion runs to waste,
But all hedg'd in by shrubs of modern taste!
Each tragedy laid out like garden grounds,
One circling gravel marks its narrow bounds.
Lillo's plantations were of *forest* growth---
Shakspeare's the same---great nature's hand in both!
Give me a tale the passions to controul,
"Whose slightest word may harrow up the soul!"
A magic potion, of charm'd drugs commixt,
Where pleasure courts, and honour comes betwixt!
Such are the scenes that we this night renew,
Scenes that your fathers were well-pleas'd to view.
Once we half-paus'd---and, while cold fears prevail,
Strive with faint strokes to soften down the tale;
But soon, attir'd in all its native woes,
The shade of *Lillo* to our fancy rose:
Check thy weak hand, it said, or seem'd to say—
Nor of its manly vigour rob my play!
From British annals I the story drew,
And British hearts shall *feel*, and *bear* it too.
Pity shall move their souls, in spite of rules;
And terror takes no lesson from the schools.
Speak to their *bosoms*, to their *feelings* trust,
You 'll find their sentence *generous* and *just.*

§ 113. *Prologue to the Birth-Day, Aug.* 12, 1783. COLMAN.

WHEN fate on some tremendous act seems bent,
And nature labours with the dread event,
Portents and prodigies convulse the earth,
That heaves and struggles with the fatal birth.
In happier hours are lavish *blessings* given,
And pour'd in floods to mark the hand of Heaven.
In a long series of bright glories drest,
Britons must hail *this day* supremely blest.
First on this day, in liberty's great cause,
A Brunswick came to guard our rights and laws:
On this great day, our glorious annals tell,
By British arms the pride of Cuba fell;

For then, the Moro's gallant chief o'erthrown,
Th' Havannah saw his fate, and felt her own:
The self same day, the same auspicious morn,
Our elder hope, our *Prince*, our George was born:
Upon his natal hour what triumphs wait!
What captive treasures crowd the palace-gate!
What double joys the Royal Parent claim,
Of home-felt happiness and public fame!
Long, very long, Great George! protect the land,
Thy race, like arrows in a giant's hand!
For still, tho' blights may nip some infant rose,
And kill the budding beauty ere it blows,
Indulgent Heaven prolongs th' illustrious line,
Branching like th' olive, clust'ring like the vine.
Long, very long, thy course of glory run,
A bright example to thy Royal Son!
Forming that Son to grace, like thee, the throne,
And make his father's virtues all his own!

§ 114. *Prologue to The Election of the Managers*; 1784. COLMAN.

"CURST be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
"That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
"Gives virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
"Or from the soft-eyed virgin steals a tear!"
Thus sung sweet Pope, the vigorous child of satire;
Our Bayes less genius boasts, not less good nature.
No poison'd shaft he darts with partial aim,
Folly and vice are fair and general game;
No tale he echoes, on no scandal dwells,
Nor plants on one fool's head the cap and bells;
He paints the living manners of the time,
But lays at no man's door reproach or crime.
Yet some, with critic nose, and eye too keen,
Scent double meanings out, and blast each scene:
While squint suspicion holds her treacherous lamp,
Fear moulds base coin, and malice gives the stamp.
Falsehood's vile gloss converts the very Bible
To *scandalum magnatum*, and a libel.
Thus once, when sick, Sir Gripus, as we're told,
In grievous usury grown rich and old,
Bought a good book that, on a christian plan,
Inculcates The Whole Duty of a Man.
To every sin a sinner's name he tack'd,
And thro' the parish all the vices track'd:
And thus, the comment and the text enlarging,
Crowds all his friends and neighbours in the margin.
Pride, was my lord; and drunkenness, the 'squire;
My lady, vanity and loose desire;
Hardness of heart, no misery regarding,
Was overseer—luxury, churchwarden.
All, all he damn'd; and, carrying the farce on,
Made fraud the lawyer—gluttony, the parson.
'Tis said, when winds the troubled deep deform,
Pour copious streams of oil, 'twill lay the storm:
Thus here, let mirth and frank good-humour's balm
Make censure mild, scorn kind, and anger calm!
Some wholesome bitters if the bard produces,
'Tis only wormwood to correct the juices.
In this day's contest, where, in colours new,
Three play-house candidates are brought to view
Our little Bayes encounters some disgrace:
Should you reject him too, I mourn his case—
He can be chosen for no other place.

§ 115. *Prologue to Two to One*; 1784. COLMAN.

TO-NIGHT, as heralds tell, a virgin muse,
An untrain'd youth, a new advent'rer, sues;
Green in his one-and-twenty, scarce of age,
Takes his first flight, half fledg'd, upon the stage.
Within this little round the parent bird
Hath warbled oft; oft patiently you heard;
And as he strove to raise his eager throat,
Your kind applause made music of his note.
But now, with beating heart and anxious eye,
He sees his vent'rous youngling strive to fly:
Like Dædalus, a father's fears he brings,
A father's hopes, and fain would plume his wings.
How vain, alas, his hopes! his fears how vain!
'Tis you must hear, and, hearing, judge the strain,
Your equal justice sinks or lifts his name;
Your frown 's a sentence, your applause is fame.
If humour warms his scenes with genial fire,
They 'll ev'n redeem the errors of his sire;
Nor shall *his* lead—dead! to the bottom drop,
By youth's enliv'ning cork buoy'd up at top.
If characters are mark'd with ease and truth,
Pleas'd with his spirit, you 'll forgive his youth.
Should sire and son be both with dullness curst,
"And Dunce the second follow Dunce the first,"
The shallow stripling's vain attempt you'll mock,
And damn him for *a Chip of the old Block*.

§ 116. *Prologue occasioned by the Death of Mr. Henderson*; 1785. MURPHY.

ERE fiction try this night her magic strain,
And blend mysteriously delight with pain;
Ere yet she wake her train of hopes and fears
For Jaffier's wrongs and Belvidera's tears,
Will you permit a true, a recent grief
To vent its charge, and seek that kind relief?
How shall *we* feel the tale of feign'd distress,
While on the heart our own afflictions press!
When our own friend, when *Henderson* expires,
And from the tomb one parting pang requires!
In yonder Abbey shall he rest his head,
And on this spot no virtuous drop be shed?
You will indulge our grief:—those crowded rows
Shew you have hearts that feel domestic woes;

Hearts that with gen'rous emulation burn,
To raise the widow, drooping o'er his urn;
And to his child, when reason's op'ning ray
Shall tell her *whom* she lost, this truth convey:
Her father's worth made each good man his friend;
Honour'd through life, regretted in his end!
And for his relatives, to help his store,
An audience gave, when he could give no more.
Him we all mourn; his friends still heave the sigh,
And still the tear stands trembling in the eye.
His was each mild, each amiable art,
The gentlest manners, and the feeling heart;
Fair simple truth; benevolence to all;
A gen'rous warmth, that glow'd at friendship's call;
A judgment sure, while learning toil'd behind;
His mirth was wit; his humour, sense refin'd;
A soul above all guile, all meaner views;
The friend of science, friend of ev'ry muse!
Oft have I known him in my vernal year—
This no feign'd grief—no artificial tear!
Oft in this breast he wak'd the Muses' flame;
Fond to advise, and point my way to fame.
Who most shall praise him, all are still at strife;
Expiring virtue leaves a void in life.
A void our scene has felt:—with Shakspeare's page
Who now, like him, shall animate the stage?
Hamlet, Macbeth, and Benedick, and Lear,
Richard, and Wolsey, pleas'd each learned ear.
If feigning well be our consummate art,
How great *his* praise, who, in Iago's part,
Could utter thoughts so foreign to his heart!
Falstaff, who shook this house with mirthful roar,
Is now no counterfeit—he 'll rise no more!
'Twas Henderson's the drama to pervade,
Each passion touch, and give each nicer shade.
When o'er these boards the Roman Father pass'd—
But I forbear—that effort was his last!
The Muse there saw his zeal, tho' rack'd with pain,
While the slow fever ambush'd in each vein.
She sought the bed where, pale and wan, he lay,
And vainly tried to chase disease away;
Watch'd ev'ry look, and number'd ev'ry sigh,
And gently, as he liv'd, she saw him die.
Wild with her griefs, she join'd the mournful throng,
With sullen sound as the hearse mov'd along:
Thro' the dim vaulted aisles she led the way,
And gave to genius past his kindred clay;
Heard the last requiem o'er his relics cold,
And with her tears bedew'd the hallow'd mould.
In faithful verse, there, near the lonely cell,
The fair recording epitaph may tell,
That he, who now lies mould'ring into dust,
Was good, was upright, generous, and just;
By *talents* form'd to grace the poet's lays;
By *virtue* form'd to dignify his days.

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§ 117. *Epilogue intended to be spoken by Mr. Shuter, in the Character of a Schoolmaster, with a Rod in his Hand.*

When vice and folly are a nation's bane,
When poets write, and parsons preach in vain,
When satire's sting and moral precepts fail,
Then threats and rougher methods must prevail.
Behold a schoolmaster—Ticklebreech by name,
Who comes a headstrong people to reclaim;
To lash those foibles now so common grown,
And once more place fair Virtue on her throne.
This magic rod, tho' nought but simple wood,
With wonders strange to mention is endued.
If to that part of man we all deride
'Tis rightly handled, and with skill applied,
'Twill make a lawyer honest 'gainst his will,
The doctor save the patient he would kill;
The statesman too, that Atlas of the state,
Who toils and sweats, and bends beneath the weight
Of places, pensions, sinecures and fees,
At the first stroke will find immediate ease:
With joy he 'll cast the pond'rous load aside,
And at the helm take honour for his guide;
Relieve the indigent without a bribe,
And spurn at sycophants, that fawning tribe.
The modern Bobadil, who in taverns boasts
The feats he did when on proud Gallia's coasts;
How twenty Frenchmen at a time he slew.
"Twenty more—kill 'em; twenty more—kill
"'em too!"
When in the field his looks his fears betray,
And his own shadow makes him run away;
But if the force of this same twig he feels,
His courage straight will leave his friendly heels,
Mount to his heart, his martial bosom warm,
And, like brave Prussia, the whole world alarm.
Next, to the male-coquet I mean to speak,
Whose head, and heart, and nerves alike are weak;
Who, like that curious mask which Æsop feigns
The fox admir'd, yet mourn'd the want of brains;
Who plies his glass, and grinning cries, "Sir Peter,
"There's a fine girl! Gad's curse! a charming
"creature! [gair!
"What eyes, what lips! and then her shape and
"She must be mine, egad, at any rate."
This wand, if once it touch the coxcomb's tail,
I do assure him, ne'er was known to fail;
He 'll own its charms surpass his salts and drops,
For into men it changes fools and fops;
Makes 'em look wise, say little, and do more;
All which, I 'm sure, they never did before.
In good queen Bess's happy golden reign,
The British fair their virtues did maintain;
But, shame to tell, how dreadful the reflection!
The sex is now so bad to want correction——
But hold, methinks from yonder box I hear
My Lady Dainty thus express her fear:
"Lard! sure the filthy fellow does not mean
"To turn us up; he won't be so obscene:
"I 'll go this instant, and ask Mr. Rich,
"How he dares suffer this rude Ticklebreech—"

Ladies,

Ladies, be calm, this needleſs rage ſuſpend,
And take good counſel as from friend to friend:
If you would ſhun acquaintance with the birch,
Shun cards on ſabbath-day, and go to church;
This vicious appetite no longer feed,
Be virtuous all, be Britiſh dames indeed.
And now, my pupils, what you 've learnt this night
Go teach to others, and you 'll then do right;
Be you to them the ſame indulgent tutor, [*ter.*
And come next year to ſee your friend *Ned Shu-*

§ 118. *Prologue to Mahomet.*

To point what lengths credulity has run,
What counſels ſhaken, and what ſtates undone;
What helliſh fury wings th' enthuſiaſt's rage,
And makes the troubled earth one tragic ſtage;
What blaſphemies impoſture dares advance,
And build what terrors on weak ignorance;
How fraud alone rage to religion binds,
And makes a pandæmonium of our minds;
Our Gallic bard, fir'd with theſe glorious views,
Firſt to this cruſade led the tragic muſe;
Her pow'r through France his charming numbers bore, [ſore.
But France was deaf—for all her prieſts were
On Engliſh ground ſhe makes a firmer ſtand,
And hopes to ſuffer by no hoſtile hand.
No clergy here uſurp the free-born mind,
Ordain'd to teach, and not enſlave mankind;
Religion here bids Perſecution ceaſe,
Without, all order, and within, all peace;
Truth guards her happy pale with watchful care,
And frauds, tho' pious, find no entrance there.
Religion, to be ſacred, muſt be free;
Men will ſuſpect—where bigots keep the key.
Hooded and train'd like hawks th' enthuſiaſts ſly,
And the prieſt's victims in their pounces die.
Like whelps born blind, by mother-church they're bred,
Nor wake to ſight, to know themſelves miſled:
Murder's the game—and to the ſport unpreſt,
Proud of the ſin, and in the duty bleſt,
Thelayman's but the blood-hound of the prieſt.
Whoe'er thou art, that dar'ſt ſuch themes advance,
To prieſt-rid Spain repair, or ſlaviſh France:
For Judas' hire there do the devil's taſk,
And trick up ſlavery in religion's maſk.
England, ſtill free, no ſurer means requires
To ſink their ſottiſh ſouls, and damp their martial fires. [owe;
Britons, theſe numbers to yourſelves you
Voltaire hath ſtrength to ſhoot in Shakſpeare's bow:
Fame led him at his Hippocrene to drink,
And taught to write with nature, as to think:
With Engliſh freedom, Engliſh wit he knew,
And from the unexhauſted ſtream profuſely drew.
Cheriſh the noble bard yourſelves have made,
Nor let the frauds of France ſteal all our trade:
Now of each prize the winner has the wearing,
E'en ſend our Engliſh ſtage a-privateering:
With your commiſſion we 'll our ſails unfold,
And from their loads of droſs import ſome gold.

§ 119. *Prologue to the Jealous Wife.*

LLOYD.

The Jealous Wife! a comedy! poor man!
A charming ſubject! but a wretched plan.
His ſkittiſh wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat treſpaſs upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealouſies, and ſpleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic ſcene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis paſſion, pathos, character, ſublime!
What round big words had ſwell'd the pompous ſcene,
A king the huſband, and the wife a queen!
Then might diſtraction rend her graceful hair,
Seeſightleſs forms, and ſcream, and gape, and ſtare.
Draw canſir Death had rag'd without controul,
Here the drawn dagger, their the poiſon'd bowl.
What eyes had ſtream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *Hah!* and *Oh!*
But peace! The gentle prologue cuſtom ſends,
Like drum and ſerjeant, to beat up for friends,
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no partial aim.
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the gen'ral eye.
Books too he read, nor bluſh'd to uſe their ſtore—
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakſpeare has done it, and the Grecian ſtage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.
If in his ſcenes an honeſt ſkill is ſhown,
And, borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a maſter's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward in dramatic view;
To your deciſion he ſubmits his cauſe,
Secure of candour, anxious for applauſe.
But if, all rude, his artleſs ſcenes deface
The ſimple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon other's land,
He ſpoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do juſtice on him—as on fools before—
And give to blockheads paſt one blockhead more.

§ 120. *Prologue to Runnamede.*

Before the records of renown were kept,
Or theatres for dying heroes wept,
The race of fame by rival chiefs was run,
The world by former Alexanders won:
Ages of glory in long order roll'd,
New empires riſing on the wreck of old:
Wonders were wrought by nature in her prime,
Nor was the ancient world a wilderneſs of time.
Yet loſt to fame is virtue's orient reign;
The patriot liv'd, the hero died in vain.
Dark night deſcended o'er the human day,
And wip'd the glory of the world away:
Whirl'd round the gulf, the acts of time were
Then in the vaſt abyſs for ever loſt. [toſt,
Virtue from fame diſjoin'd began to plain
Her votaries few and unfrequented fane.

Her

Her voice ascended to almighty Jove;
He sent the Muses from the throne above.
The bard arose; and, full of heavenly fire,
With hand immortal touch'd th' immortal lyre;
Heroic deeds in strains heroic sung,
All earth resounded, all heaven's arches rung:
The world applaud what they approv'd before,
Virtue and fame took sep'rate paths no more.
Hence to the bard, interpreter of heaven,
The chronicle of fame by Jove is given;
His eye the volume of the past explores,
His hand unfolds the everlasting doors;
In Minos' majesty he lifts the head,
Judge of the world, and sov'reign of the dead;
On nations and on kings in sentence sits,
Dooms to perdition, or to heaven admits;
Dethrones the tyrant tho' in triumph hurl'd,
Calls up the hero from th' eternal world,
Surrounds his head with wreaths that ever bloom,
And vows the verse that triumphs o'er the tomb.
While here the Muses warbled from the shrine,
Oft have you listen'd to the voice divine.
A nameless youth beheld, with noble rage,
One subject still a stranger to the stage;
A name that 's music to the British ear!
A name that's worshipp'd in the British sphere,
Fair Liberty! the goddess of the isle,
Who blesses England with a guardian smile.
Britons! a scene of glory draws to-night!
The fathers of the land arise to sight;
The legislators and the chiefs of old,
The roll of patriots and the barons bold,
Who greatly girded with the sword and shield,
At storied Runnamede's immortal field,
Did the grand charter of your freedom draw,
And found the base of liberty on law.
Our author, trembling for his virgin muse,
Hopes in the fav'rite theme a fond excuse.
If, while the tale the theatre commands,
Your hearts applaud him, he 'll acquit your hands;
Proud on his country's cause to build his name,
And add the patriot's to the poet's fame.

§ 121. *Prologue to the Heiress.* FITZPATRICK.

As sprightly sun-beams gild the face of day,
When low'ring tempests calmly glide away,
So, when the poet's dark horizon clears,
Array'd in smiles, the Epilogue appears.
She of that house the lively emblem still,
Whose brilliant speakers start what rhemes they will;
Still varying topics for her sportive rhymes,
From all the follies of these fruitful times;
Uncheck'd by forms, with flippant hand may cull—
Prologues, like peers, by privilege are dull—
In solemn strain address th' assembled pit,
The legal judges of dramatic wit,
Confining still, with dignified decorum,
Their observations—to the play before 'em.
Now when each batchelor a helpmate lacks,
(That sweet exemption from a double tax)
When laws are fram'd with a benignant plan
Of light'ning burdens on the married man,
And Hymen adds one solid comfort more,
To all those comforts he conferr'd before;
To smooth the rough laborious road to fame,
Our bard has chosen—an alluring name.
As wealth in wedlock oft is known to hide
The imperfections of a homely bride,
This tempting title he, perhaps, expects,
May heighten beauties—and conceal defects:
Thus Sixty's wrinkles, view'd through Fortune's glass,
The rosy dimples of Sixteen surpass:
The modern suitor grasps his fair-one's hand,
O'erlooks her person, and adores—her land;
Leers on her houses with an ogling eye,
O'er her rich acres heaves an am'rous sigh,
His heart-felt pangs through groves of—timber vents,
And runs distracted for—her three per cents.
Will thus the poet's mimic Heiress find
The bridegroom critic to her failings blind,
Who claims, alas! his nicer taste to hit,
The lady's portion paid in sterling wit?
On your decrees, to fix her future fate,
Depends our Heiress for her whole estate:
Rich in your smiles, she charms th' admiring town;
A very bankrupt, should you chance to frown:
O may a verdict given in your applause
Pronounce the prosp'rous issue of her cause,
Confirm the name an anxious parent gave her,
And prove her *Heiress* of—the public favour!

§ 122. *Prologue to the Ambitious Step-mother.* ROWE.

If dying lovers yet deserve a tear;
If a sad story of a maid's despair
Yet move compassion in the pitying fair;
This day the poet does his arts employ,
The soft accesses of your souls to try.
Nor let the stoic boast his mind unmov'd;
The brute philosopher, who ne'er has prov'd
The joy of loving and of being lov'd;
Who scorns his human nature to confess,
And, striving to be more than man, is less.
Nor let the men the weeping fair accuse,
Those kind protectors of the tragic muse,
Whose tears did moving Otway's labours crown,
And made the poor Monimia's grief their own:
Those tears their art, not weakness, has confest,
Their grief approv'd the niceness of their taste,
And they wept most, because they judg'd the best.
O could this age's writers hope to find
An audience to compassion thus inclin'd,
The stage would need no farce nor song, nor dance,
Nor cap'ring Monsieur brought from active France;
Clinch, and his organ-pipe, his dogs and bear,
To native Barnet might again repair,
Or breathe, with Captain Otter, Bankside air:
Majestic tragedy should once again
In purple pomp adorn the swelling scene;
Her search should ransack all the ancient store,
The fortunes of their loves and arms explore,
Such as might grieve you, but should please more.

What

What Shakſpeare durſt not, this boldage ſhould do,
And famous Greek and Latin beauties ſhew:
Shakſpeare, whoſe genius, to itſelf a law,
Could men in ev'ry height of nature draw,
And copied all but woman that he ſaw.
Thoſe ancient heroines your concern ſhould move,
Their grief and anger much, but moſt their love;
For in the account of ev'ry age we find
The beſt and faireſt of that ſex were kind,
To pity always, and to love inclin'd.
Aſſert, ye fair ones, who in judgment ſit,
Your ancient empire over love and wit;
Reform your ſenſe, and teach the men t' obey:
They 'll leave their tumbling, if you lead the way,
Be but what thoſe before to Otway were:
O were you but as kind! we know you are as fair.

§ 123. *Epilogue to the ſame.* ROWE.

THE ſpleen and vapours, and this doleful play,
Have mortified me to that height to-day,
That I am almoſt in the mortal mind
To die indeed, and leave you all behind.
Know then, ſince I reſolve in peace to part,
I mean to leave to one alone my heart:
(Laſt favours will admit of no partage,
I bar all ſharing, but upon the ſtage)
To one who can with one alone be bleſt,
The peaceful monarch of a ſingle breaſt:
To one——But, oh! how hard 'twill be to find,
That Phœnix in your fickle, changing kind!
New loves, new intereſts, and religions new,
Still your fantaſtic appetites purſue.
Your fickly fancies loath what you poſſeſs,
And ev'ry reſtleſs fool would change his place.
Some, weary of their peace and quiet grown,
Want to be hoiſted up aloft, and ſhown;
Whilſt from the envied height the wiſe get ſafely down.
We find your wav'ring temper to our coſt,
Since all our pains and care to pleaſe is loſt.
Muſic in vain ſupports with friendly aid
Her ſiſter Poetry's declining head:
Shew but a mimic ape, or French buffoon,
You to the other houſe in ſhoals are gone,
And leave us here to tune our crowds alone.
Muſt Shakſpeare, Fletcher, and laborious Ben
Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin?
Allow you are inconſtant, yet 'tis ſtrange,
For ſenſe is ſtill the ſame, and ne'er can change.
Yet even in that you vary as the reſt,
And ev'ry day new notions are profeſt.
Nay, there 's a * wit has found, as I am told,
New ways to heaven, deſpairing of the old:
He ſwears he 'll ſpoil the clerk and ſexton's trade,
Bells ſhall no more be rung, nor graves be made:
The hearſe and ſix no longer be in faſhion,
Since all the faithful may expect tranſlation.
What think you of the project? I 'm for trying,
I 'll lay aſide theſe fooliſh thoughts of dying;
Preſerve my youth and vigour for the ſtage,
And be tranſlated in a good old age.

§ 124. *Prologue to the Tender Huſband, or the Accompliſh'd Fools.* ADDISON.

IN the firſt riſe and infancy of farce
When fools were many, and when plays were ſcarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could with eaſe,
A young and unexperienc'd audience pleaſe:
No ſingle character had e'er been ſhown,
But the whole herd of fops were all their own:
Rich in originals, they ſet to view,
In ev'ry piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our Britiſh theatre can boaſt
Drolls of all kinds, a vaſt unthinking hoſt!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it ſhews
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;
Rough country-knights are found of ev'ry ſhire,
Of every faſhion gentle fops appear;
And punks of diff'rent characters we meet,
As frequent on the ſtage as in the pit:
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there, by chance, glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the neceſſary ſpark,
They ſearch the town and beat about the Park:
To all his moſt frequented haunts reſort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court;
As love of pleaſure, or of place invites;
And ſometimes catch him taking ſnuff at White's.
Howe'er, to do you right, the preſent age
Breeds very hopeful monſters for the ſtage;
That ſcorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but ſurvey this crowded houſe to-night:
——Here 's ſtill encouragement for thoſe that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play;
And, that there may be ſomething gay and new,
Two ladies errant has expos'd to view:
The firſt a damſel, travell'd in romance;
The other more refin'd; ſhe comes from France.
Reſcue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger;
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the ſtranger,

§ 125. *Epilogue to the ſame.* STEELE.

BRITONS, who conſtant war, with factious rage,
For liberty againſt each other wage,
From foreign inſults ſave this Engliſh ſtage.
No more th' Italian ſqualling tribe admit,
In tongues unknown; 'tis popery in wit.
The ſongs (themſelves confeſs) from Rome they bring,
And 'tis high-maſs, for aught you know, they ſing.
Huſbands, take care, the danger may come nigher,
The women ſay their eunuch is a friar.
But is it not a ſerious ill to ſee
Europe's great arbiters ſo mean can be;
Paſſive, with an affected joy to ſit,
Suſpend their native taſte of manly wit;

* Aſgill.

Neglect

Neglect their comic humour, tragic rage,
For known defects of nature and of age?
Arise for shame, ye conqu'ring Britons, rise!
Such unadorn'd effeminacy despise;
Admire (if you will dote on foreign wit)
Not what Italians sing, but Romans writ.
So shall less works, such as to-night's slight play,
At your command, with justice die away;
Till then forgive your writers, that can't bear
You should such very Tramontanes appear,
The nations, which contemn you, to revere.
Let Anna's soil be known for all its charms;
As fam'd for lib'ral sciences as arms:
Let those derision meet, who would advance
Manners, or speech, from Italy or France.
Let them learn you, who would your favour find,
And English be the language of mankind.

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§ 126. *Epilogue to the Gamester.* CENTLIVRE.

As one condemn'd, and ready to become,
For his offences past, a pendulum,
Does, ere he dies, bespeak the learned throng,
Then, like the swan, expires in a song;
So I (though doubtful long which knot to choose,
Whether the hangman's, or the marriage noose),
Condemn'd, good people, as you see, for life,
To play that tedious, juggling game, a wife,
Have but one word of good advice to say,
Before the doleful cart draws quite away.
You roaring boys, who know the midnight cares
Of rattling tatts, ye sons of hopes and fears;
Who labour hard to bring your ruin on,
And diligently toil to be undone;
You're fortune's sporting footballs at the best,
Few are his joys, and small the gamester's rest:
Suppose then fortune only rules the dice,
And on the square you play; yet who, that's wise,
Would to the credit of a faithless main
Trust his good dad's hard-gotten hoarded gain?
But then such vultures round a table wait,
And hov'ring watch the bubble's sickly state;
The young fond gambler, covetous of more,
Like Æsop's dog, loses his certain store.
Then the spunge, squeez'd by all, grows dry—and now,
Completely wretched, turns a sharper too;
These fools, for want of bubbles too, play fair,
And lose to one another on the square:
So whores the wealth from numerous culls they glean,
Still spend on bullies, and grow poor again.
This itch for play has likewise fatal been,
And more than Cupid drawn the ladies in:
A thousand guineas for basset prevails,
A bait, when cash runs low, that seldom fails;
And when the fair-one can't the debt defray
In sterling coin, does sterling beauty pay.
In vain we labour to divert your care,
Nor song nor dance can bribe your presence here,
You fly this place like an infectious air;
To yonder happy quarter of the town
You crowd, and your own fav'rite stage disown;
We're like old mistresses, you love the vice,
And hate us only 'cause we once did please.
Nor can we find how else 'tis we deserve,
Like Tantalus, 'midst plenty thus to starve.

---

§ 127. *Prologue to Tancred and Sigismunda.* THOMSON.

Bold is the man, who in this nicer age
Presumes to tread the chaste, corrected stage.
Now, with gay tinsel arts we can no more
Conceal the want of nature's sterling ore:
Our spells are vanish'd, broke our magic wand,
That us'd to waft you over sea and land:
Before your light the fairy people fade;
The demons fly—the ghost itself is laid.
In vain of martial scenes the loud alarms;
The mighty Prompter thund'ring out to arms:
The playhouse posse clattering from afar;
The close-wedg'd battle, and the din of war.
Now e'en the Senate seldom we convene;
The yawning fathers nod behind the scene.
Your taste rejects the glitt'ring false sublime,
To sigh in metaphor, and die in rhyme.
High rant is tumbled from his gallery throne:
Description, dreams——nay, similes are gone.
What shall we then? to please you how devise?
Whose judgment sits not in your ears and eyes.
Thrice happy! could we catch great Shakspeare's art,
To trace the deep recesses of the heart;
His simple, plain sublime; to which is given
To strike the soul with darted flame from heaven:
Could we awake soft Otway's tender woe;
The pomp of verse, and golden lines of Rowe!
We to your hearts apply; let them attend:
Before their silent, candid bar we bend.
If warm'd they listen, 'tis our noblest praise:
If cold, they wither all the muse's bays.

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§ 128. *Epilogue to the same.* THOMSON.

Cramm'd to the throat with wholesome, moral stuff;
Alas! poor audience! you have had enough.
Was ever hapless heroine of a play
In such a piteous plight as ours to-day?
Was ever woman so by love betray'd?
Match'd with two husbands, and yet—die a maid!
But, bless me!—hold—what sounds are these I here?—
I see the Tragic Muse herself appear!

[*The back scene opens, and discovers a romantic sylvan landscape, from which Sigismunda, in the character of the Tragic Muse, advances slowly to music, and speaks the following lines:*

Hence with your flippant epilogue, that tries
To wipe the virtuous tear from British eyes;
That dares my moral, tragic scene profane,
With strains—at best, unsuiting, light, and vain.
Hence from the pure, unsullied beams, that play
In yon fair eyes, where virtue shines—Away!

Britons,

Britons to you, from chaſte Caſtalian groves,
Where dwell the tender, oft unhappy loves;
Where ſhades of heroes roam, each mighty name,
And court my aid, to riſe again to fame:
To you I come; to freedom's nobleſt ſeat;
And in Britannia fix my laſt retreat.
In Greece, and Rome, I watch'd the public weal;
The purple tyrant trembled at my ſteel;
Nor did I leſs o'er private ſorrows reign,
And mend the melting heart with ſofter pain.
On France and you then roſe my bright'ning ſtar
With ſocial ray——The arts are ne'er at war.
O! as your fire and genius ſtronger blaze;
As yours are gen'rous freedom's boider lays;
Let not the Gallic taſte leave yours behind,
In decent manners and in life refin'd;
Baniſh the motley mode, to tag low verſe,
The laughing ballad to the mournful hearſe.
When thro' five acts your hearts have learnt to glow,
Touch'd with the ſacred force of honeſt woe,
O keep the dear impreſſion on your breaſt,
Nor idly loſe it for a wretched jeſt!

---

§ 129. *Epilogue to Zara.* AARON HILL.

HERE, take a ſurfeit, ſirs, of being jealous,
And ſhun the pains that plague thoſe Turkiſh fellows:
Where love and death join hands, their darts confounding,
Save us, good heaven! from this new way of wounding!
Curs'd climate!—where, to cards, a lone-left woman
Has only one of her black guards to ſummon!
Sighs, and ſits mop'd, with her tame beaſt to gaze at:
And that cold treat is all the game ſhe plays at!
For—ſhould ſhe once ſome abler hand be trying,
Poignard 's the word! and the firſt deal is—dying!
'Slife! ſhould the bloody whim get round in Britain,
Where women's freedom has ſuch heights to ſit on;
Daggers, provok'd, would bring on deſolation,
And murder'd belles unpeople half the nation!
Fain would I hope this play to move compaſſion—
And live to hunt ſuſpicion out of faſhion.—
Four motives ſtrongly recommend, to lovers,
Hate of this weakneſs, that our ſcene diſcovers.
Firſt then—A woman will or won't—depend on 't:
If ſhe will do 't, ſhe will—and there 's an end on 't.
But, if ſhe won't—ſince ſafe and ſound your truſt is,
Fear is affront, and jealouſy injuſtice.
Next, He who bids his dear do what ſhe pleaſes,
Blunts wedlock's edge, and all its torture eaſes:
For—not to feel your ſuff'rings, is the ſame
As not to ſuffer—All the diff'rence—name.
Thirdly—The jealous huſband wrongs his honour;
No wife goes lame, without ſome hurt upon her:
And the malicious world will ſtill be gueſſing,
Who oft dines out diſlikes her own cook's dreſſing.
Fourthly, and laſtly—to conclude my lecture,
If you would fix th' inconſtant wife—reſpect her,
She who perceives her virtues over-rated,
Will fear to have th' account more juſtly ſtated:
And, borrowing from her pride the good wife's ſeeming.
Grow really ſuch—to merit your eſteeming.

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§ 130. *Prologue to the Bankrupt.* FOOTE.

FOR wit's keen ſatire, and this laughing ſtage,
What theme ſo fruitful as a Bankrupt age?
For not confin'd to commerce is the curſe,
The head is near as empty as the purſe;
Equally ſunk our credit and our wit,
Nor is the ſage more ſolvent than the cit:
All theſe—but ſoft, ere thus abroad we roam,
Were it not prudent firſt to look at home?
You, gentle Sirs, have given me credit long,
And took my word for many an idle ſong;
But, if exhauſted, I give notes to-day—
For wit and humour, which I cannot pay,
I muſt turn bankrupt too, and hop away:
Unleſs, indeed, I modiſhly apply
For leave to ſell my works by lottery.
Tho' few will favour, where's no caſh to free 'em,
Poor hopes, that way to part with my muſeum!
My old friend Smirk, indeed may lend his aid,
And ſell by auction all my ſtock in trade;
His placid features, and imploring eye,
May tempt perhaps the tardy town to buy;
His winning manner, and his ſoft addreſs,
To other ſales of mine have given ſucceſs.
But, after all, my ever-honour'd friends,
On you alone my fate this night depends;
I' ve fought ſome battles, gain'd ſome vict'ries here,
And little thought a culprit to appear
Before this houſe; but if reſolv'd you go
To find me guilty, or to make me ſo,
To grant me neither wit, nor taſte, nor ſenſe,
Vain were my plea, and uſeleſs my defence.
But ſtill, I will not ſteal, I will not beg,
Tho' I 've a paſſport in this wooden leg;
But to my cot contentedly retire,
And ſtew my cabbage by my only fire.
Mean time, great Sirs, my ſentence yet unknown,
E'en as your juſtice be your candour ſhown,
And, when you touch my honour, don't forget your own.

---

§ 131. *Epilogue to the Toy-Shop.* R. DODSLEY.

WELL, heaven be prais'd! this dull, grave ſermon 's done
(For 'faith our author might have call'd it one).
I wond'r

I wonder who the dev'l he thought to pleaſe!
Is this a time of day for things like theſe?
Good ſenſe and honeſt ſatire now offend;
We're grown too wiſe to learn, too proud to mend;
And ſo divinely wrapt in ſongs and tunes,
The next wiſe age will all be—fidlers ſons.
And did he think plain truth would favour
Ah, 'tis a ſign he little knows mankind! [find?
To pleaſe, he ought to have a ſong or dance,
The tune from Italy, the caper France:
Theſe, theſe might charm—But hope to do 't with ſenſe,
Alas! alas! how vain is the pretence!
But, tho' we told him—'Faith, 'twill never do—
Pho! never fear, he cried, tho' grave, 'tis new:
The whim perhaps may pleaſe, if not the wit,
And, tho' they don't approve, they may permit.
If neither this nor that will intercede,
Submiſſive bend, and thus for pardon plead:
"Ye gen'rous few! to you our author ſues,
"His firſt eſſay with candour to excuſe:
"'T has faults, he owns; but, if they are but ſmall, [all."
"He hopes your kind applauſe will hide them

§ 132. *Prologue to Mr. Andrews's Comedy of Better Late than Never. Duke of* LEEDS.

CUSTOM commands a prologue to each play,
But cuſtom hath not told us what to ſay:
No form preſcrib'd, 'tis difficult to find
How to conciliate the public mind.
The baſhful bard—the modeſt muſe's fears,
So long have jingled in your patient ears;
That now, perhaps, you 'll ſcarce vouchſafe to ſtay
To hear both their apology—and play.
No! Better ſure on him at once to call,
With—"Sir, if frighten'd thus, why write at all?
We're not reduc'd yet to a trembling pen!
Zounds! bards will crowd us ſoon, like—gentlemen."
Something like this, I heard a friend once ſay,
Who wiſh'd (poor ſoul!) to hear a new launch'd play:
Box'd ſnug at firſt, completely to his mind,
With only one grave auditor behind,
Ere the third act had ſtruggled to its end,
In reel'd three critics, each the author's friend—
On praiſe determin'd—wit confirm'd by wine:
Each And! and If! was chaſte—correct—damn'd fine!
To taſte ſo mark'd my friend of courſe gave way;
But ſqueez'd, thump'd, kick'd—ſtill liſten'd to the play;
Till by repeated plaudits grown ſo ſore,
Nor fleſh nor blood could bear one comment more.
Such boiſt'rous friends they ſurely cannot need,
Who wiſh by merit only to ſucceed.
To-night we offer to the public view
A character, you 'll own perhaps is new:
From Doctor's Commons we the model draw;
A promiſing eleve of civil law;
And civil ſure that law which can provide
Or (ſhould need be) releaſe you from a bride.
Thrice bleſs'd the manſion, where, in ſpite of ills,
Alive or dead, you ſtill can have your wills.
Much could I offer in our author's cauſe;
Nay, prove his firſt great object—your applauſe:
But, leſt dull friendſhip ſhould his genius wrong,
I 'll ſtop—before the prologue grows too long,
And, *Better Late than Never*, hold my tongue.

§ 133. *Epilogue to the ſame.* ANDREWS.

THE drama done, and all its int'reſt over,
Content the huſband, and ſecure the lover;
Our timid bard, who dreads the critic ire,
And thinks my little tongue can never tire,
Would have me re-aſſume the wig and gown,
To plead his gooſe-quill cauſe before the town.
"Lord, Sir," ſays I, "ſome better counſel bring,
"For females in a wig are not the thing.
"Your bearded Barriſter, if ſmartly made, is
"A ſurer advocate among the ladies."
"Madam," he cried, "or periwigg'd, or bare,
"So you but talk, I never need deſpair."
Suppoſe, ye fair, as I 'm ſo ſmooth a prater,
I take a line more conſonant to nature;
Give up the vain attempt your hearts to warm,
And 'gainſt the men with female weapon arm.
Oft have the wits, unmindful whom they vex,
Expos'd the foibles of the ſofter ſex,
Laugh'd at their dreſs, their well-ſhap'd cork, their feathers,
Their ſteady bloom, unchanging in all weathers;
Swore locks were grey, that ſeem'd a comely brown, [own.
And, tho' all paid for, deem'd them not their
Why not retort? avenge th' inſulted fair,
And ſhew theſe men, what wondrous things they are,
Now don't be frighten'd—poor eccentric elves!
I only ſhow what moſt you like—yourſelves.
How! tremble at a woman! ſhame betide!
Tho' I look fierce, like you—I 'm all outſide:
Yet e'er my efforts your attention call
To that dear portrait which ſhould hit you all,
Let me delineate what was once a beau,
The Band-box Billy of ſome years ago.
Sweet image of mamma in ev'ry feature,
The youth came forth, a moſt delicious creature,
With full dreſs'd ſkirts, not quite unlike a hoop,
Hat under arm, fine button, and gilt loop—
Stiff ſtock, long ſword ſtill dangling in the way,
He ſometimes ventur'd to a firſt-night play:
Tripp'd thro' the lobby, moſt completely curl'd;
Nor did a paw-paw thing for all the world!
Thus he diſcours'd: "Sir Dilberry, ods ſo,
"Dear, dear good lack! have you a place below?
"Dem it, don't crowd ſo, fellow!—O, how "ſhocking!
"He 's ſpoil'd my hair, and dirtied all my ſtock-"ing," [praiſe,
Such was the ſmart our grandmammas would
Rather unlike the ſmart of preſent days:
For I defy all hiſtory to ſhew
One thing in nature like a modern beau;
Hat ſlouch'd, ſhort ſtick, knee-trappings, that bring back
The memory of renown'd Sixteen String Jack;
Eternal

Eternal boots, and collar you'd ſuppoſe
Cut in kind contact with his buckſhip's noſe.
Thus trimly deck'd, each night among the doxies
He ſtorms the lobby, and aſſails the boxes;
With gait and manner—ſomething in this way,
Proves his rare taſte, and deſcants on the play—
"Here box-keeper! why don't the raſcal come?
"Halloo—Tom Gerkin! can you give us room?
"What's this?—The farce—Macbeth—an ope-
"ra?—O!
"Came out laſt ſeaſon—ſtupid ſtuff—damn'd
"low:
"Zounds, let 's be off!"—"Z——ds, be a little
"calmer!"
"Who's that—the Jordan?"—"No, you fool—
"R. Palmer."
Thus ſome are found, by ev'ry act revealing
Perfect indifference to ſenſe and feeling.
To ſuch our play not ſues—but you, ye fair,
Ye wiſe, whom nature form'd with happier care,
Whoſe tender boſoms, tho' by paſſions rent,
Feel the ſoft virtues in their full extent,
Cheriſh our author's plan, which aims to prove,
Life's beſt exertions ſpring from virtuous love.

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§ 134. *Verſes written to be ſpoken by Mrs. Siddons, at her Benefit, April 27, 1795.* ROGERS.

YES, 'tis the pulſe of life! my fears were vain!
I wake, I breathe, and am myſelf again,
Still in this nether world! no ſeraph yet!
Nor walks my ſpirit when the ſun is ſet.
With troubled ſtep to haunt the fatal board,
Where I died laſt—by poiſon or the ſword;
And blanch each honeſt cheek with deeds of night,
Done here ſo oft by dim and doubtful light.
To drop all metaphor, that little bell
Call'd back reality, and broke the ſpell.
No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone;
A very woman—ſcarce reſtrains her own!
Can ſhe, with fiction, charm the cheated mind,
When to the grateful is the part aſſign'd?
Ah no! ſhe ſcorns the trappings of her art;
No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart.
But, Ladies, ſay, muſt I alone unmaſk?
Is here no other actreſs let me aſk.
Believe me, thoſe, who beſt the heart diſſect:
Know every woman ſtudies ſtage effect:
She moulds her manners to the part ſhe fills,
As inſtinct teaches, or as humour wills;
And, as the grave or gay her talent calls,
Acts in the drama, till the curtain falls.
Firſt, how her little breaſt with triumph ſwells,
When the red coral rings its ſilver bells!
To play in pantomime is then the rage
Along the carpet's many colour'd ſtage;
Or liſp her merry thoughts with loud endeavour,
Now here, now there—in noiſe and miſchief ever!
A ſchool-girl next, ſhe curls her hair in papers,
And mimicks father's gout and mother's vapours;
Diſcards her doll, bribes Betty for romances,
Playful at church, and ſerious when ſhe dances;
Tramples alike on cuſtoms and on toes,
And whiſpers all ſhe hears to all ſhe knows;
Terror of caps and wigs and ſober notions!
A romp! that *longeſt of perpetual motions?*
——Till tam'd and tortur'd into foreign graces,
She ſports her lovely face at public places;
And with blue, laughing eyes, behind her fan,
Firſt acts her part with that great actor MAN.
Too ſoon a flirt; approach her and ſhe flies,
Frowns when purſued, and when entreated ſighs!
Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice;
Till fading beauty hints the late advice.
Her prudence dictates what her pride diſdain'd,
And now ſhe ſues to ſlaves herſelf had chain'd!
Then comes that good old character, a wife,
With all the dear diſtracting cares of life;
A thouſand cards a-day at doors to leave,
And, in return, a thouſand cards receive;
Rouge high, play deep, to lead the ton aſpire,
With nightly blaze ſet PORTLAND-PLACE on fire;
Snatch half a glimpſe at concert, opera, ball,
A meteor trac'd by none, tho' ſeen by all;
And when her ſhatter'd nerves forbid to roam,
In very ſpleen—rehearſe the girls at home.
Laſt the grey dowager, in ancient flounces,
With ſnuff and ſpectacles the age denounces;
Boaſts how the fires of this degenerate iſle
Knelt for a look, and duell'd for a ſmile;
The ſcourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal,
Her tea ſhe ſweetens, as ſhe ſips, with ſcandal;
With modern belles eternal warfare wages,
Like her own birds that clamour from their cages;
And ſhuffles round to bear her tale to all,
Like ſome old ruin, "nodding to its fall!"
Thus WOMAN makes her entrance and her exit,
Then moſt an actreſs when ſhe leaſt ſuſpects it.
Yet nature oft peeps out and mars the plot,
Each leſſon loſt, each poor pretence forgot:
Full oft with energy that ſcorns controul,
At once lights up the features of the ſoul;
Unlocks each thought chain'd down by coward art,
And to full day the latent paſſions ſtart!
But ſhe, whoſe firſt beſt wiſh is your applauſe,
Herſelf exemplifies the truth ſhe draws.
Born on the ſtage—thro' ev'ry ſhifting ſcene,
Obſcure or bright, tempeſtuous, or ſerene,
Still has your ſmile her trembling ſpirit fir'd!
And can ſhe act, with thoughts like theſe inſpir'd?
Thus from her mind all artifice ſhe flings,
All ſkill, all practice, now unmeaning things!
To you uncheck'd, each genuine feeling flows,
For all that life endears—to you ſhe owes.

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§ 135. *Verſes to the Memory of Mr.* GARRICK. *Spoken as a Monody, by Mrs.* YATES, *at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.*

IF dying excellence deſerves a tear,
If fond remembrance ſtill is cheriſh'd here,
Can we perſiſt to bid our ſorrows flow?
For fabled ſuff'rers and deluſive woe?
Or with quaint ſmiles diſmiſs the plaintive ſtrain,
Point the quick jeſt—indulge the comic vein—
Ere

Ere yet to buried Roſcius we aſſign
One kind regret—one tributary line!
His fame requires we act a tend'rer part:
His memory claims the tear you gave his art!
The gen'ral voice, the meed of mournful verſe,
The ſplendid ſorrows that adorn'd his hearſe,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead fav'rite paſs'd,
The grac'd reſpect that claim'd him to the laſt,
While Shakſpeare's image, from its hallow'd baſe,
Seem'd to preſcribe the grave, and point the place:
Nor theſe, nor all the ſad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domeſtic woe,
So much are Garrick's praiſe—ſo much his due,
As on this ſpot—one tear beſtow'd by you.
Amid the arts which ſeek ingenuous fame,
Our toil attempts the moſt precarious claim!
To him, whoſe mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient fame immortal wreaths ſupplies:
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raiſe,
Raphael ſtill boaſts contemporary praiſe:
Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom ſubdued,
With undiminiſh'd awe his works are view'd:
E'en beauty's portrait wears a ſofter prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.
The patient ſculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art:
Content with ſlow and timorous ſtroke to trace
The ling'ring line, and mould the tardy grace:
But once achiev'd, tho' barb'rous wreck o'er-
The ſacred fane, and lay its glories low [throw
Yet ſhall the ſculptur'd ruin riſe to day,
Grac'd by defect, and worſhip'd in decay;
Th' enduring record bears the artiſt's name,
Demands his honours, and aſſerts his fame.
Superior hopes the poet's boſom fire,
O proud diſtinction of the ſacred lyre!
Wide as th' inſpiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffuſive ſplendour gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the ſong heroic woes rehearſe,
With Epic grandeur, and the pomp of verſe;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile
Attempt no prize but fav'ring beauty's ſmile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The ſoft deſpair of unprevailing love;
Whate'er the theme, thro' ev'ry age and clime
Congenial paſſions meet the according rhyme,
The pride of glory, pity's ſigh ſincere,
Youth's earlieſt bluſh, and beauty's virgin tear.
Such is their meed—their honours thus ſecure,
Whoſe arts yield objects, and whoſe works endure:
The actor only ſhrinks from time's award;
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard;
By whoſe faint breath his merits muſt abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to ſubſtance unallied!
E'en matchleſs Garrick's art, to heaven reſign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.
The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied ſcene; [draws
Th' expreſſive glance, whoſe ſubtle comment
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applauſe;
Geſture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A ſenſe in ſilence, and a will in thought:
Harmonious ſpeech, whoſe pure and liquid tone
Gives verſe a muſic ſcarce confeſs'd its own;
As light from gems aſſumes a brighter ray, [day!
And, cloth'd with orient hues, tranſcends the
Paſſion's wild break, and frown that awes the
And ev'ry charm of gentle eloquence, [ſenſe,
All periſhable!—like th' electric fire
But ſtrike the frame, and, as they ſtrike, expire;
Incenſe too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the ſenſe, and blends with air.
Where then, while ſunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipſe for ever veils thoſe eyes;
Where is the bleſt memorial that enſures
Our Garrick's fame?—whoſe is the truſt?—'Tis yours.
And, O! by ev'ry charm his art eſſay'd
To ſooth your cares! by ev'ry grief allay'd!
By the huſh'd wonder which his accents drew!
By his laſt parting tear, repaid by you!
By all thoſe thoughts, which, many a diſtant night,
Shall mark his memory with a ſad delight!
Still in your hearts dear record bear his name,
Cheriſh the keen regret that lifts his fame;
To you it is bequeath'd, aſſert the truſt,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be juſt.
What more is due from ſanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn ſhall bloom, a deathleſs wreath,
Whoſe bloſſom'd ſweets ſhall deck the maſk beneath.
For theſe, when ſculpture's votive toil ſhall rear
The due memorial of a loſs ſo dear,
O lovelieſt mourner, gentle muſe! be thine
The pleaſing woe to guard the laurell'd ſhrine.
As Fancy, oft by ſuperſtition led
To roam the manſions of the fainted dead,
Has view'd, by ſhadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb: [bier,
So thou, ſweet Muſe, hang o'er his ſculptur'd
With patient woe, that loves the ling'ring tear;
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet deſire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that ſpeak—He never ſhall return!
Chilling thy tender boſom, claſp his urn;
And with ſoft ſighs diſperſe th' irrev'rend duſt,
Which time may ſtrew upon his ſacred buſt.

FINIS.

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